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SO YOU'RE GOING TO ROME!

CLARA E LAUGHLIN

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By Clara E. Laughlin

'So You're Going to Rome!' contains in part material previously used in 'So You're Going to Italy!' revised to keep pace with the present changes there, and with a great amount of new matter added. In general, it covers Southern Italy, including the Hill Towns between Rome and Florence, and Sicily.

In addition, there is an ample appendix giving not merely addresses of hotels, pensions, and shops, but descriptions of them summarizing their characteristics. There are directions for making many excursions from Naples and from Rome, and a number of sample itineraries suggesting how a given amount of time may be divided among the many attractions of Italy.

A Plan of the City of ROME

A Map of SOUTHERN ITALY and SICILY
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AREZZO
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SO YOU'RE GOING TO ROME!

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON
By Paul Chenavard

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ROME!

AND IF I WERE GOING WITH YOU THESE ARE THE THINGS I'D INVITE YOU TO DO

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

Author of 'So You're Going to Paris!' 'So You're Going to Italy!' 'So You're Going to England!' 'So You're Going to France!' etc., and Director of the Clara Laughlin Travel Services

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TO

FRANCES HOLBROOK

WHO BEGAN HER ASSOCIATION WITH ME AS I
BEGAN THIS BOOK AND DAILY CONTINUES IT
TO MY CONTINUING APPRECIATION
AND AFFECTION

PREFACE

When I had got together the material for a second volume on Italy, thinking to make it quite independent of the first, there came the question of what to call it. The precedent of 'So You're Going to Paris!' followed by 'So You're Going to France!' and the project of making 'So You're Going to London!' a separate volume from 'So You're Going to England!' seemed to make it advisable that in Italy we should do the same. So I have used Naples and Rome, as in the original volume on Italy, adding a chapter on the Hill Towns between Rome and Florence, and a great deal of detail in those practical matters about travel in Italy concerning which my readers have so insistently asked direction. Also a chapter on Sicily.

The second volume will be 'So You're Going to Italy!' beginning with Florence, continuing with the towns between Florence and Venice; then Venice, Verona, Milan (as before, in the single volume first published); and having a very comprehensive chapter on the Italian Lakes, another on Genoa and the Riviera, and suggestions for many exits from northern Italy — including Switzerland.

In the spring of 1927 (three years after the time I visited Italy with a view to writing the first book) I travelled up and down the peninsula — from Genoa to Naples and from Naples to the Adriatic and the Alps, and across country from east to west — in the interest of the two books-that-were-to-be. I found much progress; many changes in conditions.

Where shall I begin, in telling you about them? First, I dare say, with conditions of travel. When I was in Italy

in 1921, they were chaotic. We were just beginning, then, to be conscious of a movement called Fascism and what it hoped to do; but nothing, except organization and some lively fighting, had been accomplished. Railway rolling-stock was in a shocking condition; people fought for places on trains, and many of them stood throughout long journeys, jamming the corridors. Robberies on trains were frequent; luggage was just as safe as you could keep it; train schedules were largely in abeyance, and trains departed and arrived when they could. In 1924, things had begun to be better, but still left much to be desired. In 1927, rail travel in Italy rather more than holds its own with that in any country of Europe except, perhaps, Switzerland.

Electrification is going forward rapidly. The rolling-stock is in good condition and kept very clean. Trains run on schedule. Luggage is safe. There is no overcrowding. Fascisti guards, in uniform and formidably armed, ride on every train, charged with maintaining safety and order and with making travellers respect the State's property: i.e., the railway carriages. If you put your feet on the seat, you must first protect the upholstery with a newspaper (mind this when you stand on the cushions to get your luggage into or out of the rack) or be fined ten lire by a young man who looks like a travelling arsenal. When respect for public and private property has become a habit, I dare say the 'arsenals' will be removed. They may be a mere memory by the time you read this.

I motored a great deal in Italy, and found the roads, almost without exception, excellent. One of the outstanding exceptions was around Naples where some magnificent new roads (notably one to Pompeii, shockingly needed) are promised for 1928. Motoring in Italy is one of the greatest delights and richest experiences to which any one can treat

himself — if his route is well planned. There are a number of superb cars available, and a great many good ones. But English-speaking chauffeurs are scarce, though many of the drivers speak French. I am often asked, by persons who contemplate driving their own cars in Italy, what I think about it if the owner-driver speaks no language but English. It depends upon the individual. But, in general, I'd say that it might present a good many difficulties (minor, but in the aggregate irritating) and leave a great many gaps in what the adventurer would have liked to learn. One who uses road maps to good purpose could doubtless get over the ground he desired to cover. But the more I travel and the more I help others to travel, the less do I think of 'getting over ground' as synonymous with 'travel.' I feel that a good courier is worth what he costs — and a good deal more. If I wanted to drive my own car in Italy, I'd take a good courier — not just to 'help me at the crossroads,' but to answer the thousand-and-one questions I'd want to ask him 'between cross-roads'; if he doesn't know the answer; he can ask somebody who *does!* I find few returned travellers so enthusiastic as those who have had a first-rate courier. Particularly true is this of American men of affairs whose avidity for ruins, churches, and museums may be (usually *is!*) scant, but to whom Italy has a thousand thrilling things to offer if the right person is picked to point them out and tell about them.

There is a certain sort of traveller whose pose and boast it is that he needs no one to tell *him* what to do! That he *wants* no one is probably true. But as to his *needs* — that's another matter. At any rate, as for *me*, I'm always delighted to go over ground, regardless of how familiar to me it is, with some one who can answer questions about it.

And when I say a 'courier,' I don't mean a 'guide.' I

don't mean some one who can tell me that a monument was built in 80 A.D. I can find *that* out in my guide-book. I mean some one who *supplements* the indispensable guide-books with knowledge of what the people I see around me are doing, and why they're doing it, and what they think about it. When I see 'Viva Mussolini' stencilled on a hundred thousand house-walls throughout Italy, and suddenly spy 'Viva!' with another name attached, I want to know who that other person is, and what his relation to Mussolini, and if Mussolini is believed to encourage or discourage popular enthusiasm for his lieutenants; and so on. When I see some quite new houses with a number of windows painted on them, I want to know if the window tax is still existent — I had supposed it abolished long ago. When there is a demonstration or a *fiesta* in some town we're passing through, I want to know what it's *about*. And so on and on — I mustn't multiply examples. But when you plan your next travel in Italy, consider the value of a good courier who can interpret to you the intensely vital, living, rapidly progressing Italy you'll see all about you. And, if motoring all the way is a bit steep for your budget or leisurely for your time-allowance, *do* try to do a bit of it here and there. For, unless you do, you will not half comprehend *Italy*, however well you may have seen some places *in* Italy.

Railroads are immensely improved: motoring is immensely improved, and becoming more and more general among travellers. And hotels are no less markedly better — not merely in the matter of physical comforts, but even more strikingly so in the *spirit* that pervades them, in the relation between hotel-keepers and their guests. A great majority of the hotels in Italy are now under Italian management; and the men who run them are imbued with new ideas about building business and keeping it; or, if they are

not, the Government is. Every room in every hotel has a price which the Government inspectors have sanctioned; and if more should be charged for that room than the authorized tariff states, the hotel-keeper is liable to severe penalties. He may charge *less* than his tariff — as much less as he wishes — but no *more*. And 'spotters' go about, they tell me, much as they do in the United States looking for violators of the prohibition law.

This does not mean that hotel prices in Italy are *low*. They are not. They have been very high this year (1927); for, with the lira at nearly six cents, they were the same as when the lira was only four cents. But a stiff reduction in rates was ordered by the Government, and will be in effect before this is printed. It is improbable that they will even then be cheap. For taxes in Italy, while all this great programme of reconstruction and improvement is going on, are very, very high. We who travel there pay fewer direct taxes now than we paid for some years after the War; but we pay heavily in indirect taxation — that is, in prices. And we pay in considerably greater proportion if our tastes run to *de luxe* hotels than if we content ourselves with hotels not so classed. But here, also, we may live in the *super-de-luxe* hotels at 'family hotel' rates, if we go to them in their 'slack' season. I am putting into this edition of our book an hotel appendix which I hope may be of great service to you. I found the hotel situation throughout Italy immensely improved, in every particular except that of cheapness.

Tipping in Italian hotels is abolished — has been, for some years — and a service charge, usually ten per cent, is added to the bill. It is not necessary to do any additional tipping.

Cab-drivers should be tipped more than ten per cent. Never give less than a lira, even if the meter runs only two

or three lire. It is little enough! People who scarcely dare to offer a taxi-driver ten cents at home, offer a cent or two cents abroad and are surprised when they are not profusely thanked for it.

Railway porters, carrying hand luggage, should get at least two lire per piece.

Much indignation on the part of American travellers abroad arises from their idea that living, in Europe, is so much cheaper than at home that persons who serve should be satisfied with infinitesimal coinage. It is *not* cheap! The necessities of life cost very dear, and a man with a family to support cannot grow profuse over a penny or two. I paid a New York hotel porter one dollar, recently, to carry my hand luggage from my hotel into the adjoining railway station. He demanded another dollar. If this had happened in Europe, somebody would have gone to the United States Consulate to get his wrongs redressed, or would have written a scathing article about it for the press. I don't like extortion, on *any* soil; and there are persons on every soil who practise it if they can. If we are sure it is extortion, we should resent it, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the travellers who will come after us. But do let us be sure it is extortion before we 'holler.' And when we 'holler,' let us not act as if we never had occasion to do it at home. Let us be *fair!* Europe is not a bargain counter for us, as it used to be; but we can still get more for a given amount of money in most parts of Europe than we can get at home. Especially if we know *how* and *where* and *when* to spend. Tons of wickedly misleading trash is published telling how one may travel and live comfortably in Europe on next-to-nothing. You could exist in New York on a like amount if you slept in 'flops' and ate out of lunch-wagons. In Europe, you can do the same — if you must. But don't suppose that such figures have anything more to do with

prevailing costs for such standards of comfort as the average American travelling abroad demands than an article on 'How to Feed a Family of Four on Ten Dollars a Week' could have to do with reducing your household budget without reducing your consumption of lamb chops and porterhouse steaks.

That type of travel which has become so very popular in the last two years — student travel, using the third-class accommodations in ocean steamships — is practically all based, for the land portions of it, on a rate of $10 a day per person for everything. This means transportation, sight-seeing costs, hotels, etc. And even at this rate it is possible only because of the *numbers* handled. Parties of ten and up get hotel rates little more than half what an individual or a couple or four would pay for the same accommodations. Rail travel is cheaper for groups. Sight-seeing is cheaper. Of course the companies operating such tours do not *pay* $10 a day for each traveller; they have to cover operating costs, and make some profit. But I think it is safe to say that very few travellers paying their own way as they go could get as much for $10 a day. Just as it is safe to say the same of most other 'inclusive rate' travel. There are individual travel promoters and some organizations whose rates are distinctly higher than they have any right to be, considering what they give. But in many, many cases I am amazed to see what value is contained in inclusive rates for group and for independent travel; and satisfied that even the exceptionally keen traveller could not do so well for himself.

When you come to a grade of travel somewhat more luxurious than student travel, you should reckon $15 a day per person in Italy if there is much ground to be covered, many moves to make. Sojourners, staying weeks in one place, may reckon on much less — may even be able to cut

that figure in half, or to a third. But those who want *de luxe* hotels and an occasional bit of motoring must reckon on spending $18 to $20 a day. And those who want a good deal of motoring and a courier must expect it to cost them $25 to $30 each a day if there are four in the party, and from $40 to $45 a day each if there are but two.

These figures are mentioned just to give intending travellers some approximation of costs, and to correct the false impressions which have been broadcast by persons who do not distinguish between 'tramping' through Europe and travelling through Europe as most travellers desire to do it. A great deal of 'grief' is occasioned when we find that an experience costs four or five times as much as we had been led to expect it would cost. Not only indignation and ill-feeling, but near-tragedy and real suffering may ensue.

I was earnestly besought, while in Europe this spring and summer, to do what I could to warn people that going abroad in the expectation of seeing Europe on a few dollars is perilous except to the hardiest at 'roughing it.'

Nobody in Europe that I know of wants to discourage a single American traveller. But they don't want travellers who come over there with expectations of cheapness that cannot be realized. If you would set out to travel through America on a dollar or two a day, you may do it in Europe. But not otherwise!

The thing to do if your budget is a slender one is to foreswear 'touring,' and locate in some one glory spot where you may find reasonable 'board,' in small hotel, pension, or private family. Then make excursions, inexpensively, from that centre. And perhaps, after a sojourn there, move on to another such place. Living thus, you can do wondrous well on comparatively little money. But even for this manner of 'going abroad' (and it is one which has manifold delights that the tourist never knows), I think it should not be

attempted by any one accustomed to average standards of comfort at home, on a budget of less than $150 a month in cities like Rome or Florence or Milan. In some of the small towns it could be managed for less.

Now, then —! With so much for general conditions, let me begin to note some special changes.

First of all at Naples! Never have I seen such a transformation as has taken place at Naples in the past few years. It is all but incredible. Great, broad, beautifully kept streets, as immaculate as Paris, in the Strangers' Quarter, the business and hotel and residential centres. And now the slums are threatened.

The water-front, which used to abound in 'joyful noises' and in dirt and smells and a populace engaged in picturesque occupations, is now a 'gold coast' of magnificence and order, and a haven of quietness and fresh breezes which carry no unwelcome odors. Marvellous!

The shops are elegant, enticing, and bewilderingly numerous. The hotels are supremely good. The sanitation is (I should say) perfect up to the edges of the swarming tenement quarters where — after all — abundant sunshine counteracts much that might otherwise be more dangerous than it is. And the vigorous Broom has no hesitation in attacking the slum. But it has plenty of sweeping still to do in the villages around Naples and in the backwaters of Naples itself. So, if you are bent upon picturesque squalor, and will hurry, you may yet see some in Italy.

For years we wished that Herculaneum with all its treasures might be uncovered. That work is going forward vigorously now. For years we wished that the excavations at Pompeii might be continued. We have a great new section of that city open to us now, and more being added to it daily. The new excavations are even more interesting than the old; and many objects found in them are kept where

they belonged, instead of being carried to the Museum at Naples. For years we have wept and wailed for a decent road to Pompeii, and now we are promised one rivalling the magnificent Autostrada from Milan to the Italian Lakes.

An electric railroad between Rome and Naples, whereon the distance between those cities may be covered in clean comfort and in less than three hours instead of nearly five as by steam, will be in operation before this reaches you.

No longer may Naples be called a slack and slovenly beauty, indolent and indifferent. She is a marvel, now, among cities regenerate. And I feel that the traveller who leaves himself too short a time for Naples, in his tour of Italy, is going to be very regretful.

People are always asking me: 'What is the shortest time I should allow for Naples?' And I answer something like this:

If you want to visit Capri, you can't do it in less than a full day. Pompeii and the Amalfi Drive may be crowded into one very long, tiring day; but it is a great pity not to have two days for them and spend the night at Ravello.

One half-day for the Naples Museum is, I should say, an irreducible minimum. The drive to Pozzuoli, Solfatara, Lake Avernus, and Baia can be done in an afternoon, if you'll start early. This will leave you one day for Naples shopping and sight-seeing (in a four-day stay whereof you 'do' Pompeii and the Amalfi Drive in one day; and no more in a five-day stay wherein you spend a night at Ravello), and I'm sure you'll find this very little. If you want to see Pæstum you can do it on a two-day trip out of Naples, the first day devoted to Pompeii, Sorrento, and Ravello, and the second to the visit to Pæstum. If you want to make the ascent of Vesuvius, you must sacrifice Capri or something else, to get it in a five-day programme.

A week in Naples is little indeed. The next time I go, I hope to spend much longer than that. The island excursions other than Capri which one may make from Naples are numerous and fascinating.

I can see Naples becoming again a great Riviera for sojourn, as this shore was in Roman days. And what with the fast-growing popularity of Sicily (a night's ride from Naples by boat to Palermo or by train to Messina) and the improvement of its roads, the multiplication of its high-class hotels and with the Eternal City brought within less than three hours' run by clean electric cars, I believe that Naples is on the eve of becoming one of the greatest pleasure centres in Europe.

The direct-to-Naples service from New York now includes some of the most sumptuous ships afloat, and others of like sort are building. The fastest of them make the voyage in about eight and a half days.

Those who are already in Europe and are going to Naples from the north may take the Rome Express at Paris, reaching Rome in twenty-six hours, and continue to Naples in three hours more. Or they may journey to Genoa by easy stages, stopping for the night at Avignon and again at Nice; and then take, at Genoa, one of the trans-Atlantic ships stopping at Naples en route to New York (about 19 hours' voyage and most delightful) or one of the Sitmar Line boats en route to Alexandria — the Esperia of this line is one of the most luxurious and most popular ships afloat — but very expensive.

Entering Naples from the sea is undoubtedly the perfect way to do it. And going from Genoa by palatial steamship is even cheaper than going by train, when one realizes that the steamer fare includes three meals and a night's lodging.

Another factor in making Naples a great headquarters

for the pleasure-seeker is the frequent and excellent service to Alexandria, which is but two days' voyage from Naples.

Moreover, you can sail from Naples to Genoa in nineteen hours, and from Genoa to Barcelona in twenty-four hours. (Getting from Naples to Gibraltar is more of a problem.)

There is much more that I might add about Naples (besides the hotel and shop suggestions I have put at the back of the book), but I dare not take space for it.

Concerning Rome I have not so much to add, nor to correct — even to please the lady I met there who told me that my little book kept people from enjoying Rome; which is certainly a very wicked thing to do, and the furthest in the world from my intentions — as I believe you know.

Since I began my book on Italy, I have spent three years in charge of a travel business (my own) which was born just as that book began to be. During those years I have counselled, directed, and made plans for a great number of persons — some of them by letter, some by interview — and have learned, I believe, an invaluable amount as to what the majority of travellers want and like. And in addition to this, I have been in constant communication and conference with the most important factors of the foreign travel business, here and abroad. The collection of information on foreign travel that has been made for me (some of it unique, collected and prepared for me at great expense by Government and other organizations in Europe) is card-catalogued by an expert librarian and instantly available as special needs for it arise. But I know, from experience, that much of it is wanted only now and then by a traveller on some special quest. And in these little books I am giving only what I find comes within the scope of tens of thousands of travellers.

There is not a great deal of variety in the course that most travellers take through Italy. That is to say, nearly

everybody follows pretty much the same track — necessarily so. And yet we have never found that anybody's itinerary in Italy would 'fit' anybody else — not as we feel that itineraries ought to fit! With nearly everybody it is 'Naples–Rome–Hill Towns–Florence–Venice–Milan–Italian Lakes'; or, from Florence, if the season be wintry for Venice and the Lakes, 'Genoa, and the Riviera.'

That being so, it would seem as if it should be easy to make one or two sample or standard itineraries to offer you as a help in your planning. But much depends on the length of time you have for Italy, on the mode of travel you employ, on the amount and kind of sight-seeing you like to do, and on your special interests. Also, upon the season of your visit and on the direction from which you enter Italy.

The joy of a trip through Italy depends very largely, I believe, on the way it is 'spaced.' And this is hard to do for any one at random, with no knowledge of the special circumstances. Nevertheless, although I cannot do in a 'typical' way what I love to do in a 'personal' way, I shall do the best that I possibly can — in print!

It has been urged upon me that what most travellers want is something to suggest to them how much they may hope to see and do in the time they have to spend.

I find a considerable but rapidly diminishing number of persons who regard 'plans' as enslaving; who have a horror of leaving home with any sort of schedule or definite intention; and who declare that a single hotel reservation other than the one they'll need on landing would be a nightmare to them.

They are not the happiest travellers I know; but if that is the way they feel, I can't see why any one who enjoys another way of doing should attack their preference. My

own preferences are quite otherwise. I should hate being adrift, as it were — waiting for the mood to move on. I love to make a plan (taking into consideration everything and everybody that I think ought to be considered) and then see how the plan works out, or how I can make it satisfy me.

I should hate, as much as anybody could, to go to Italy knowing that I must visit the Vatican Museum (for instance) at ten o'clock on the second Tuesday morning of March. *That* sort of 'time-table' is not necessary unless one is going in a conducted group; and I dare say that in much group travel the compensations outweigh the irritations.

But I should also hate, most terribly, to reach any place with no idea how long I was going to stay, and the feeling that I'd be there until I wanted to move on. I *never* want to leave!

Of all countries, though, it seems to me that Italy calls for a carefully planned itinerary, if your time for it is fixed; because of the physical elongation of it. In all probability you go from Naples to the Lakes or to Genoa, or from Milan or Genoa to Naples. Very few travellers, even those who make frequent visits to Italy, are willing, after a leisurely stay at Naples and Rome, to take the train from Rome direct to Paris. Hardly any one, when at Florence, however his time is slipping away, is willing to cut off that northeast angle which includes Venice, and go straight to the Lakes or to Genoa. Nearly everybody, now, wants to motor between Rome and Florence, taking two or three or four days for it as his time permits. Yet no one wants to cut a day off his Florence stay, whatever his allowance for that may have been. Those who go down from the north will seldom consider going only as far as Rome, on a journey that is packed too full. 'And not see Naples?' they say. So, there you are!

Given your time for Italy, and the length of Italy (the breadth of it doesn't figure much, except at the north, between Venice and Milan), and the places en route that you feel you must see, you must alter and 'fit' the outlines I give you (in the Appendix) to your own will and way.

If you land in Italy with your plans not made and want aid in carrying them out (motors, reservations, couriers, railway tickets, etc.), you will find no lack of persons and organizations eager to serve you. Your hotel head porter is pretty thoroughly in the travel business, himself. He may, or may not (if he can help it), let the others who want to serve you, get at you with their offers.

The big, world-wide agencies, like Cook and the American Express, have offices almost everywhere in Italy that many travellers go. Some of the newer travel services, like Franco-Belgique and En Route, have many offices in Italy now. I have very high respect for the ability and the equipment of Mr. Francis Jannicelli who handles the motor business for the Franco-Belgique, with his head offices at Piazza Barberini, Rome. The Italian State Railways operate their own travel agency, known as the C.I.T., with offices everywhere. Raymond, Whitcomb and Company are now using the C.I.T. as their Italian representatives.

Every town and city has its garages which rent cars not only for local excursions but for touring Italy. Nearly every tourist centre has a flock of individuals calling themselves, in high-sounding words, the purveyors of 'superservices' in the travel line. Many of them are the merest 'commissionnaires,' with no business standing. Be careful how you get into relations with them. Some of them are doubtless earnest, worthy, admirable folk making their beginnings in a business in which they are destined to prosper and rise. But others are of other sort. Be careful! I wouldn't for a great deal keep any worthy beginner from

making friends, and a start. But if you incline to try a beginner, learn as much as you can of his ability and his reliability.

And here let me say something about another type of individual operator: the owner-driver; or the chauffeur, hired for you by a responsible company, who may suggest to you that it would be cheaper to deal with him or with his garage, direct. It might be. And it might not! Sometimes it gives satisfaction, and sometimes it gives grief.

A friend of yours, for instance, has found an owner-driver in Naples or Rome or where-not; he is 'a dear,' and nothing could be more delightful than touring with him. You must have him! Very well. You write to him. A month passes, and you have no word. He is away on a tour, and his mail reaches him irregularly. In course of time a letter from him comes to you. He regrets exceedingly that on the 11th of April when you are to land at Naples or at Genoa, he will be on the Riviera with clients; but he will be happy to send you a friend, with a good car, etc. If that man who is 'a dear' is making a living with his car, he must keep it pretty constantly in service during the touring season; and there is just about the same chance of his free dates fitting in with your dates of needing him as there is of your winning at Monte Carlo. Furthermore — suppose he can and does agree to meet you on arrival, or to motor you over such-and-such a route at such a date; he is one man, who may get ill or have family affliction; he has one car, which may or may not break down and waste your time; he has a chauffeur's knowledge of the country, and a chauffeur's credit and standing; perhaps he can be adequate to all emergencies (including the possible one of *your* illness, or accident) and perhaps he can't. I have experimented with this one-man proposition, when the 'one man' had the strongest references and what seemed the soundest sort of

dependability. The most that came of it was fiasco. I don't say it *can't* succeed. I know it *does*, sometimes. But it is taking a chance — the sort of chance I'm through taking for myself or for those in whose interests I'm acting.

If you want organization and responsibility, you may not get them at bargain rates, but you get a great deal of 'insurance' with them. If the car you are using through a first-class service breaks down, it is replaced from the nearest point, in the briefest possible time, by telephone orders. If you don't like your driver, he is taken off and another substituted for him. If he falls ill, en route, some one known to be reliable is immediately put in his place. If you fall ill, an organization with influence in every community is instantly in action on your behalf. If, for good reasons, you are unable to complete your trip, there is no quibbling or delay about the financial adjustment.

I might go on, indefinitely, multiplying reasons for dealing with concerns which are *known* to be responsible; but I think I've said enough. The man at the wheel and the car he drives are not the sole requisites of successful touring, even if both are satisfactory. There is a great deal, even beyond personal and financial security, in going through a country under the direction of an organization or firm which 'delivers' a lot of high-class patronage, and whom all factors catering to travellers are exceptionally eager to please.

It may cost a little more than an experiment with a one-man proposition. But there are other things than love to which Browning's familiar lines apply:

> 'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!'

People who have never known 'the little more' may tell

you that 'the little less' is just as good. But that doesn't make it so!

For my own contracts in Italy (that is to say, for those I make for my clients) I use a number of different services that I have found to be satisfactory — choosing for each client according to his preference, if he has any, or according to what seems the best service for his needs and purse. My relations with all the good ones are delightfully cordial and full (I think) of mutual respect.

But as this may be (probably *is!*) too general to be helpful, I will tell you three outstanding services which I use a very great deal, with superlatively good results.

For *de luxe* touring, either entirely by motor or by combination of rail and motor, or by rail between centres, using highest-grade hotels everywhere and *de luxe* cars for short trips out from centres, I doubt if the Pisa Brothers' service has its superior in any country of the world. I have worked with them very closely for two years; they have executed a great many of my itineraries for the most exacting of clients; I have personally tried their services at every point where they operate. Their reliability (so far as my experience goes, and so far as I could learn in asking about them throughout Italy) is unquestioned. And their devotion to their clients' interests is remarkable. But they are specialists — specialists in Italy and a few of the main routes out of it (as, for instance, to Paris via the Riviera and Provence, or via Switzerland), and specialists in *de luxe* travel; most specially by motor. Their fleet of super-Fiat cars with special-built landaulet bodies, designed for touring, is magnificent. But they are not organized to deal with the traveller on a budget of fifteen dollars a day, or less. Medium-grade hotels, excursions, and the requirements of the moderate spender do not come within their scope. They have only one grade of service, and it is a

grade that nobody could afford to employ for small accounts. They have in their files any number of Clara Laughlin itineraries which they have executed; and if you find yourself in Italy without one such made here to your order, any of their offices will know about what you want if you ask them for a Clara Laughlin Tour. (And for those who may be fearful that somehow or other it is going to cost them *more* if they mention Clara Laughlin, let me say, as emphatically as it can be said, that it will *not* cost a penny more, anywhere, and may cost less than it otherwise would. For such 'advertising' as I give firms, hotels, or individuals in these pages costs them nothing; and, as it cannot be bought, it cannot be *kept* except I am convinced that its presence in the book is a genuine service to you. Being in the travel business, I know that one of the heavy expenses of it is *getting* the business. The reason I can — or do — operate as savingly to the client as I do is because I have little or no advertising expense to get business. And as firms abroad find that this book brings them business, and that they cannot keep in the book except by giving you satisfaction, I believe that very soon — what with the thousands of travellers who are always in Italy with this book in their hands — I shall be able to serve your interests and your pleasure in many, many ways.)

Another travel service in Italy which I use a great deal, and to which I heartily commend you, is Moroli's. Mr. Moroli has been in the business for twenty-five years, or more, and has headquarters in Rome and offices in the principal cities of Italy. He is a man of exceptional scholarship and culture (lives like a prince, in the Colonna Palace, Rome, surrounded by his almost priceless collections of antiquities, art, old books, and furnishings) and a vigorous writer. He conceives travel as one might expect such a man to do, and yet is a business man of proved ability. His

organization is large enough to handle successfully practically all grades of travel (certainly all intelligent travellers; from the scholars who have never learned to make money with their abilities, yet to whom Italy means more than to anybody else, to the most opulent of collectors; and to the most ambitious among those who delight to report having seen things their friends have *not* seen); and it is small enough to give close, personal attention to every traveller's tastes. I should say that Mr. Moroli must know practically every inch of Italy — know it not just topographically, but as a scholar does — and that parts of it (like the Hill Towns between Florence and Rome) he must have visited as often as a hundred and fifty times.

If you want direction and help, in getting the unusual out of main-travelled roads in Italy or in seeking out the treasures of its unfrequented places, you can get it of Mr. Moroli as from no other travel service that I know anywhere in Europe. His experience has been, and is, principally in handling the highest grade of travel, but he does not specialize in the *de luxe* exclusively, as Pisa Brothers do. He has no regular excursions, nor such features — but his staff would tell you where the best ones are to be found. He doesn't sell tickets over his counters, as Cook's do, and C.I.T., and American Express; but he will get them for you. He doesn't do banking in the way that some other offices do. But he knows the travel business from A to Z.

The third is Grande Brothers, great favorites with many of my most delightful and discriminating clients, and heartily commended by me for motor tours or for general travel service.

Now, I have tried to think what could be done to facilitate the labors of those who prefer to make all their own hotel reservations after they get to Europe and as they journey along. The writing of letters is certainly a burden

to the traveller. Sometimes he writes too few details when requesting reservations. Sometimes he scatters his details through a letter so they are hard to pick out.

To save labor and make things easy for the traveller and for the hotel proprietor or clerk (who may not read English handwriting too readily), I have prepared and printed some slips whereon you need only check off your requirements (one minute's work) and write your name and arrival-date. These are for any and all hotels, whichever you may choose; you write in the hotel name, and your own. A dozen or a score of these slips will be supplied you, gratis, from my Chicago or New York office, and will take up little or no room in your purse or portfolio.

All I ask of you is that in using them you regard a hotel reservation for which you have applied as a sort of contract between you and the hotel, to the extent that, if you cannot use it, you will cancel it by letter or otherwise as far in advance of the time specified as is possible, and, if you are delayed in your schedule, you will promptly let the manager know. A great deal of difficulty arises out of reservations being carelessly treated by the persons who asked for them. Those who do this make travel harder for themselves and for others who come after them.

I believe this simple device of mine will save travellers a great deal of labor and of annoyance; and that, if it is used, in the main, by responsible, considerate persons, who keep their word and 'play fair,' it will come — in time — to be a real help in securing for its users something of the same respect and assurance of good treatment which is accorded now to those whose reservations are made by a travel agency of prestige and perfect credit.

A request for a dozen or a score of these slips will bring them to you, gratis.

CHICAGO, *January*, 5, 1928 CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO ROME!

* * *

PART I
NAPLES AND VICINITY

'O land of all men's past!'

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ROME!

* * *

PART I

NAPLES AND VICINITY

I

NAPLES AND HER BAY

The tide of travel through Italy has always flowed both ways, and still does so; although the changes in shipping conditions have greatly curtailed the number of regular Mediterranean sailings by which voyagers may land at Naples, and in consequence of this more people now than formerly go overland to Italy and begin their acquaintance with her at the north.

There are both advantages and disadvantages to this latter. Two overland journeys instead of one make it possible to have Provence and the Riviera one way, and the Italian Lakes and Switzerland the other way. But, on the other hand, it is not easy to be compensated for loss of the approach to Naples from the sea, and that headlong plunge into Italy's most vivid picturesqueness and most romantic past.

Those who like to 'wade in' and grow gradually accustomed to strange elements may make their Italian beginnings at Genoa or by way of the Lakes and Milan, and feel no privation in so doing.

But those who love the exhilaration of a plunge should get their first impressions of Italy at Naples and come northward as our civilization did.

All travel is more illuminating if we can make it like an unfolding story; and, as that is what we shall try to do in our Italian travels, there is really no conceivable place to begin except at Naples.

So, please imagine yourself in the Bay of Naples, approaching the city. If you want descriptions of what is all about you, they are to be had in abundance. Half the eminent colorists of the past two thousand years have attempted to paint this bay, in words or pigments; and every book on Naples reproduces some of their efforts besides adding some new ones. What has been so well done, we won't duplicate here. Read all you can, before leaving home, of those glowing descriptions; there is no doubt that the vision of the poet, the painter, helps the view of the mere mortal — they make us see more than we could see without them; and therefore we bless them. My effort shall be to help you *feel*, rather than to help you see, by nudging your memory and perhaps adding a bit, here and there, to your store of interests in Naples. (I'm always finding new interests for myself, in familiar places; so why shouldn't I suppose that some of mine may be new to you?)

What amount of time you have allotted to your stay in Naples, I cannot guess. I'm afraid that three or four days for this whole vicinity is an average stay. In four indefatigable days you can glimpse about half of the main sights hereabouts; in eight days you can have a rapid-winging bird's-eye view of most of them. If four days is your limit, you must choose, individually, which half you will leave out.

Of the sights to see, the greatest — of course — is Naples herself; the city and the incomparably beautiful surroundings.

As you go through Italy, making acquaintance with one after another of her cities, you will find that each of them

has an absolutely distinctive personality. And perhaps, when you begin to define their characteristics, you will say, as I do, that Naples, with her bewildering loveliness, is sensuous in her appeal, as Rome is intellectual, and Florence is spiritual, and Venice is romantic.

Naples's beauty is God-given, and owes little to her own effort — or, at least, this latter was true until the last few years, when she has accomplished wonders in making herself worthy of her situation. In the past, she has suffered much because of her beauty — has been much coveted, much laid-siege-to; and has yielded, with but feeble resistance, to an almost infinite number of those that desired her; but she seems to have loved few, if any of them, and to have endured their cruelties to her because she was too slothful to resent them.

I have seen it stated that, in her twenty-seven hundred years or so of history, Naples has never been ruled by a Neapolitan. But when I have tried to verify, or disprove, the statement, I had to give up, dizzy, bewildered; the mere enumeration of her masters makes my head swim. Greeks there were, and Romans; barbarians and Byzantines; Arabian pirates and Norsemen; German emperors and Angevins; Aragonese and Hungarians; Bourbons and Bonapartists, and what-not!

At any rate, it is safe to say that Naples has lived under a long succession of foreign masters; that she has always relied on her physical beauty, and has made almost no efforts to be intellectual, spiritual, or artistic in her appeal for admiration; that she has, of herself, produced an irreducible minimum of loveliness; and yet —! that year after year, age after age, she goes on intoxicating mankind with her charms and making them, under her spell, paint, write, sing, sculp, design, love, as they never dreamed they could do until they knew her.

Careless and slothful she has been; but there's something about her gayety, her love of life, her very lack of scruples, that limbers us in every muscle, mental as well as physical, and sets us free to feel, to do, to be. I don't know how much of her influence we may hope to feel in four hectic days. But some of us are not slow in responsiveness, and we can get, in a very brief association with a new personality, that which will alter all the rest of life for us — remake all our valuations forever afterwards.

Naples used to be one of the dirtiest cities of Europe; all that reproach is disappearing fast, under the efficiency of the Mussolini government. You will, doubtless, find many traces of the ancient squalor still holding forth in some quarters. But the old filth is pretty well driven from view, nowadays; the old mendicancy is becoming extinct; a great deal that was intensely picturesque has passed, by edict or by evolution, and given place to modern standardization. Naples is less interesting, in some ways, than it used to be; but it is a vastly more comfortable and pleasant city to visit and (I'm sure) to live in. I have never seen such a transformation in any city as in Naples; and that not just in my acquaintance with it, but in the last few years of its history.

This makes it difficult for the traveller who is able to give only a few days to this vicinity, to comprehend why travellers of other days felt about it as they did. Nearly if not all the long-standard descriptions of Naples are more or less obsolete. Even the phrases I wrote about it three short years ago no longer fit physical conditions prevailing there, nor Neapolitan customs as the stranger becomes quickly aware of them. Masked by the more elegant and more conventional 'parlor' in which Naples receives her visitors nowadays, is doubtless a great deal of the Neapolitan human nature which has played such a happy-go-lucky rôle in history. But it will not hunt you out, as once it did.

There are two principal hotel centres in the city: one, high up, on and near the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; and the other down on the water-front, on Via Partenope (Vee-ah Par-ten-o-pay). The higher location is airier and quieter; the lower is much more convenient. Both have excellent hotels and pensions. For a sojourn of any length, I think many persons choose the higher quarters. And it is perhaps true that a majority of those who have but a few days to stop find Via Partenope their headquarters.

So, although I have often stayed in the upper town, I think I shall serve you best if I guess that you are in the lower, and that your first stroll abroad in Naples (probably your first in Italy) will be along the water-front and into the beautiful Villa Nazionale (Veelah Nadzee-o-nah-lay) or park, where the Aquarium is. And this is a good time for you to remind yourself that in Italy a *villa* is not just a house, but always an elaborate pleasure-ground — more than a mere garden, however lovely; I suppose that our English word nearest to it in meaning is 'estate' used as we use it when we speak of a mansion and its grounds.

But, first of all, you must not be allowed to walk along your water-front street without a reminder of what its name signifies. If you remember your mythology much better than I remember mine, you may know without 'looking it up' that Parthenope was one of those singing sirens who lured sailors onto the rocks and — probably — devoured them; you remember that Ulysses, warned of their wiles, had himself lashed to the mast, so he could not seize the rudder and heed their call; and ordered the ears of his sailors stopped with wax so they could not hear the sirens' song. Parthenope either died here, on this shore, or was brought here for burial; for as late as the beginning of our Christian era, her tomb was seen here by an eminent historian and geographer, Strabo.

There is a very considerable literature about sirens; and some writers say they were hot winds, named from Sirius the star of the dog-days; while others say they were various things, including penguins! Can penguins sing? Or can a hot wind have a tomb? You may believe what you like; but I like to believe that Parthenope was a lady (according to her lights) and that she died of love for a mortal man, as the stories say, and that her seductive ghost walks hereabouts where her tomb used to be.

About the Villa Nazionale you can read in your guide-book, and about the Aquarium. I am content, here, to urge them both on your attention. Don't despise this Aquarium because you have seen others and found them only mildly interesting. You have never seen anything like this; it is an experience in sheer beauty, whether you do or do not care about the home-habits of your under-sea neighbors.

And, whether you gaze or merely glance at the antique granite basin from Pæstum, I hope you will not fail to have your fortune told by a tiny green love-bird — one of those that frequent the park for this purpose; you may never again have such a chance, close to a siren's tomb.

You will probably go into the Galleria Umberto Primo, off Via Roma, one of the principal thoroughfares of Naples, and begin your acquaintance with this type of modern structure wherewith Italy seems to be restoring to her citizens something of the forum pleasures that their ancestors enjoyed. The modern galleria, spacious as it is, and costly, is far from the magnificence of the old fora, and has no temples, no law courts, in whose stately shadows the populace gather to discuss communal things. But there is a large element of the same social sort; and after you have loitered about a number of Italian galleries (in Naples, the Galleria Umberto Primo is much more cosmopolitan than the other two) I think you will feel less lonely in the ruins of

the Roman Forum; you will be able to repeople it, in your imagination, with men very like those you watch so interestedly in the gallerias of to-day. If these men, discussing Mussolini's latest policy, could be divested of their sack suits, and toga-clad, they'd probably be surprisingly like the men who gathered in the Roman Forum to discuss Cæsar's imperial aspirations. One of the greatest classical scholars I know assures me that every one is missing a great deal of delight in ancient history who thinks that there was an enormous difference between those times and these, between those humans and ourselves. And I'm sure he's right, and that this is an important thing for us to be convinced of at the very outset of our brief wanderings in Italy.

If it accomplished nothing else (and it does accomplish much more!) the fascist salute would be invaluable for the feeling of kinship it gives us with that world of Rome's far yesterdays. I hope you answer, in kind, every one of those salutes which the children — at least — will give you. For we are all, by many derivations, Romans. And it were a thousand pities to be in Italy and not be proudly cognizant of *belonging* there.

So, *plunge* into Italy at Naples, I pray you. Don't stand on the edges of things and say 'They' as you discuss them. Get in as deep as you can, and say 'We' as you discover more and more of our common heritage.

When you turn back, from the Galleria, toward your hotel (crossing the busy piazza that used to be called San Ferdinando but was re-christened after the War in honor of the restored provinces of Trieste and the Trentino) you skirt the front of the Royal Palace, on the colonnaded Piazza Plebiscito, looking over toward the church of San Francesco di Páolo, copied (a hundred years ago) from the Roman Pantheon. From the south end of the palace's

long façade, continue through Via Cesario Console till you come to the place where Via Santa Lucia curves into it. This street, full of fascinating shops, leads you (at a very leisurely pace!) back to Via Partenope, between the Vesuve and the Santa Lucia hotels; unless you yield to the temptation of turning to your right, behind Hotel du Vesuve, and exploring Via Chiatamone — which turns northward, presently, and becomes Via Domenico Morelli, before it terminates in the Piazza dei Martiri.

No longer may I urge you to go a-riding behind a dressy equine with a long, pheasant tail-feather in his hat, interpreting for you a familiar song:

> 'Yankee Doodle came to town
> Riding on a pony;
> He stuck a feather in his hat
> And called him macaroni.'

'Macaroni' is still the generic name for 'horsey,' in Naples; but horse-drawn cabs are scarce, now; and you must get out into the country districts, or toward them at least, to realize what it means to be 'all dressed up like a horse,' and to see the gaily-painted farm carts which are such a delight to visitors. These carts and dressy horses were still to be seen, in numbers, on the picturesque but unspeakably rough road from Naples to Pompeii and Sorrento, in the late spring of 1927. But by the time you read this, you will probably flash out to Pompeii on the fine new road that's just begun as I write; and probably it will be barred to carts and horses.

No longer may I invite your attention to herds of goats being driven through the streets, ready to climb stairs to be milked. Nor to small boys doing gay cartwheels before you, in the hope of extracting a penny. Even the donkeys were forbidden to patter patiently about the streets of Naples, a few months ago.

I heard much less singing in the streets, on my most recent visit. I used to have a feeling that all of Naples was an outdoor opera. Latterly, the spirit of modernity seems to have made Neapolitans ashamed of too many things which were formerly great charm for her guests. No one can quarrel with the fine new pride which has so greatly decreased begging. But I was sorry when I heard Neapolitan friends of mine decry the 'troubadours' singing the world popular Neapolitan songs, on the ground that those men ought to be busy about something more in keeping with a modern world. In the daytime, perhaps — or, doubtless. But if Naples doesn't encourage more of them to do singing (for a little extra recompense, which *surely* isn't 'begging') at night, she's going to rob her visitors of something very precious. Mr. Tramontana realizes this, and gives them to us at Sorrento. Some of the hotel-keepers in Naples do, too. If yours is not of their number, I'd ask (on your first night) where you may go to hear the lovely old songs sung. I feel, very strongly, that you owe this to yourself. It is an important part of the incalculably precious enchantment which is Italy.

'O, Sole Mio,' 'Santa Lucia,' 'Maria, Mari,' 'Funicoli, Funicola'! Night after night, in Italy, you'll hear them sung — at Sorrento; beside the Arno; on the Grand Canal; among the heavenly Lakes — until they're inwoven with all your memories. And as you hear them elsewhere in your way through the world, you'll always feel a great rush of 'homesickness' more poignant than any other I know — the overpowering longing for Italy. To go through Italy and not come out with that feeling is, I think, sheer tragedy. Make your first night in Italy a beginning for it.

And perhaps this is as good a time and place as any to remind you that smiles are more magic in Italy than they

are otherwheres. They are the best possible substitute for a knowledge of the Italian tongue. Everybody can understand smiles; and the Latin has a peculiar gift for knowing when we're smiling *with* him and not *at* him.

Dozens of times I've contended that, failing all others, two Italian words are sufficient to carry one happily from Naples to the Alps: *Molta bella!* 'Very beautiful!' Feelingly and smilingly murmured, they are the key to most Italian hearts. If an Italian believes that you are finding his country 'very beautiful,' he is delighted to do all he can to facilitate your findings.

Try it, and see! Living is dear, in Italy as it is elsewhere, and Italians cannot live on smiles, any more than we can. But I believe most of them would rather have a friendly smile and a fair price, than more money given with a grudging air.

Now, then! Let's talk about some of the 'sights' in Naples that you will want to see.

Almost every one who goes to Italy is under some necessity or other of economizing in the expenditure of time. There is so bewilderingly much to see!

And most travellers have heard and read a great deal about Pompeii, Vesuvius, and the Amalfi Drive. These, they feel they *must* 'do.' About sights in Naples itself they hear less; and the tendency seems to be to conclude that there is nothing much in the city that is worth tarrying to see.

And yet, when I lecture about Naples, those auditors who have been to Naples, and have not seen the things I tell about, invariably express the keenest regret — and determination to go again and see more.

Those who can spend even so little time as three days in the city of Naples will get a great deal for that expenditure. Or, so it seems to me.

Take, for instance, that Castel dell' Ovo you see from your hotel window. It is a military prison, now, and even if we could get into it we should not find it interesting. But —! He is a poor traveller indeed who sees only with a 'camera eye.' And if you know how to cast those 'backward glances' which make travel truly fascinating, you can sit in your window overlooking Naples Bay (bathed in moonlight, I hope!) and see a long succession of story-folk passing in and out, not merely of the structure that's there now, but of those that preceded it.

Your guide-book tells you that Lucullus had one of his famous Neapolitan villas here. What do you recall about Lucullus except that he gave marvellous dinners? It was as a soldier and a colonial administrator that he won his laurels and his vast wealth; but it is as a prodigal spender that most people know his name.

He was a great friend of Cicero (who also had a residence near here), but he had been dead for some years when Brutus came here, in the spring of 44 B.C., on his way to Philippi; and, meeting Cicero in the island gardens of Lucullus (the property, then, of Lucullus's brother who was Cicero's ardent champion), discussed with him the situation in Rome since Cæsar's assassination. There is, you doubtless know, a story — unverified, but probable — that Brutus was Cæsar's natural son. We shall recall this, in Rome, 'at the base of Pompey's statue'; but it is interesting to think of here, too — because, on another island in this beautiful bay, Brutus and Cassius planned Cæsar's murder.

Can you, as you look seaward to where dell' Ovo stands, see gorgeous Roman gardens, rich in those gleaming marbles Lucullus had sent from Asia Minor and from Africa; dark with ilexes and palms; honey-sweet with the flowers of spring; the lapis-lazuli waters of the Bay bathing the base of balustraded terraces; songs of fishermen floating

shorewards; and Cicero's keen face, as Brutus tells of Antony and Octavian, and the struggle to keep the Republic.

Other pictures that dell' Ovo recalls, are made by persons whose association with Naples we shall recount elsewhere. You'll see them from your window when you're saying Good-bye to that view.

First morning in Naples, give your attention to a group of her old churches (most of which can be seen in the morning only), not so much for their interest as churches, but for the phases of Naples history that they recall.

Go first to the Incoronata. Your drive there will take you through the Piazza del Plebiscito, past the Royal Palace and the San Carlo opera house, and the Municipio (or Town Hall), all of which you may look up in your guide-book — where, also, you will find all the facts about the Incoronata.

What you will not find in your guide-book is the story of Joanna who built the Incoronata — a story which has many points like that of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, like Mary's, will always be debatable: Did she, or didn't she, cause her husband's murder?

Joanna, like Mary, became, in her cradle, heiress to a kingdom when her father died leaving her to inherit in his stead, from his father Robert the Wise, the kingdom of Naples and the rich French province of Provence.

There was another possible claimant to this great heritage — little Andrew, son of Charles Robert, King of Hungary, whose father had been the elder son of Charles II of Naples, whereas Robert the Wise was Charles II's *younger* son. Charles Robert (or Carobert) of Hungary was first-cousin to Joanna's father; and, when Joanna's father died, Carobert thought he should be King of Naples, in virtue of his father's claim, instead of baby Joanna. Old King

Robert the Wise believed he was protecting little Joanna's heritage when he married her to her second-cousin, Andrew (then seven years old), and united their claims.

Joanna was only sixteen when her grandfather died; and immediately Andrew declared himself sovereign and Joanna his consort. Joanna was beautiful, spirited, fond of admiration — the sort of girl who makes ardent partisans as well as bitter enemies — and she had been brought up to regard herself as a sovereign lady. She didn't like the second place to which Andrew tried to relegate her; and, what's more, she didn't like Andrew! She had another cousin, Louis of Taranto, whom she greatly preferred.

One night, when the young King and Queen were at Aversa, twelve miles north of Naples, Andrew was dragged from bed where he was sleeping beside his girl-wife, and into the next room, where several assassins fell upon him and threw him out of a window.

At once, everybody — not in the Kingdom of Naples, alone, but pretty much throughout Europe — 'took sides,' for Joanna or against her. She showed some haste, it's true, in marrying her cousin Louis, almost immediately; but no doubt she felt dire need of a protector. And when she heard that Andrew's brother, King Louis of Hungary, was coming to avenge the murder, she moved, hastily, to another of her capitals, Avignon in Provence, where the Popes were then living in their so-called 'captivity.'

Joanna's story is too long even to outline here. But she had both Boccaccio and Petrarch for champions — which is more than enough, methinks, to give her claims on remembrance. And she died a violent death, smothered in her bed by order of one of her relatives impatient to be her successor. It was toward the close of her life that she was a siege-prisoner in dell' Ovo, as your guide-book tells you.

This Church of the Incoronata was the one chosen by her, in 1352, to commemorate her union with Louis of Taranto. A brief visit to it will suffice you, I think.

Go thence to Santa Chiara, founded by Joanna's grandfather, and containing his tomb and those of her parents, and of her sister who was Empress of Constantinople. Finer Gothic tombs you will see at few places in Italy; and you should have Santa Chiara in mind — a mental picture of it—for your reading about Naples, whose Pantheon it is.

That grandiloquent name, however, seems even more pertinent to San Domenico Maggiore, which I hope you will not fail to visit even if you omit one or more of the other churches I name. One of the reasons for going there is that it is probably the last resting-place of Vittoria Colonna, whose husband is certainly buried there and she is believed to lie beside him, in the Sacristy. Vittoria's name is the most illustrious of all the great ladies of the Renaissance; and many pages of her life-story were written at Naples. Her father was Constable of Naples, and Vittoria was betrothed here, when she was five, to the five-year-old Marchese de Pescara. Her marriage did not occur till she was nineteen, and it was solemnized on the island of Ischia, here in Naples Bay, where Pescara had a castle and great properties. Great receptions and rejoicings were held in Naples when they came here to live, at the beginning of 1510. Practically all of Vittoria's wedded companionship with her husband was enjoyed at Naples. After two years he went off to the incessant wars of his day, and until his death, of wounds received at the battle of Pavia in 1525, they were scarcely together at all. So that the deathless love and passionate grief for him which Vittoria expressed in so many poems was really a memory of these Naples years — the 'perpetual adoration' of an Ideal then set up.

We shall recall Vittoria at Rome, in association with

Michelangelo, who loved her as only he could love. But I'm sure you'll like to see her here beside this sapphire bay which she knew so well in her happiness and in her long, sad widowhood.

It was a little before her day that a Neapolitan girl named Lisa became the third wife of a Florentine named Gherardesci, and went to her northern home to be painted by Leonardo and immortalized. Many people supposed that Mona Lisa was a Tuscan lady; but she was a daughter of these shores where the siren sang, and loved, and died.

There are many fine monuments in San Domenico; and in the monastery of Saint Dominic, beside the church, Thomas Aquinas lived when he was professor of philosophy at the University of Naples, in the thirteenth century.

Aquinas was of a noble house allied to several of the royal houses of Europe, and was one of the earliest students at the University of Naples which was founded about the time he was born.

No theologian save Augustine has had so great an influence on the thought of the Church; and he is the patron of all Roman Catholic educational establishments. Dante says that he was poisoned by order of Charles of Anjou; and in his 'Purgatorio' tells what he thinks of the crime. Saint Thomas's cell and lecture-room still exist, although the one-time monastery is now secularized.

Nearly three hundred years after Saint Thomas's death, another very young and very brilliant Neapolitan entered the Dominican Order here: Giordano Bruno, who became the great rationalist of the Renaissance, and was burned, at Rome, by the Inquisition — or, in other words, by his fellow-Dominicans. We shall have several occasions, in Rome, to recall him.

Now, a few steps and you are in the Strada de' Tribunali, generally described as the dirtiest street in Naples. On one

side of it, as you face toward the Castel Capuano into which the street runs, is the Church of San Lorenzo into which I would not ask you to step were it not that here, on Easter Eve, 1341, Boccaccio first saw Marie, a natural daughter of King Robert the Wise, and fell instantly in love with her, as she seems to have done with him, although she was married. She it was whom he immortalized as Fiammetta, setting her in the great trilogy of adored ladies, with Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura. Like himself, she was illegitimate; like his, her mother was a Parisian.

He had been writing verses since he was seven, and with all his soul yearned to be a poet. But his father ordered otherwise, and Boccaccio was in Naples in some mercantile position, which must have been a good one, because he seems to have mingled in high society and to have had his literary leanings confirmed by association with the French and Italian men of letters who frequented King Robert's Court — Petrarch among them. Perhaps it was the honors paid to Petrarch at Naples before he went up to Rome to receive the laurel crown that made Boccaccio swear, at Virgil's grave, to dedicate himself forever to poetry. But it was meeting Marie that made poetry live within him; and it was at her command that he began, and continued, his career as a writer of verse and the 'Father of Italian prose.'

That is why San Lorenzo seems to me a place of deepest interest. In the monastery connected with it, Petrarch lived while he was Papal Ambassador to Queen Joanna's Court.

On the other side of Strada de' Tribunali is San Páolo Maggiore on the site of a beautiful temple of Castor and Pollux, two Corinthian columns of which still stand in the façade of San Páolo and are all that remain, to the eye of to-day, of the glories of Parthenope and Neapolis, the Greek cities on the siren shore. The cloisters of San Páolo,

BOCCACCIO DISCUSSING

From a miniature in a fifteenth-century French manuscript

which have twenty-two ancient granite columns, are said to cover the site of a Roman theatre in which Nero once sang and played. And to insure audible evidence of success, he hired more than five thousand robust young men to applaud him.

A very short distance along Strada de' Tribunali and you come to Via del Duomo up which you turn (left) a few steps to the Duomo or Cathedral which you really ought to look at, for reasons your guide-book makes clear. It isn't a great cathedral, nor even a notable one; but as you journey northward and see many others that are great, you will — I think — find it interesting to recall this one and to reflect on why it is so different from the others.

Continue along Strada de' Tribunali to Castel Capuano, begun by the Norman King, William I, and completed by the German King, Frederick II.

I confessed to you, a while back, that trying to 'straighten out' in my mind the successive rulers of Naples made me dizzy — although many people seem to think genealogies are my favorite food. I'll tell you, now, what I do: whenever I come upon a situation in history where not to understand relationships and dynasties is to muddle the whole point of a story that's often met with in romance, drama, art, biography, I 'diagram' the family or national 'tree,' and stick it out until it's clear to me.

I found that I must do this with some, at least, of the multitudinous rulers of Naples; so I picked out a few periods in which occurred those phases of Neapolitan story most interesting to me, and got them fairly well in mind. If you don't mind my very simple, almost childish, methods, I'll tell you to what few, outstanding facts I cling so that the stories about Castel Capuano and Castel Nuovo have some satisfactory definiteness for me.

With the centuries that intervened between Roman rule

and the coming of the Normans, I don't try to do much.

The Normans, those hardy adventurers, began coming about 1030 — first as mercenaries; then, when they saw how good the prospects were, as invaders. And within twenty-five years they were immeasurably the most dominant and powerful race in southern Italy and Sicily, having been greatly aided by the Popes, who saw in them good fighting allies to hold in check the German Emperors.

We may as well, 'here and now,' make sure that we have some sort of understanding about that long-standing quarrel between the Popes and Emperors. Because if we haven't, our whole way through Italy will be a muddle of Guelfs and Ghibellines.

Briefly, it was the struggle for the mastery of Christendom. The German Emperors, holding themselves the successors of Charlemagne and of the Cæsars, wished to strengthen their power by appointing their vassals and favorites to the rich bishoprics and monasteries of their realm. This meant that in time of need every abbot and bishop, with all his wealth and all his influence and all his fighting forces, was the Emperor's man.

The Popes, contending that Christendom should be one great family united under one spiritual head, the Vicar of God, contended that only they had the right to appoint bishops and abbots. If this right were undisputed, then — should any 'differences' arise, any temporal sovereign forget that over him there was one indisputable lord, the Pope — every bishop and abbot, having got his holding from the Pope, would be the Pope's man. And to insure this, the Pope usually appointed to those great church benefices, persons who were the least likely to be won over to the Emperor's cause; and between those persons, governed from Rome, and the Emperor or King upon whom they were 'saddled,' there was continual friction.

We shall have occasion, at Rome, to recall the struggle between Pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand) and the German Emperor, Henry IV. We shall see the Pope besieged, in his Castel Sant' Angelo, by the Emperor, and rescued by Robert Guiscard, the Norman adventurer, whose fortunes the Pope favored for just such purposes.

It seems to me that that is enough to get in mind, for a beginning, as we stand looking at Castel Capuano — which is now used for law courts.

The Normans became all-powerful hereabouts, and in Sicily, and remained so for about one hundred and fifty years. Then their line of succession failed. The last of their kings had married a sister of Richard the Lion-Hearted; they were childless. And this king, known as William the Good, tried to secure the succession for his aunt, who was married to King Henry VI of Germany, son of the Emperor Frederick I. That seems a strange thing for an ally of the Pope to have done — doesn't it? But it was probably a family squabble, directed against Tancred, William's cousin, illegitimately descended from the same grandfather Roger. Tancred was a good soldier and had a strong popular support; but he didn't live long — and then the Germans came. You probably remember Tancred in 'The Talisman' and other stories of Richard the Lion-Hearted's crusading. Tancred was King of Sicily when Richard made his Third Crusade.

Well, the Germans lasted hereabouts for seventy-four years. Henry, the first of them, needn't concern us much, here. But his son, who became Emperor Frederick II, was a great ruler. He it was who finished Castel Capuano. He was succeeded by his son Conrad, who had a son known as Conradin; but the real ruler of these parts after Frederick was his illegitimate son Manfred, about whom so many dramas, poems, stories have been written.

Manfred was only eighteen when his father died, and strikingly handsome, notably intellectual, and of a noble nature. His father may or may not have married Manfred's mother just before he died; but Manfred seems to have believed that he did. The Emperor's will made Manfred representative in Italy of his half-brother Conrad, and Manfred was loyal to his trust. When, eight years later, he had himself crowned King of Sicily (and Naples), it was because his little nephew was reported dead.

But the Pope seems to have felt that this was a good time to reopen his feud with the German rulers (the late Emperor having been so strong that he was hard to oppose), and he called on Saint Louis (Louis IX) of France to aid him, offering the crown of Sicily to Louis's brother, Charles of Anjou.

Manfred fell in battle against Charles's troops. He was thirty-four years old. His nephew Conradin attempted to regain his rights in southern Italy, but was defeated, captured, and executed here at Naples.

With him ended the Hohenstaufen dynasty in southern Italy. He was only sixteen when he was beheaded, in the Piazza del Mercato, to which we're coming; and his contemporaries said of him that he was 'as beautiful as Absalom.' His burial-place is in Santa Maria del Carmine, near the scene of his execution, and he has a fine modern monument there, by Thorwaldsen.

All this was very recent history when Dante was a little boy; and as he came, after his exile, to favor the German Emperors against the Popes, of course he was very bitter about it.

So, these were the Hohenstaufen of whom our books about Naples speak so much, and with whom this Castel del Capuano was closely associated.

And with Charles of Anjou began that Angevin dynasty

which ruled Naples for almost two centuries. But we'll talk more about the Angevins when we go to Castel Nuovo.

Take a good look, now, at the Porta Capuana, one of the handsomest of Renaissance gateways; and walk under it, through the swarming crowds, to the Corso Garibaldi, and down the latter to the Strada del Carmine which will take you past Conradin's burial-place and the scene of his execution.

Then, back to your hotel for luncheon.

In the afternoon, see the shops, and the Castel Nuovo which Charles of Anjou built, and where he and his successors sometimes kept their brilliant courts, although sometimes they, too, lived at Castel Capuano.

Charles was married to Beatrice of Provence, one of a quartet of sprightly girls who made a great deal of history. Their father was Raymond Bérenger, Count of Provence, and their mother was Beatrice of Savoy. Both were poets, and so it was natural that they should employ for their daughters' tutor and for the major-domo of their household, one, Romeo, whom Dante called one of the greatest poets of his time!

> 'Four daughters, and each one of them a queen,
> Had Raymond Bérenger; this grandeur all
> By poor Romeo had accomplished been.'

So Dante sang a generation later.

Marguerite of Provence was married to King Louis of France; Beatrice, to his brother Charles; Eleanore, to King Henry III of England; and Sancha, the youngest, to Henry's brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who became King of the Romans.

Beatrice, although the eldest, was the last of the four to wear a crown; and when she, too, became a queen, she was anxious to show the others how well she could play the part.

So this new castle that she and Charles built was the scene of much pomp and many splendid pageants.

The last of the Angevins who lived here was King René of Anjou, father of Margaret of Anjou.

Was Margaret one of your youth's heroines, as she was one of mine? Do you remember how, when her father was a prisoner of war, at Dijon, her mother went to Naples to present René's claim to the throne just left to him by Queen Joanna II; and how she caused him to be proclaimed; and how she and her two children (Margaret and Louis) were borne through the streets of Naples in the triumphal chair of state; and how, when René was released, he came to join them, making his entry into Naples on a stately white charger, and rode up, with his good queen and their little Margaret, to this Castel Nuovo, where Margaret spent the next five years of her life?

But René was very poor, and unable to defend his claim to the throne against the counter-claims of Alfonso of Aragon, King of Sicily, to whom Joanna II had first willed her kingdom before she quarrelled with him, disavowed and disinherited him, and left it to René instead.

The House of Aragon had ruled Sicily since Manfred's death; his daughter Constance having married a scion of Aragon.

Alfonso laid siege to Naples for six months, sacked it, and to celebrate his triumph ordered the erection of that splendid arch by which the Castel Nuovo is entered — 'one of the masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance.'

The Aragon rule at Naples was not long — only a little over half-a-century. Then came the very interesting, picturesque, and fruitful days when the French Kings, as heirs of Anjou, came into Italy to claim the crown of Naples — and went marching back to France flaming with ardor for the glories of the Renaissance.

When we are in Florence we shall remind ourselves what a blessing to our western world it was when the Eastern Empire of Rome fell, in 1453, and her most learned men (ripe with the philosophies and the humanities of classic literature) came over into Italy, were made welcome by the Medici, transformed Florence into a newer Athens, aroused the love of learning, and gave birth to the Renaissance.

Italy brought forth the Renaissance — the great New Birth; but, until France came, it was not overflowing, to any great extent, from Italy into the rest of the world.

When France gets an idea, she has a genius for making it universal. She did it with the Renaissance. And that is why it is so important for all of us that Charles VIII of France came marching down here to annex another kingdom. And why it is important to us that Charles's successor, Louis XII, after having made an agreement with Ferdinand of Spain (Isabella's husband!) for the conquest of Naples (which Charles hadn't been able to hold), quarrelled with Ferdinand and started those French-Spanish wars on Italian soil which made so much history for the next hundred years or so.

Naples was ruled by Spanish viceroys for over two hundred years. Some of them were good, and good for Naples; and some of them were horrid. It was one of these Spanish viceroys who began the present royal palace, or Palazzo Reale (Pa-la-tzo Ray-ah-lay) which is close to Castel Nuovo; it has recently been presented to the State, to house the National Library and other important collections. (Ask, there, for a permit to visit the present home of royalty in Naples, the Palace of Capodimonte, in its fine park above the city.)

If you visit the Palazzo Reale you will probably think of an English nursemaid who used to be there a great deal, and who there wheedled out of the Queen of Naples

(queens were 'in again' — the Spanish Bourbons were Kings, now — and this one was a sister of Marie Antoinette) a certain 'secret letter' which did much to change the history of Europe.

You know that nursemaid, of course! There are few stories so fascinating; and it has been well told in fiction, lately — or, rather, in novelized facts — as 'The Divine Lady,' by E. Barrington.

Emma, the base-born English girl, the illiterate little nursemaid, who waded through mire unmentionable and became the inspiration of great painters; the wife of the English Ambassador at Naples (Sir William Hamilton, one of the most elegant and highly cultured men of his time); the bosom-friend and bedfellow of Maria Theresa's daughter; and the adored of Nelson, England's greatest sailor.

Emma came to Naples in 1786, 'shipped' here, you'll recall, by her protector, Lord Greville, younger son of the Earl of Warwick. Greville wanted to marry a rich girl, and Emma was in the way. So she and her mother (who was Greville's cook) were sent to Naples to visit Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton — an ardent admirer of beauty, whether Beauty could spell or not. Emma couldn't spell, but she was no slouch. Beauty was hers by gift of the gods, such beauty as they have given to few women at any time, but Emma didn't rest content with that. She sedulously improved herself; studied all the arts and graces; and she did more: she schooled herself in tact.

The story of Emma in Naples is far too long even to outline here, I'm sorry to say. But you will certainly wish to recall that it was here she first met Nelson, then an obscure captain in the British Navy; here she got for him, from Queen Caroline, that 'secret letter' enabling him to revictual his fleet in any port of the Two Sicilies; here she saw

LADY HAMILTON AS CIRCE
By George Romney

him set forth with that letter in his breast, to sweep the seas searching for the great fleet of Napoleon, who had boasted that he would 'make the Mediterranean a French lake,' and then would turn his attention to England; here she waited for word, then went out with the King and Court to welcome Nelson; here she nursed him in his illness resulting from his arm having been shot away; here he laid at her feet the laurels offered him as the victor in that decisive Battle of the Nile; here their romance had its earliest chapters.

She was a familiar figure in this royal palace; and surely the loveliest it ever knew. Her own palace, the Sessa, was near here, and she had a villa at Posilipo, and a residence at Caserta which is sometimes called 'the Versailles of Naples.'

Goethe visited her at this time and has left us a charming picture of her surroundings, her beauty, and her ability to entertain.

Naples did a great deal for Goethe. 'You may say, narrate, paint what you will,' he declared of it, 'here there is more than all of it put together. . . . I pardoned all who had lost their minds in Naples. . . . I hardly recognize myself. Yesterday I said to myself: "Either thou hast been crazy hitherto or thou art crazy now!" ' In Rome he had wished to study; in Naples he wished only to live.

Napoleon made his brother Joseph King of Naples, you'll remember (the Bourbons having been chased out), and two years later he transferred Joseph to the throne of Spain (whence Napoleon had chased more Bourbons), and gave the Kingdom of Naples to his brother-in-law Joachim Murat, husband of Napoleon's youngest sister, Caroline. Murat, who had been an innkeeper's son, was a dashing King, with some comic-opera extravagances which disgusted Napoleon who called these strutting pomposities

'monkey-shines'; but Murat was a dashing soldier, too, and deserved a better fate than that which befell him — for, when he tried to regain his kingdom, in 1815, from the returned and restored Bourbons, he was defeated, made prisoner, and shot with short shrift.

The elder of his two sons, who was for seven years prince royal of the Two Sicilies, emigrated to America about 1821, settled at Tallahassee, Florida, became postmaster there, and died there, in 1847. The second son also came to the United States, and married here, but returned to France, was made a prince by his cousin, Napoleon III, and was the grandfather of the present Prince Murat who loaned his mansion in Paris to President Wilson on the latter's first Paris stay.

If we began recalling the famous visitors to Naples during the last century or so, there would be no end to our already-long chapter; but I think you will like to be reminded of Shelley's stay here, in the winter of 1818–19, and why he wrote his beautiful and terribly prophetic 'Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples.'

There is, I am glad to say, an intense revival of interest in Shelley, due in part to Maurois's Life of him, called 'Ariel,' in part to the recent presentation of 'The Cenci,' in London, and in part to the centenary of Byron's death and the many articles it brought forth; and so on.

I have, these many years past, gone on countless Shelley pilgrimages in Italy, looking up one after another of his backgrounds there, and his presence is always very much with me, from Naples to the north. If you find me taking for granted that you, too, wish to be everywhere aware of him, I hope you will not mind.

His 'dejection' at Naples had causes enough! He had come over to Italy bringing his wife Mary and their two babies; and her half-sister Claire Clairmont and the latter's

child, by Byron, Allegra; and two nursemaids. In addition to the cares of this household for a 'sensitive plant' like the young poet of twenty-six, there was the irritation that Mary felt (and expressed) because gossipping tongues said that Shelley was the father of Claire's nameless child.

Then, there was an English lady of high position who was enamoured of Shelley and who, in spite of his gentle remonstrance, his assurance that her feeling was in nowise reciprocated, followed him to Naples, pursuing him with her wild declarations. She died, here in Naples, that winter — probably by her own hand. And, as if that were not enough distress for Shelley (still horror-smitten over the suicide of Harriet, his first wife), there appeared from some place most mysterious, a child — another little girl — the care of whom Shelley felt bound to assume. Perhaps she was the unhappy lady's child; perhaps some other unhappy lady used Shelley's boundless good-nature to rid herself of that which she could not explain nor justify. At any rate, there was Shelley with a female infant suffering from a teething fever! And Shelley's manservant thought this an excellent occasion for blackmail — this, too, after he had cheated Shelley inordinately and had seduced the Shelley children's nurse.

Shelley's generous impulses were forever leading him into horrid messes which gave scandal-mongers apparent foundation for the stories they loved to tell against him. He suffered acutely in this one, and tried to take his life with laudanum, but was discovered in time and kept walking until the effects wore off. *Then* he wrote his lines 'in dejection'!

> 'Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
> Nor peace within nor calm around,
> Nor that content surpassing wealth
> The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

'Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

'Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.'

The second whole day of a short stay in Naples should be spent in the upper town, beginning with the marvellous Museum, lunching at one of the hotels in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and continuing with Castel Sant' Elmo, and the church and museum of San Martino. But as directions for all these are abundant in your guide-book, I won't repeat them here — much as I'd enjoy writing about them.

Combining Herculaneum with Pompeii makes an impossibly fatiguing day. Those who would like to see both 'buried cities' (and by the time you read this, the new work now going forward at Herculaneum may have uncovered treasures not dreamed of as I write — though much that's marvellous is known to be there) will find Herculaneum easily accessible by taxi. When you go, take time also for Torre del Greco.

It might be that you would prefer to spend thus, rather than at Sant' Elmo and San Martino, the afternoon after your morning in the Museum.

The ascent of Vesuvius, to which many travellers give a day, seems to me infinitely less rewarding than a day given to the excursion I shall describe in our next chapter. For those who must choose between them, it is my opinion that there can be no difficulty in making a choice.

II

ON VIRGIL'S SHORE

This chapter is not for adult readers, unless they're the sort of person I am — with a very small amount of l'arnin'. Those who went to college and consorted familiarly with the classics and passed examinations in mythology can have no possible use for my observations on this storied shore. They may read about it in dozens, scores, of books written by savants who toss about desiccated mythologies with a juggler's skill, and never fumble a single god or sibyl. Most of those books I can't read. They take me back, at a bound, to a dreary classroom in a high school built like a packing-case; a room with high windows that seemed always dirty (though I suppose they were sometimes clean), through which one looked (when one got up to consult the classical dictionary, which was usually on the window-sill) out upon an abominable street that was the quintessence of ugliness and uninterestingness.

And when I try to read these books about the Phlegræan Fields and the Chalcidians and the Samnites, I seem to be one, again, with a weary small girl getting up to look in the classical dictionary, and staring through the dirty windows at the dismal street, her soul full of protest against 'all this foolishness about old gods that nobody believes in, *anyhow!*'

Nobody told that small girl what a world of beauty and delight they still rule — 'those silly old gods and goddesses!' — and always will. Nobody ever made her realize that some day she'd step (straight from a trolley car perhaps!) into that world of theirs; 'and *then* how she'd wish she knew more about them!'

She 'parsed' Virgil, and 'scanned' him, and translated him — wearing out a Latin dictionary a-doing it — and never once was thrilled by him, never once felt him as a real person, never dreamed of getting a map of the shore near Naples and realizing that the places he wrote about were, many of them, the places he knew best.

It wasn't till she came to these shores that she knew how stupid she had been, and how they had defrauded her who should have made her *feel* Latin poetry instead of just translate its words.

Not even to-day (after a good many years of realizing her lack) can she think of writing about Virgil and his shore for persons who know anything about their Latin classics — and much less for those who know geology and can comprehend the natural phenomena of this volcanic region.

But if she could hope that this chapter might help (even ever so little) to do for some high-school students what nobody did for her, how happy she'd be! And how proud!

So, 'skip it,' please — all you who were better taught, or studied to better purpose — and make your excursion here in more adult company. The only grown-ups who are invited are those who, like me, spent their Latin-studying days fruitlessly; and who, like me, are resolved that, if we can manage it, the young persons we love best of all shall *start* their Latin and their mythology with a keen zest, because they understand something of what it will mean to them.

With all my heart I wish that every youngster could be brought here between grammar school and high school, in charge of some teacher too great for pedantry, and helped to feel the reality out of which our great ideality grew.

For instance:

We are on our way to Baia where Ulysses landed and Hercules captured the oxen of Geryon and Æneas came

after he had buried his trumpeter at Miseno. And our first stop is at Solfatara which the ancients used to call the Forum of Vulcan.

Now, when I 'looked Vulcan up' in that classical dictionary, and then stared through the dingy windows into the drab street, I thought he was a very silly and far-fetched invention. But when I cross the Solfatara, which is the crater of a half-extinct volcano, and the Lower Regions boil and bubble about my feet, and the sulphurous vapors rise, is Vulcan 'far-fetched' to me? I see him at his fires! And if no one had told me about him, still I should have known that he was there. Who else could have kept this whole region seething for thousands of years? And never again shall I use the word 'volcano' (corrupted from 'Vulcano') without a sense of awe. What can a smoking, belching, flaming mountain mean to a person who can't remember whether Vulcan was the god of fire or water?

Some persons may get their strongest impression of him on Vesuvius; but I like him better here, close to where the entrance to the infernal regions was supposed to be.

Yes, and here, just beyond the Solfatara, where we see the Monte Nuovo, more than four hundred and fifty feet high, which loomed up one September morning nearly four hundred years ago, on ground that, the night before, was as flat as your hand! Ground on which, probably, Cicero's villa stood, wherein Hadrian was first buried.

If that small girl I spoke of had lived hereabouts instead of in Chicago, could she ever have thought of Vulcan as a mere 'reference' in a classical dictionary?

And, quite aside from his ability to throw up sizable mountains with a single 'heave,' think what Vulcan does for our modern world with his vulcanized rubber!

How vast his area of furnaces may be, beneath the crust we live on, I do not know, nor care. When he spouts from

Popocatepetl, it is, for me, a mere apprentice working at the bellows; when his sparks fly from some crater in Japan, I am willing to believe that some quite impersonal convulsion is the cause. But on this shore it is Vulcan's very self who does such things, I'm sure. No wonder that Virgil, living here, could write so superbly about the Lower Regions! Nor that Dante, when he wanted to write about them, came here, and invoked Virgil's spirit to lead him through Inferno!

The gods are mighty; but they owe a lot to the poets, and I hope they're properly grateful!

A mile-and-a-half from this Monte Nuovo is Lacus Lucrinus about which the poets wrote and which was celebrated, in ancient times, for its oysters — which may have been why Lucullus had another of his numerous villas on its banks.

But Lucrinus gives us few thrills when we know that we are but half-a-mile from Lake Avernus!

Now, not to have the Sixth Book of our 'Æneid' fresh in mind (or, better still, actually in hand) when we are here, is to miss one of the finest experiences that all our European travel can give us. And to those who will consider this, I recommend the E. Fairfax Taylor translation, published in Everyman's Library, in a small pocket-size volume. But for those who won't do it, who'll plead the rush of things to do in getting ready for a trip abroad, I'll summarize here, as well as I can.

First of all, let's talk a bit about Virgil himself, and try to realize him, not as a text-book, but as a man. Make yourself stop thinking 'how long ago it was.' It wasn't, really! You'll gain more than you miss if you forget — for a time, at least — all about dates.

To an Italian farmer near Mantua, in the North, there is born a boy who, almost from his babyhood, begins to show

signs of being unusual. The father is a hard-working husbandman, but he's not one of those who scorn everything that can't be sold by measure at the market. He is a man who feels the beauty of his vineyards as well as their fruitfulness, and who has a deep, quiet appreciation of the blessedness of his lot in life. He enjoys a real comradeship with his little son, and is proud to see that the little chap not only shares his feeling for many things, but has what he has not: a gift for expressing what he feels. The boy must have a good education! So, after some early schooling near home, the lad goes off, when he is twelve, to the neighboring town of Cremona, and thence to Milan, and on to Rome. And father goes with him! (No wonder that this boy became the author of the greatest father-and-son epic ever written!)

The young man has a glorious dream, and the older man shares it. Just what the older man does while his boy studies, I cannot tell you — nor what becomes of the rest of the family. I don't know whether the son is in Rome when the Great Dictator is assassinated, or not. He is twenty-six, then, and has already begun to be known among the intellectuals of the Capital as a young man of extraordinary mental gifts and also of the highest idealism. His tastes are for the quiet, simple, natural things; his conduct is of the purest. In a day when every one seems mad for riches and power, he is not for a moment tempted by them; when the cry is for excitement, change, thrill, he goes his way serenely, glowing with enjoyment of his kingdom that is his mind, and with the hope of being able to make his joys enviable to others.

Italy is full, as it always has been and always will be, of contending opinions as to which way her greatness (and the profit of her rulers) lies. But our young poet knows that the hope of Italy as of any country is the ideals which burn

LAKE AVERNUS
From an old print

steadily for great numbers of her citizens; and these he means to shape as only a poet can shape them.

He is intensely proud of his Roman citizenship. Born a provincial — of those Italian people who had just resisted further 'taxation without representation' and won their struggle for a voice in the ruling of Rome — he is more ardent in the enjoyment of his privilege than they are who never were without the pale. No man — scarce even young Cæsar's self — is so proud as he of Rome's story, all the greatness of which he now feels as his inheritance. If that pride can be engendered in all Rome's citizens, the older as well as the newer among them, what a unifying power it will become! (No, no! this young man born of humble parentage in the North, is not named Mussolini; this one of whom I write is named Virgil.)

And, since pride is valuable only when it has a proper expression, what shall Rome's citizens *do* to show their valuation of their heritage? ('It is not enough,' said Henry Thoreau, 'that I gather the sticks and build myself a fire. But I must then ask myself: "What did you *do while you were warm?*"') What does Rome most need of her proud citizens? Our country-bred poet knows! 'Back to the land!' The farmer is the backbone of prosperity; and the happy farmer who loves his lot in life and glories in its usefulness is one of the most valuable citizens any nation can have. This son of a happy farmer knows that!

The minds of men are filled with thoughts of war, adventure, conquest. Rome's sway must be extended so; but to maintain it and hold high the standards of Roman civilization, there must be millions of Romans quietly but steadfastly devout in filial piety, love of home, veneration of the gods. And it will not do to let those virtues seem bread-and-butter-ish; to let militancy color all the tales of heroism and glory. There must be an epic exalting the virtues of peace

and industry and family life; and our young man to whom all those things are so dear must write it — some day.

Meanwhile, the farmers of his native place are punished for having upheld the dying republic against the imperial idea, by having their lands confiscated; and our poet's father is dispossessed. To redress this wrong, the poet goes before young Octavian (not yet become absolute, nor Augustus) and succeeds not only in getting the paternal farm restored, but in winning respectful attention for himself on the Palatine. Perhaps Mæcenas was at Court that day. At any rate, we find a friendship springing up, now, between our poet and that outstanding rich man of all Rome's 'multi-millionaires.' We'll talk more about that, when we get to Rome.

Octavian, too, is impressed by the poet.

Perhaps it is on a visit to Mæcenas, or some other wealthy Roman in his villa on the Neapolitan Riviera, that Virgil gets his idea of making this shore his home. But we know that what attracts him is not the luxury and magnificence of man, nor even the luxuriance and grandeur of nature, but the *story-interest* of this little section of volcanic soil.

So, here he makes a home (a bachelor home) for himself; and here he lives his serene life of thought and study and a few rare fellowships.

I 'see' him hereabouts, leaving 'the gold coast' behind him on many a stroll — solitary or in company with one who comprehends — and taking the toilsome path up to Cumæ's ruined Acropolis, or turning in the other direction to the Capo Miseno; and there on that elevation, surveying the vast naval harbor that Augustus is building, I hear him (I know his voice is melodious; for how could a man have put so much music into a language unless he had tried its beauty and revelled in it?) saying the lines he has most recently written:

'A lofty mound Æneas hastes to frame,
Crowned with his oar and trumpet, 'neath a tall
And airy cliff, which still Misenus' name
Preserves, and ages keep his everlasting fame.'

And then they walk — Virgil and that one who comprehends — to Avernus, where Æneas walked when he had done last honors to the ashes of his dead trumpeter, Misenus, who had been 'Hector's co-mate' till that mighty hero died, 'stricken by Achilles,' and then, 'loath to a meaner lord his fealty to yield,' had followed Æneas.

'This done, Æneas hastens to obey
The Sibyl's hest. — There was a monstrous cave,
Rough, shingly, yawning wide-mouthed to the day,
Sheltered from access by the lake's dark wave
And shadowing forests, gloomy as the grave.
O'er that dread space no flying thing could ply
Its wings unjeopardied (whence Grecians gave
The name "Aornos"), such a stench on high
Rose from the poisonous jaws, and filled the vaulted sky.'

Now, as we stand on one of the wooded slopes by which 'the descent to Avernus is easy,' I see another figure with Virgil — that of a lean man with an aquiline and melancholy face; much sadder than Virgil's own calm countenance. Dante has come here, and found Virgil, and they are making their way toward that portal above which is inscribed:

'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

Here is a cave which, some say, is the one that both Virgil and Dante visited and which they described as the entrance to the infernal regions. This, then, would be where Dante 'wept at entering,' so piteous were the woeful sounds he heard — the cries of those wretched souls 'who lived without praise or blame.' (We shall think of this in Florence, some day, when we're standing in a certain square and repeating certain lines of Browning's, from the 'Statue and the Bust':

'. . . the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.')

Nothing in hell, as Dante pictures it, is more dreadful than the eternal fate of 'these wretches who ne'er lived'; and so many were they that he said:

'I should ne'er
Have thought that death so many had despoiled.'

Nor are they of that sort all dead yet! — as most of us can testify. We shall find large numbers of them wandering wearily through Italy sighing for a buckwheat cake or a piece of apple pie.

But you won't find many of them on Virgil's shore! That is not the least of its lovelinesses. One may make the descent to Avernus in quiet, exclusive dignity.

If Baia were what it once was — the Monte Carlo of the Roman Riviera — 'those wretches who ne'er lived' would be here in multitudes; for opulence awes them, and never was there opulence such as Baia flaunted in the early years of the Roman Empire. But Baia has little to flaunt now, except a charming view; and if you don't mind, we'll be on our way to Pozzuoli which was the great commercial (as Miseno was the military) port of Rome.

Here in this harbor the vessels of the known world lay, discharging their cargoes to gorge the stomachs and the storehouses of republican and imperial Rome. Here landed, through many centuries, the voyagers to Rome. And here, one day in the spring of 63 A.D., a ship from Alexandria dropped anchor, having among her passengers a Roman centurion named Julius bringing from Asia Minor certain prisoners who had exercised their right as Roman citizens (that citizenship whereof Virgil had been so proud) to appeal direct to Cæsar — who, in that year of grace, was Nero! What were the names of these prisoners (except one)

and what were their cases and the outcome, I do not know. But one of them, destined to die in Cæsar's capital, was to have a preponderating influence in reshaping the thought of the western world. His name was Paul, the Apostle.

We shall be much in Paul's company at Rome, where we shall (I hope) get a great sense of his *reality;* so we won't tarry long with him here at Pozzuoli, where he stayed seven days before starting his walk to Rome.

But not to be keenly aware of him on this shore is to miss a most important connecting link between Virgil and Dante, among those who have led mankind into the kingdom of the spiritual life.

Pozzuoli has a Roman amphitheatre second in size only to the Colosseum at Rome; and here, in 305, under Diocletian, Saint Januarius, the Bishop of Benevento, after having passed unscathed through the ordeal by fire, was thrown to the lions, who laid themselves down and tamely licked his feet. The judge who, unmoved by these manifestations, ordered Januarius to another bout with Death was thereupon stricken with blindness — and immediately healed of it by the touch of the forgiving martyr; which so impressed the onlookers that five thousand of them became converted on the spot. But the ungrateful judge, made more than ever furious by seeing his prisoner exalted and venerated, ordered the head of Januarius to be struck off with a sword. This was done on the spot where the monastery of San Gennaro now stands, on the slope of the Solfatara.

San Gennaro, or Saint Januarius, is the patron saint of Naples, whose Cathedral is reared above his tomb. You were, doubtless, in the gorgeous Chapel dedicated to him, and built at a cost (three hundred years ago) of more than a million dollars.

There is also at Pozzuoli the so-called Serapeum (or Temple of Serapis) which was probably a magnificent mar-

ket-place. But as we know very little about it, and only archæologists can conceivably enjoy conjecturing about it, I recommend it rather as a picture and a place of revery than as one of those 'ruins' which too soon begin to irritate the unaccustomed traveller.

I am always meeting people who, fresh from an Italian tour, exclaim: 'I got so sick of ruins!'

This comes, I think, from starting out with a conscientious but unintelligent attitude. Said a charming young woman to me, recently: 'I think the gluttony of people who try to see everything in Europe on one short trip, or everything in any one place on a single stay, is as disgusting as the gluttony of people who try to eat everything on the table-d'hôte bill-of-fare.'

There's a little more to be said in defence of the travel than of the table gluttons; because mealtimes are thrice daily, and European trips are few and far between.

But I do feel, strongly, that 'cramming' is a pity; and I am sorry that so many travellers are urged to it rather than restrained from it.

Why *let* one's self get 'sick of ruins'? Why not be temperate about them?

In the case of a ruin like this Serapeum, why pucker our brows about what it was? Why not just feel it as it is now, vaguely, deliciously, like the lovely ghost of a day that is dead?

Why not save what digestion we have for ruins, for such as the Forum and the Palatine, whose story is full of elements that our intellectual life craves and our spiritual life flourishes upon; and, on a shore like this, be content to feel something of the poetry it has inspired.

Our way back to Naples leads us through Posilipo, where Virgil's villa was (near one that belonged to Augustus) and where his tomb is. He lived here for eighteen years, the last

THE TOMB OF VIRGIL
From Isabey's *Voyage en Italie*

ten of which he spent on the 'Æneid.' When he had completed it, but not 'finished' it, he set out for Greece intending to pass three years there and in Asia perfecting his poem. At Athens he met Augustus, who persuaded Virgil to go back with him to Italy. It was late summer, and very, very hot. Virgil suffered something that seems to have been sunstroke, and died a few days after landing at Brundisium (Brindisi). While he lay ill, he called for the manuscript of the 'Æneid,' intending to burn it as he could not live to perfect it; but he was unable to carry out this desire. He had, however, made a will in which he directed that nothing of his should be published after his death which he himself had not given to the world.

But Augustus decreed that the poem must be saved, and published. We know that Virgil had read to him the Second Book, the Fourth, and the Sixth (the one we have been especially recalling to-day), and it is probable that the Emperor was familiar with the whole poem which celebrated him and what he believed to be his lineage. It may have been his literary judgment to which we are indebted for the preservation of the 'Æneid,' or it may have been his vanity; but whatever it was, we are deeply grateful for it.

Its effect upon Virgil's beloved country was greater than he could possibly have hoped for. The Empire of Augustus is broken up; the religion of old Rome is obsolete; but the ideals of conduct that Virgil celebrated, the pride in Italy's traditions that he fostered, are serving his countrymen to-day as they did nearly two thousand years ago.

And, since the Roman Empire of to-day and of all days to come is not geographical but intellectual; and since we all, in our western world, are children of that empire by so many strains of inheritance (as we shall realize more and more wonderingly on our pilgrimage through Italy), to-day's experience should have given us a sense of visiting the old

home, the home of our forefathers, of whom Æneas was one and Virgil was another and Dante a third. If we have got this feeling, we are indeed then well started for our tour of Italy.

III

POMPEII TO PÆSTUM

Pompeii is one of the best-advertised 'sights' in the world, one of the most completely and frequently and variously described. Almost every one who goes there has a fairly definite idea of what he is going to see. It may, when he is there, impress him more or less than he had expected; but in the main he is quite well prepared for what he sees, and feels curiously 'at home' with much of it — so accustomed to it has he become in pictures and reproductions. What further impression Pompeii makes on him depends on the sort of person he is.

I have tried to think what I could offer you, at Pompeii, that might help you to get from it just what will give you most pleasure and profit; and I may as well admit that I haven't come to any conclusion.

I have explored Pompeii with and without a guide. It is, distinctly, a place for a good guide — on one's first visit, at any rate. But most of the available guides are far from good, and they irritate one more than they serve him. Perhaps I shall be of most use to you if I suggest that you explore Pompeii — a little of it — by yourself.

A little of it serves most people's purposes even better than a lot. It is a fatiguing expedition; I know of few sight-seeing experiences more wearying than a day spent on Pompeii's hot, rough stones, with the strong sun of Naples beating down.

There is, we must remember, little or nothing about the city which makes it important — much less sacred — except its misfortune. It wasn't a place where great things

happened; it wasn't a centre of art or learning. It was of ancient foundation, by the Greeks who colonized these shores; but nearly everything of the old city that was not 'modernized' by the wealthy Romans, who lived there in the early imperial days, was destroyed by earthquake only sixteen years before Pompeii was buried from the sight of men. So that the city which was snuffed out by Vesuvius in 79 A.D. was largely a product of those times. The people mainly responsible for its rebuilding were a 'showy' lot, but many of them were of the 'new-rich' sort wherewith Rome abounded; they had money to buy anything they wanted, but not many of them had distinguished taste.

Most of them escaped, in the great disaster, with their lives. Of the two thousand or so who perished, many had gone back to save valuables.

The value of Pompeii to us is that it was blanketed with ashes and preserved just as it was. Other cities suffered slow decay or gradual transformation; we know only by hearsay, or from records, what were the daily habits of their people. Pompeii tells, in minutest detail, how life was lived in a city of this sort when Titus was besieging Jerusalem. (It is, for many reasons, a pity that so much which was found in the shops and houses has to be seen, now, in the Naples Museum, in glass cases or against backgrounds very different from those Pompeii furnished. But I dare say it is far safer thus.)

My recommendation for Pompeii is that you see it *en route* to Sorrento and the Amalfi Drive. Leave Naples by an early morning train; take your overnight bag, packed for a three-day trip, and carry a luncheon to be eaten in Pompeii. If you reach Pompeii by 9.30 or 10, you will be able to get your first impression of it before the excursion crowds arrive; and you should see as much as the average

person can 'take in,' on a single visit, by one o'clock, when the heat and glare begin to be most wearying. Then, lunch in a shady corner, and start on, rested and refreshed, for Sorrento.

Your train from Naples (the journey is fifteen miles) sets you down close to the Porta Marina, just within which is the Museum, where you will wish to spend a few minutes. Then, up Via Marina, with the Basilica on your right; and through its fore part into the Forum.

Now, the suggestion I am about to make to you will probably horrify many persons. I'm sorry — but I'm going to make it, nevertheless.

It is that, unless you're an ardent archæologist, you don't try to 'do much' with the ruins at Pompeii except in an impressionistic way. Walk among them on some such lines as I shall indicate, as jauntily as you can — unharried by a feeling that you ought to know what they're all about. All the enthusiasm that you can muster for a forum, save for the one in Rome; every ounce of effort and minute of time spent trying to comprehend that forum, yields rich returns forever after; this one is just 'a forum' where nothing in particular happened of any moment to us; save as any part of the story of Rome is in some sense our own story.

I am not belittling the interest of Pompeii. I am merely remembering how stupendous an undertaking it is to see something of Italy in a month or so, and to *enjoy* it at the same time. And with that in view, I think that the chief thing to get, at Pompeii, is a general idea of the 'lay-out' of a fairly typical small Roman city; and then to concentrate on the dwellings — for we shall not, in any other place, have such an opportunity as we have here for realizing how people lived when Virgil and Cicero were hereabouts. (These houses are of nearly a century later than

their day; but it is not likely that domestic life had greatly changed in that time.)

Back of the Temple of Jupiter (at the far end of the Forum) are some baths, which need not detain you because you will find more interesting ones farther on. And across the street (Strada di Nola) from the baths is the house of the Tragic Poet, which Bulwer-Lytton made the house of Glaucus, in 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' Next to this is the house of Pansa, one of the largest in Pompeii.

If you are an indifferent walker, this is the place to begin curtailing your programme. Energetic persons will wish to visit the Street of the Tombs, which they may reach by following the street to the left of the house of Pansa, crossing Vicolo di Mercurio, and going past the so-called house of Sallust (the historian, Cæsar's friend) toward the Herculanean Gate; then back to Sallust's house. This 'loop' is well worth making if you don't tire easily. If you *do* tire easily, see the house of the Faun, on the same street as that of the Tragic Poet; and, across Vicolo di Mercurio from it, the celebrated and beautiful house of the Vettii. Then along to Strada Stabiana, and down to Strada dell' Abbondanza where you turn, left, toward the new Excavations which are in many respects the most interesting at Pompeii. Excavating has become both an art and a science in the last few decades, and the care and skill with which this later work (still in progress) has been done, marks a very great advance over the old. Articles discovered are now, in most cases, left where they belonged — not taken to museums.

Now, you may either return to the entrance by way of Strada dell' Abbondanza, or continue down Strada Stabiana toward the theatres and the quarters of the gladiators; then back through Vicolo dei Teatri to the Forum. I do not recommend you to see the Amphitheatre, because you

will see others much more interesting. If you are going up through Provence, and will see the Roman theatre at Orange, I say, 'Wait for that as an example of theatres.' But nowhere else in Italy that I know of, except at Verona, are you likely to get a better notion of what a Roman theatre was than you'll get here.

What will impress you, I think, is that a city like Pompeii, with a population estimated at twenty thousand, should have had an amphitheatre with a seating capacity equal to the whole population; and a big theatre accommodating five thousand, a smaller theatre accommodating fifteen hundred. When we get to Rome, which gave the pattern to all her children, you will realize what a great extent of her area was occupied by vast and splendid structures for the entertainment of her populace.

Of all those whom the Pompeii disaster carried off, I know of only one notable — and he wasn't in Pompeii; he was observing the phenomenon from what he hoped was a safe distance — the elder Pliny. You will be reminded of him again at Como, where he was born; so you may as well refresh your memory with regard to him.

He was a man of many parts — a philosopher, a rhetorician, an advocate, a military man, an historian, a great student of natural history — and a prodigious worker in all of them. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, wrote of him: 'He began to work before daybreak. . . . He read nothing without making extracts; he used even to say that there was no book so bad as not to contain something of value. In the country, it was only the time when he was actually in his bath that was exempted from study. When travelling, as though freed from every other care, he devoted himself to study alone. . . . In short, he deemed all time wasted that was not employed in study.'

The only book of his that has come down to us is his

'Natural History,' which he was engaged in polishing and perfecting when death overtook him. It is an encyclopædic work containing, the author's preface claims, twenty thousand facts gathered from some two thousand books on nature and art. He had dedicated this work to Titus, an old-time comrade of his; and soon afterwards he was appointed præfect of the Roman fleet at Misenum, across the Bay from Pompeii.

Immediately on noting that Vesuvius was in eruption, he ordered some many-oared galleys and set forth in command of a fleet bent on rescue and also on close-hand scientific observation. Soon they neared the port of Herculaneum, but the coast was unapproachable; so they sailed on, and managed to land at Stabiæ, which is now called Castellamare. And there Pliny perished, of the heat (it was August 24th, and probably torrid before Vesuvius began belching Vulcan's fires) and asphyxiating gases.

Your way to Sorrento lies through Castellamare.

I hope you are not too tired, when you arrive in Sorrento, to stroll about for an hour or two. The shops are fascinating; and whether you buy silk here or wait to buy it in Rome, you will certainly want some articles in the inlaid woodwork for which Sorrento is famous.

And you can't be in Sorrento many minutes without being reminded of Tasso, who was born there. His tragic story haunts the place. Yes! and many another that you'll come to on your way through Italy.

His mother was a Neapolitan of distinguished birth, and his father was a nobleman of Bergamo in the far north of Italy, but employed as secretary by the Prince of Salerno. When their son, Torquato, was a small child, the Prince of Salerno got into some difficulty with the Spanish viceroy at Naples, and was deprived of his properties and declared a rebel. The elder Tasso shared the same fate, and went to

Rome. The mother took her two children (Torquato and his sister Cornelia, whose home here in Sorrento you will doubtless go to see in the Strada San Nicolà, back of the Tramontana Hotel) to Naples, where the extraordinary precocity of the boy attracted so much attention that he was famous as a mental prodigy by the time he was eight years old.

About that time (1552) he went to Rome, to his father, and this part of the country saw very little of him thereafter. His mother died so mysteriously as to suggest that she had been poisoned by her brother. Cornelia stayed with the mother's people and was 'married off' by them as soon as possible, coming here to Sorrento to live.

Bernardo Tasso, the father, was given a secretarial position at the court of Urbino, and Torquato (who was an exceedingly handsome lad, as well as brilliant) grew up a petted prodigy in that distinguished circle. When he was eighteen he wrote the narrative poem 'Rinaldo' which, along with 'Jerusalem Delivered,' wherein also Rinaldo figures, is the perpetual theme of Italian marionettes; I hope that somewhere or other in your progress through Italy you may see a section of one of them enacted by those extraordinary puppets, and hear the lines declaimed. Once when I marvelled at the lifelike action of the puppets manipulated by so many strings, the proud director told me: 'Sometimes, since Crusades, in one family — marionettes!' He may have been swaggering a little, as people usually do when they brag of their ancestry; but I, who hate a carefully measured story, didn't mind. You, of course, may discount it as you like. Only, do see a puppet-show in Italy, and try to see Rinaldo, if possible. (Tony Sarg has demonstrated, right here at home, that it doesn't take centuries to develop marvellous manipulation of marionettes. But his are much smaller than the Italian sort, some of

which — when clad in armor — weigh as much as a hundred pounds.)

Well, with the publication of 'Rinaldo,' young Tasso became a more than local celebrity. And when he was twenty-one, he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d' Este and went to that great castle at Ferrara where he was destined to enjoy and to suffer so many things. We can't begin to recall them all here; but one episode you will surely wish to think of in Sorrento:

Tasso completed his great epic, 'Jerusalem Delivered,' when he was thirty. Virgil had been his model as he had also been Dante's; and the great movement known as the First Crusade was his theme. So anxious was Tasso to make this poem all that it should be, or could be, that he sent the manuscript to several literary men of eminence, asking their criticisms and suggestions. When he had these in hand and began trying to reconcile them, he went mad! Probably there were other reasons — his was always a melancholy nature (as poets incline to be) and too high-strung; he lived a far from reposeful life; his mental powers had been overtaxed when he was very young; and so on — and if, as he complained, malarial fever had something to do with his maddening headaches, you will incline to believe him after you have seen Ferrara castle with its stagnant moat beneath all the windows. Also, it was whispered that he had to feign madness to escape full culpability for a compromising love affair with Leonora d' Este, sister of his patron.

At any rate, he seems to have been, either for his health or for his indiscretion, in some sort of duress in a convent at Ferrara; for he escaped thence, disguised as a peasant, and came wandering on foot all the long way to Sorrento, to his sister's house in Strada San Nicolà.

But he couldn't rest content here; he yearned for Ferrara.

TASSO READING HIS POEMS
By Domenico Morelli

It may have been because they pardoned a good deal at the court of Ferrara (these grandchildren of Lucrezia Borgia — who, however, was not so black as she's been painted), or it may have been that the sole cause of Tasso's first duress was mental, not moral; at any rate, they let him come back. But Tasso's relatively happy and productive days were all behind him. Henceforth he was to spend his time between the madhouse and 'wandering like the world's rejected guest' till he died, at fifty-one (Virgil's age!) in that chamber on the Janiculum to which we'll go some day in Rome, toward sunset.

Sorrento was for many years the home (or *a* home) of our distinguished American novelist, F. Marion Crawford, whose stories of Italian life are, I'm afraid, less popular than they used to be. Travellers through Italy will, however, be very glad of all they can remember of these stories — particularly of the Saracinesca series. Mr. Crawford, who was born in Italy, died in his beautiful white house on the cliffs here above this sapphire sea, in 1909.

And when you have wandered about Sorrento for an hour or two, buying inlaid wood with Pompeiian designs, and thinking of Tasso, you'll go back to your hotel and sit on a balcony above that sapphire sea, and watch (I hope) a gorgeous sunset, and wonder why anybody should go farther than Sorrento in search of perfect bliss. In the evening, the *tarantella* dancers will come to the hotel; perhaps they'll dance and sing in the courtyard that is dripping with wistaria blooms and pungent with citrus perfumes.

They wear gay costumes, these who sing and dance for us to keep alive the romance of other days; and they are full of that joy in living which seems the gift of these siren shores.

By day, they ply prosaic trades: Giovanni, whose rhyth-

mic abandon and flashing smile haunted us all through the war days (whenever we read of Italian battle losses, we used to wonder if Giovanni's laughing face, turned gray with staring at horror, was somewhere among the dead), was a barber in his hours of prose.

If your hotel is the Tramontana, you will enjoy recalling that there Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson laid the scenes of their very popular play 'The Man from Home,' which William Hodge played for innumerable seasons.

In the morning, you'll embark for Capri — going out in a rowboat to board the small steamer which has come from Naples.

Capri has had more 'gush and goo' printed about it in the last hundred years than any other place I know of. I can see how, a century ago, it may have seemed the veritable isle of enchantment it is usually called. But as the majority of travellers see it nowadays, it seems to me much more like Coney Island than like an isle past which Ulysses sailed, still lashed to the mast so he could not heed the sirens' song. I have never been there when it was not overrun with picnic crowds of the least endurable sort; so I do not comprehend why so many persons of rare sorts — artists, writers, and other worshippers of beauty and devotees of quiet reflection — have chosen it for a home. There must be times during the year when the excursion boats do not land their chattering hordes; when the 'resort' hotels are not full of cackle and clap-trap; but of such times I am unable to report. Norman Douglas lives on Capri in summer, I believe. And no one could hate cackle more than he does. Elihu Vedder lived here for years; and *he* was not the man to bear it patiently. Perhaps if one has a home on Capri he learns how to keep aloof from and uninvaded by the excursionists. The nearest I have been able

to attain to this has been to lose no time getting from the landing pier up onto the winding road of magnificent views, which leads to the Eden Hotel on the heights of Anacapri.

I have never been in the Blue Grotto except in the usual fleet of rowboats which meets the excursion steamers. I won't say that it is better not to see the Blue Grotto at all than to see it so. But the giggles and titters and silly shrieks and inane remarks of a flock of excursionists are hard, indeed, to bear in a place like that. Some time, I mean to see that gorgeous cavern when it is a temple of Nature and not a side-show. And meantime, to any traveller whose time on the Bay of Naples is limited, and who appreciates an 'experience' above an excursion, I unhesitatingly say: 'Choose Ravello, or Pæstum, and let Capri go.'

But if you can have them all, there are things a-plenty to reward you for a day at Capri; and for two days there, much more — because then you would have time for a row around the island and a visit to some of the other grottoes.

Many personages have been identified with Capri, but most of them are infrequently recalled there, being overshadowed by the Ogre of the Island, Tiberius. And now, if you please, after we have shivered and otherwise expressed our terror at those tales of the Ogre which the island cherishes, along come certain scoffing savants who tell us that Tiberius wasn't an Ogre at all, but a humane old gentleman who retired to Capri to lead a simple life after his long years of incessant toil and family troubles.

I don't know how you feel about it, but I must confess to a relish for the gentle exercise of exchanging new opinions for old; I find it at least as invigorating as a 'Daily Dozen.' And I particularly (although I am not ever so remotely related to Pollyanna or any of the Glad Girls) am always rather chucklingly pleased when the new opinion unmasks an Ogre and discloses nothing worse than a Grouch with

the gout or some other good cause for his terrifying growls. I like Ogres; but I find that I can get on very well with just a few. I have relinquished Bloody Mary: I have yielded somewhat in the matter of Catherine de' Medici; I realize the reason for Louis XI's cruelties; I sometimes waver a bit about Robespierre. Nero is still a cruel egoist, in spite of all the efforts to exculpate him; but Tiberius has my pity. If he was a little mad, it may well have been the result of trying to remember what relation to him sundry persons were.

He was Augustus's step-son and also his son-in-law. His first wife, the mother of his son, was the step-daughter of his second wife. His successor, Caligula, was his step-grandson and also his grand-nephew. And so on.

He was a little boy, only four, when his very young mother Livia, captivated young Octavian (not yet Augustus), Cæsar's grand-nephew and heir; he was still a youth when his step-father became emperor. But, though Livia gave Augustus no heir, he considered that the succession was assured in the three sons of his daughter Julia (whose mother he had divorced to marry Livia), so Tiberius grew up in no reasonable expectation of mounting the imperial throne. It was, however, a bitter blow to Tiberius when, the father of the young princes having died, Augustus forced Tiberius to divorce his wife (their step-sister!) and marry their mother. A few years later, Tiberius sought permission of his father-in-law and step-father, to retire to Rhodes and devote himself to study; and no amount of opposition could break down this determination. It was his one possible escape from the scandalous behavior of Julia, his wife, and the prodding ambition of Livia, his mother. He lived simply and studiously at Rhodes; and when Augustus at length learned Julia's depravity, and punished her severely, it was Tiberius who interceded for

her and with dignified kindliness did what he could to alleviate her wretchedness; this, too, although he had been granted a divorce from her by her father.

Tiberius came back to Rome, after some seven years of retirement, when he was about forty-four years old; and soon afterwards, two of his step-sons, the heirs-apparent of Augustus, died: the third son was about fourteen and an incompetent — which caused his grandfather to adopt Tiberius as well as the boy. And by the time Augustus died at Nola (near Naples — in the very room in which his father had died), there was none to dispute with Tiberius the claim to the imperial crown; his co-heir was in banishment on a desolate isle, and soon after was put to death. Perhaps Livia had something to do with this latter. But it cannot be said of Tiberius that he showed any appreciation of his mother's ambition on his behalf; and he had scarcely ascended the throne (at the age of fifty-six) when his relations with his mother became strained beyond repair. His withdrawal to Capri is said to have been caused by his desire to escape from her tyranny.

The year after his accession, Tiberius lost his only son, Drusus, born of his first marriage. And thereupon he adopted two sons of his nephew Germanicus (his brother's son), who had married Tiberius's step-daughter, Agrippina, Julia's sole remaining child.

The aunt of these young men was the widow of Drusus, Tiberius's son — whose death she had caused. Next, this pleasant lady conspired with her father-in-law's minister of state, Sejanus, to get rid of her nephews and their mother. She succeeded — in part! Agrippina and two of her sons perished, but one of them was left, to become the horrible Caligula; and her daughter, Agrippina the Younger, survived to become the mother of Nero.

Livia, who was the progenitress of all these persons

(except the elder Agrippina), outlived her august husband by fifteen years; with what satisfaction she viewed the prospect of her great-grandson, Caligula, on the throne, I am not able to tell you. But it is a matter of common knowledge that her son, Tiberius, received the news of her death without a tear, and refused to attend her funeral.

In justice to Livia it should be said that she apparently gave great satisfaction as a wife. But in her other relationships she must have been — to put it mildly! — meddlesome.

I think there is something to be said in extenuation of Tiberius — don't you? Even if he did occasionally have somebody dropped from this rock a thousand feet above the sea — which story the scoffing savants say is just a myth.

I wouldn't have asked you to recall all these genealogies and family squabbles here, if I didn't know how much you'll want them when you get up on the Palatine, in Rome.

What you will the more gratefully be reminded of is that Tiberius was here when report was made to him (doubtless among a mass of minutiæ relating to minor affairs in his vast realm) of the execution, at Jerusalem, of a Jew named Jesus, who had presumed to call himself a King and who had therefor died in apparent ignominy.

Early on the morrow of your Capri visit you will, doubtless, start on the famous Amalfi Drive.

The first stretch of this, winding inland from Sorrento and across the peninsula toward the Gulf of Salerno, will be disappointing to you; but it is soon over; and when you come in sight of the sea again, be sure to look out over it to Li Galli, the Siren isles which lie off-shore just about opposite where you strike the coast road for Amalfi.

Concerning Amalfi it does not seem necessary to say anything except that it looks like its pictures, which every-

THE EXILES OF TIBERIUS

By Félix-Joseph Barrias

body in the wide world knows. You will lunch at the old Cappucini monastery, unless you are motoring — in which case, noon-time will find you much farther on your way.

Amalfi is interesting, the pergola of the monastery is lovely, the oranges are supremely good, and the *Lacrimæ Christi* (sparkling white wine) is memorable.

But the greatest attraction of Amalfi is that from it Ravello can be reached in about an hour.

When we are at sea-level, looking up at the monastery two hundred and thirty feet above, we feel that we are going up quite high. But Ravello lies one thousand feet higher, and, besides being in itself one of the loveliest, most picturesque spots in Europe, offers views incomparably fine. Spend a night at Ravello if you possibly can. And, in spite of the incontestable excellence of Pension Palumbo, go beyond it to Pension Belvedere, kept by hospitable Signor Caruso in the old Afflitto palace. I ought to mention the view from the Belvedere, first; but nobody does, in the select body of travellers one meets, the world over, who sing the praises of the Caruso pension. The things everybody praises first are the marvellous wines that Signor Caruso makes (and serves) and the ambrosial food he cooks, or causes to be. In truth, nothing less than ambrosial food and wine like nectar could be fitting here; for this is as near Olympus as we shall ever be — we who, three days ago, were at Avernus and the Lower Regions.

You will visit the old Cathedral, of course, and note the famous pulpit. You will linger awhile in the Piazza, and will ring at the gate of the Rufali palace and ask to see that enchanted house and garden which were already venerable when Boccaccio made love here to Fiammetta. Mr. Francis Nevill Reid, to whose heirs the place belongs, was a son-in-law of Lord Napier. He had a passion for Italy and ardor for exploration. One day, in the eighteen-forties, he scram-

bled up to this eyrie, Ravello, to which nobody came but a few peasants who lived here, and was transported with its loveliness. He was like the prince in the garden of the Sleeping Beauty; his love (and his bounty) restored Ravello to the world.

Your way to Pæstum lies through Salerno where you will be well repaid for a visit to the Cathedral, which is both architecturally and historically interesting. Pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand), who fills so many stormy pages of European history, is buried here; and what are believed to be the bones of Saint Matthew are interred in the crypt. The Cathedral has an atrium, or fore-court — a feature of few remaining churches in Italy — which will interest you more now than it would have done before you had seen the houses at Pompeii; and around it are twenty-eight antique columns from Pæstum.

And now, what can I say to you of Pæstum, which to my mind is one of the supreme experiences of European travel?

It is, fortunately, nearly sixty miles from Naples, on a desolate shore. The train service is infrequent, inconvenient, and poor; the journey, however it is made, is expensive and arduous — for picnickers! For all these things, thank God! And if, in spite of all that deters idle sight-seers and chatterers from Pæstum, you still find one or two there, you will the more readily comprehend why the Thibetans kill unbelievers who try to reach Lhassa, their sacred city.

Pæstum should be visited only by the deeply reverent in whom appreciation tends to silence and not to utterance. Almost any talk at Pæstum is profane.

If it is approached in this attitude, Pæstum becomes a great spiritual experience. I know nothing quite like it in effect upon one whose soul craves quiet and a brief detachment from the problems of this swift-rushing age.

From those great, golden-brown Greek temples, glori-

ously weathered by nearly twenty-five centuries, the tides of life had turned away before Rome's empire was born or the Christian era had begun. Two thousand years of silence has imbued them with its calm. All the violences, natural and of contending men, by which these shores have been shaken, have not prevailed against the enduring grandeur of these vast temples reared to gods who have been mere myths for fifteen hundred years and more.

Two or three hours spent among these golden columns, beneath this azure sky, close to this sapphire sea, will cause the true worshipper (I think) to reckon his days, thereafter, as 'Before Pæstum' and 'After Pæstum.'

PART II
ROME

PART II

ROME

I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Travel of almost any sort is a touchstone — it finds the alloy in us, and discloses it pitilessly. But no place I know is a more perfect touchstone than Rome; it leaves us few illusions, few false estimates, of ourselves or of our companions there.

Most of us are, I think, rather uncomfortable in Rome. We feel ourselves shrinking into awful insignificance — and we don't like the feeling. It is impossible to walk a dozen steps, in any direction, without being reminded how little we know; and how little difference it makes, anyhow!

If we stayed in Rome longer, our attitude would change. The longer we stay, the more we realize how much there is that we don't know; but we cease to feel oppressed by it, and we cease to feel insignificant. The resident of Rome tends to take on the pride of the citizen of Rome, and to feel half-scornfully sorry for every one who lives anywhere else. Rome performs a motherly miracle for her successive broods, and wraps them one and all in the royal purple of her own grandeur. It isn't necessary for them to comprehend her; her mantle has made them great.

I've known very mild-mannered, modest persons to be transformed, after six months' residence in Rome, into prideful creatures who might awe a Cæsar. Delightful! I wish there were thousands more of 'em! But a shabby fortune forces too many of us to gallop through Rome so fast

that we come away feeling pygmies instead of monarchs.

I think this is a pity; and I've spent a great deal of time in Rome helping one and another of my friends to overcome their 'inferiority complex' and walk with the proud delight of an heir-at-law come to survey his inheritance.

For Rome is *ours!* It is not just the Capital of United Italy; not just the Capital of Christendom; it is the Capital of what we are pleased to call Civilization — by which we mean the Western World. The only proper spirit in which to approach it is that of one coming into his own.

I suppose that most of us, if we came into a vast inheritance of material riches, would soon begin to feel the responsibility of caring for them and sharing them. But first we'd enjoy them a bit! I say, Let's do that with Rome! Let's not be too solemn about her. She doesn't expect to be comprehended. There must have been lots about her that even Mommsen didn't know; and I'm sure she didn't hold it against him.

If you take me for your guide on ten or twelve rambles about Rome, I warn you that I'm not going to tell you all that Mommsen knew and didn't know. I'm just going to try, in my very simple way, to make you as proud as you should be, and to help you have a very good time.

There were nine Romes before Rome, they tell us. But I can tell you that it isn't until one has been here a very long time that he feels any urge to go back of the present one and sigh for more Romes to conquer.

If we begin with Romulus and get down to Mussolini, we shall be doing very well for a week or even for a fortnight. Nigh on twenty-seven centuries, that is. But there are a great many of them that we can 'skip' altogether, and a good many others whereof Rome has little to remind us.

I find that the time spent in Rome by the majority of her visitors averages one week or less. A great deal of Rome can

be seen, and an infinite amount can be *felt*, in a week if it is wisely used; but it is hard to restrain one's self and be content to leave absolutely alone many things which would only confuse what should be the sharp-cut memories of others that are more essential.

On my most recent stay in Rome, about two months before beginning this book, I had great interest and pleasure in helping an American friend and her little twelve-year-old daughter (both on their first trip abroad) see something of Rome in just exactly a week's time. I think they followed a far more leisurely schedule than the average tourist does; but I am sure that their impressions of Rome will compare very favorably, in vividness and variety and satisfyingness, with those of many persons who have spent a month in Rome, or more.

I'm not going to offer you their programme; but most of the places I shall tell about in these chapters on Rome were seen by them in what was, for sight-seers, a comfortably leisurely way.

I have considered many possible ways of presenting to you in a few chapters, material which, if treated as we did our Paris, would fill at least two whole books this size. And after a great deal of shaping and re-shaping have concluded that I shall probably serve you best if I group the sights according to localities and leave you to determine how much time you'll spend on them.

That being settled, I'm going to ask you to come down with me, late on some afternoon when the sun is about two hours from setting, into the Forum — not to toil about, laboriously, over its rough stones, trying to remember what the Tabularium was used for and what happened at the Tarpeian Rock; but to sit down on whatever looks most inviting to you in the vicinity of the Temple of Castor and Pollux (the one, near the middle of the Forum, with three

columns familiar through many reproductions and much picturing) and give yourself up to a delicious revery, letting a thousand years or so drift by you, fleeting yet vivid, as in a dream.

If you have your guide-book with you, look at the map or plan of the Forum for long enough, at least, to get yourself oriented — to note that the hill on the northwest is the Capitoline; that the Palatine is southeast of you. Never mind about the other hills of Rome, for the moment; but keep your map spread open so that you can refer to it from time to time as the shades go flitting by.

Here comes the first of them, a sinewy brown shepherd scrambling down from the Palatine. His name is Romulus, and we call him the founder of Rome. A few years ago, smart people said he was a solar myth. But he has fooled them; recent excavations on the Palatine have made him very real indeed. If you want the word of a great archæologist on it, you may have Lanciani who says: 'Late discoveries have brought forth such a crushing mass of evidence in favor of ancient writers, and in support of their reports of the kingly period, that every detail seems to be confirmed by monumental remains.'

Perhaps this hardy shepherd 'improvised' the familiar tale about kingly ancestry and the sucklings of the wolf, to give himself more indisputable authority over those he wished tó command; but I, for one, am not going to be incredulous about any details, lest the very next spadeful of earth upturned here, under the direction of Senator Boni, should bring forth the mummy of the wet-nurse to shame me for my unbelief.

Other hills hereabouts were held by the Sabines, mountaineer people from the Apennines, and (as Senator Boni's uncovering of the necropolis in the Forum shows) by the Etruscans.

THE SABINES
By Louis David

When the men who came with Romulus, from the Alban Mountains near by, needed wives, Romulus invited the Sabines to some games, in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine (you can't see it from where you sit; it was where the Circus Maximus was, thenceforth), and they helped themselves from among the Sabine girls, carrying them off up to the Palatine. That was what's called 'The Rape of the Sabine Women.' Probably the girls didn't greatly resent this 'cave-man stuff,' nor did their people greatly deplore this cheap and easy way of marrying-off daughters; for fairly amicable relations do not seem to have been strained for long. Romulus, of the Palatine, and Tatius, the Sabine chief, of the Capitoline Hill, ruled jointly for a time. And after Romulus, the next kings were Sabines, and the last were Etruscans. What is no less significant is that for many centuries thereafter Roman brides were carried or lifted across the threshold of their new husband's home, to commemorate the Sabine incident which meant so much in their history, because then and there Rome began that great policy of absorption which made her the mistress of the world, not by force alone, but by impenetration.

Perhaps, as you sit musing here, you get a later glimpse of Romulus, grown very splendid, as Plutarch describes; dressed in scarlet, with the purple-bordered robe over it, and carrying himself with kingly arrogance.

It may have been Romulus himself who, flushed with the success of his wolf-story, arranged his melodramatic disappearance from the sight of men, giving rise to the story that he had been snatched up by the gods, to be of them forevermore. (Press agents certainly ply one of the oldest trades in our known world!) Some of the Romans believed in his translation. Others said he was buried beside the ancient rostra, to which I shall direct you presently.

This valley between the Capitoline and Palatine was consecrated to the friendly communal life of the Latins and Sabines, after Romulus and the Sabine chief made peace on the Comitium, at the foot of the Capitoline. I think you will be well rewarded if you make the slight effort to 'place' the Comitium (which owes its name to two words meaning 'to go together') because of the part it played in the building of our social institutions. There Rome voted; and there, from the earliest days of what we now call Rome, the voice of the people was heard, and their ballot was taken even in the election of kings and consuls. The Curia, or Senate (the patrician assembly), was above and beside it, you see; and the ancient rostra (perhaps, as we're writing English, we ought to say *rostrum;* though just why it helps to use the singular instead of the plural, I can't see; and on the maps, as in most books, you will find it called 'rostra,' as the Romans did — meaning not the platform, but the *prows*) was between them. It was from this rostra that the great speeches were delivered down to imperial times; this was the one from which the Gracchi spoke and Cicero thundered against Catiline. (The rostra from which Mark Antony declaimed over Cæsar's body was elsewhere — you shall locate it in due time. And *rostra*, you know, means *beaks*, or *prows;* the speakers' platform was called 'rostra' because in the fourth century B.C. it was adorned with the beaks of vessels captured in a great naval victory.)

The Sabine king, Numa Pompilius, who succeeded Romulus, was a great mystic, and you're bound to 'see' him hereabouts, for this part of the Forum that you're sitting in is where he set up the most sacred centre of Roman religion. It was he who built the round temple of Vesta, the Sabine goddess (marked Ædes Vestæ on your map), put therein the holy fire, and instituted the order of Vestal Virgins whose duty it was to see that the sacred fire never

went out. Close to the round temple, he built the Regia, or house of the high priest, whose title was Pontifex Maximus. (The Pope bears that title now; the Roman Emperors bore it; it was Cæsar's when he died, and that is why the Regia was his dwelling-place. Look well at that spot; it teems with interest.) And whenever you use, or hear, the words 'pontiff,' 'pontifical,' etc., recall the Regia (which was Numa's residence, as Pontifex Maximus) and the fact that the high priest was so named because one of his chief functions was to build the bridge and to conduct sacrifices thereon to the greedy river-god of the Tiber who had such a dangerous disposition to overflow and undo the work of settlers on these banks — sweep away their homes and their lives.

Numa, as Pontifex, was guardian of the vestals. And one way that he strengthened his authority in such matters was by telling that a certain goddess or mountain nymph named Egeria was in love with him, and instructed him in those mysteries which he revealed to the Romans. The next time you hear the expression of some eminent man's lady-love, 'she was his Egeria,' it will make more distinct pictures for you, because of this sunset hour beside 'Vesta's fane.'

Whether it was from Egeria that he learned his statecraft, or from another, he was exceeding well counselled in that; and Plutarch says that 'during the whole reign of Numa, there was neither war, nor sedition, nor any envy or ill-will to his person, nor plot or conspiracy.'

This, though he ruled over Romans and Sabines with their abundant 'differences,' which he greatly diminished by reorganizing the people into companies or guilds according not to their racial origin, but to their trades and crafts.

There were seven kings, in two hundred and forty-four years, whose names have come down to us; probably there were others who failed to get themselves remembered either

for good or evil, and passed away into that limbo which Dante encountered on entering Inferno.

The last three kings were Etruscans, of that mysterious race which has left such enduring traces in Italy. They were great builders, you know, and great artificers. They built an immense temple to Jupiter, on the Capitoline. They drained the marshy lands of Rome that Tiber (in despite of the Pontifex Maximus) periodically overflowed, and installed a system of sewers which served Rome for twenty-six centuries. Note, on your map, the course of the Cloaca Maxima, or Great Sewer, through the Forum, close to your viewpoint — between Castor's temple and the Basilica Julia. That ancient Rome was a clean city, of clean people, whose self-respect expressed itself thus in no merely negative manner. It was a big city, too; for when Servius Tullius, the second Etruscan king, built his wall around Rome, it was six miles in circumference; whereas the wall of Romulus, two centuries before, had enclosed only twenty-four acres.

Some ancient writers said that there were about eight hundred thousand inhabitants in Rome under the Etruscan kings. Certainly the Cyclopean magnitude of their building operations argues an available supply of human energy scarcely below that which had built the Pyramids. The Servian wall (which served Rome for five centuries) was fifty feet high, and twelve feet thick. Many fragments of it are still standing — one of them in the railway yards, close to where you alighted from your train.

Under the Etruscans, our Forum grew splendid. It was still lined with shops, and was the chief market-place — devoted to trade as well as to statecraft and religion. But the pomp of the Tarquins here foreshadowed that of the Cæsars.

And now, with the last of the Tarquins, who was also the

last of the kings, we come to a period full of great and familiar stories. This Tarquin was called Superbus. Rome was probably ready for uprising against him when that pretext presented itself which Shakespeare described in his long dramatic poem, 'The Rape of Lucrece.'

Lucretia was a beautiful and virtuous Roman matron of high degree, whose husband, Collatinus (made indiscreet by wine, perhaps), boasted of her, in the tent of Sextus, Tarquin's son, in such a manner that Sextus stole away from his camp, and went to Lucretia's home, and ravished her. Lucretia sent for her husband and her father, greeted them in mourning, told them that which had befallen her, and then killed herself.

Her husband and their kinsman, Lucius Junius Brutus, thereupon led the uprising (which was of the nobles rather than of the people) whose result was the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and the election of Brutus and Collatinus as consuls — thus inaugurating the republican rule of Rome which lasted nearly five hundred years.

You may imagine the excitement in the Comitium and the Curia in those days! And the speech-making on the rostra! And the discussions here in the Forum!

Tarquinius Superbus fled; but his cause had many champions among his Etruscan people and even some (as it transpired) among the Roman nobles and the very families of the two consuls.

The sons of Brutus, you remember, were among those who conspired to restore the Tarquinian monarchy. And when this was charged, and Brutus, calling his two sons by their names, said, 'Canst not thou, O Titus, or thou, Tiberius, make any defence against the indictment?' was answered by silence only, he turned to the executioners and cried: 'What remains, is your duty.'

Then here, in the presence of a great concourse forgetful

of their indignation in their pity for the afflicted father, the youths were stripped and scourged and beheaded — Brutus attending treason to its bloody end. Thus he did to preserve the Republic, in 509 B.C.

Marcus Junius Brutus, who slew his reputed father, Cæsar, bore the name of a man who believed that he was directly descended from the first consul; and Cæsar's assassin doubtless prided himself that, whereas the first Brutus had sacrificed his sons to save the Republic, the last Brutus sacrificed his father to the same end.

Finding that he could not come back by conspiracy, Tarquin now endeavored to come back by force of arms, aided by the Etruscans. In the first battle, Brutus and Tarquin's son fell, in a personal encounter. Rome gave Brutus a great funeral (here in the Forum) and witnessed its first triumph in which a four-horse chariot was employed.

Tarquin had fled to Clusium, where he sought aid from Lars Porsena who marched upon Rome and got so close to it as the Janiculum, t'other side Tiber. Now we are about to meet Horatius at the bridge.

Study your map of Rome for a minute. See where the island in the river is? Well, just below it, close to where the Ponte Palatino now is, and to where the Cloaca Maxima empties into the Tiber, was the Pons Sublicius, the wooden bridge. And on the other side of the river were the Etruscan hosts whom Horatius, single-handed, held from crossing, whilst behind him the beleaguered Romans broke the bridge down and dropped him, all armored, into the flood.

Moved by the valor of the Romans, Lars Porsena withdrew. But Tarquin was still bent on getting back. This time, his son-in-law, Mamilius, led the hosts that marched against Rome. The armies met in conflict at Lake Regillus, about ten miles east of Rome.

At evening, there appeared 'those strange horsemen,' Castor and Pollux;

'Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
. . . . . .

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode those strange horsemen
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

'And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
Alone found voice to speak:
"'The gods who live forever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
. . . . . .

Here, hard by Vesta's temple,
Build me a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome."'

As long as the Republic lasted, the anniversary of the battle (the fifteenth of July) was celebrated here before the temple on whose ruined steps you are sitting. All of Rome's

splendid horsemen (sometimes as many as five thousand), with purple cloaks and glittering weapons, came hither and defiled past this temple; each knight checking his horse at the steps and submitting himself, his steed and his equipment, for inspection which should determine whether he was accepted for another's year's service, or rejected.

Cicero called this temple 'the most illustrious of all monuments, a witness of the whole political life of Rome.' By this he meant not one structure, but successive temples (two, and possibly three) on this site. (Castor and Pollux, as you doubtless recall, were brothers of Helen of Troy, but had passed to immortality before the Trojan War.)

Tarquin now accepted defeat, and retired to Cumæ, where he soon died. The Republic was saved, and began working out great problems of representative government.

One episode of very early Republican history, you'll like to recall, I'm sure; and that is the institution of the tribunes.

Though the distinction between patricians and plebeians was as old as Rome itself, it did not become dissension until the removal of kingly authority left the patricians what seemed to the plebeians to be too much power. The plebeians could vote, but they couldn't hold office, and when they voted it must be for a patrician, or for or against laws proposed by patrician consuls. They demanded reforms, but got none.

Accordingly, one day when the plebeian legionaries were ordered forth to battle, they marched only three miles from Rome to a hill known thenceforth as the Mons Sacer, where they entrenched themselves and 'struck.' Whereupon the patricians came to terms and agreed that the plebeians should have annually elected magistrates of their own, members of their own order, authorized to protect their rights. These protectors of the people were called 'Tri-

bunes,' and from the first they seem to have busied themselves not merely as defenders, but as organizers of the masses against the classes.

It was at this time of class-consciousness and considerable bitterness that Coriolanus fell a victim to class-hate.

We never see Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' now; but it was a prime favorite just after the French Revolution — owing, perhaps, to some sympathy with the theme, and rather more to the superb acting of John Philip Kemble in the title part.

Coriolanus (whose family name was Marcius) was an aristocrat of the haughtiest type. When he aspired to the consulship, the plebeians opposed him so successfully that he failed of election. This embittered him against the popular government; and in the Senate he made speeches against those 'flatterers of the rabble' who advocated cheaper grain 'for the masses.'

Then there was a tumult in the Comitium! The people were ready to break into the Curia; but their tribunes prevailed upon them not to blame the whole Senate, but to make Marcius answer for his actions. At first, he contemptuously repulsed the officers who summoned him to trial; but at last he yielded and consented to defend himself. This he did so disdainfully that many citizens desired him hurled from the Tarpeian Rock. Calmer judgment prevailed to the extent that Marcius was not destroyed, but was banished from Rome forever; and in furious resentment, he went and joined himself with Rome's enemies, and fought against her.

It was a generation later that the Forum witnessed another dramatic uprising which has made story and drama. Appius Claudius, a patrician who had twice been consul, coveted the beautiful daughter of a plebeian centurion named Virginius. To get her, he induced one of his political

henchmen to say that the girl, Virginia, was not the centurion's child, but born of a slave belonging to this man — therefore his property. Virginius was summoned from the army to come in all haste and defend his daughter. But Claudius 'managed' to win, and ordered the girl delivered to him.

'You may,' wrote Marion Crawford in his 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' 'see the actors in the Forum, where it all happened — the lovely girl with frightened, wondering eyes; the father, desperate, white-lipped, shaking with the thing not yet done; Appius Claudius smiling among his friends and clients; the sullen crowd of strong plebeians, and the something in the chill autumn air that was a warning of fate and fateful change. Then the deed. A shriek at the edge of the throng; a long, thin knife, high in air, trembling before a thousand eyes; a harsh, heartbroken, vengeful voice; a confusion and swaying of the multitude, and then the rising yell of men overlaid, ringing high in the air from the Capitol right across the Forum to the Palatine, and echoing back.'

There was another uprising against injustice, tyranny, and Claudius died in that ancient prison which, alone, served Rome for so many centuries. We call it the Mamertine, but the ancients called it the Tullianum. It was hewn out of the solid rock, way back under the Sabine kings. Tradition says that both Saint Peter and Saint Paul were imprisoned there. History says that Perseus and Vercingetorix and the Catilinian conspirators and many another perished in its dank dungeons. Note, on your map, where it is — over behind the Arch of Septimius Severus; outside the Forum enclosure, at the northwest corner. You may step into it, some day, perhaps.

And now, that you may not permit yourself too many recollections on this first visit, and tend to become a bit con-

fused, take just a glance at the eight columns, beneath the Capitoline, which mark where the splendid Temple of Saturn stood, dedicated in the early years of the Republic to the purely Roman god Saturnus. And note, on your map, where the Temple of Concord was raised, in 366 B.C. to commemorate one of the ever-recurring but brief-enduring reconciliations between the Patricians and the Plebs.

Now get up and stroll a little way, in the Sacra Via, or Sacred Way. Of all the colorful, vociferous, significant life that flowed along here in the days of the Republic, what shall we recall to serve us as a sample? The triumphal procession of a great Roman general after an important war?

John Dennie, whose 'Rome of Today and Yesterday' is one of the most readable books of its sort that I know, gives us this description of such a procession:

'It was a multitude in white that filled this space, as far as the eye could reach, and extended away, far beyond . . . everywhere were the soft, white woolen togas of the men, the purple-bordered white of the boys, and, on each shapely head, a closely platted wreath of lustrous green leaves. . . . First [in the procession] came the Conscript Fathers who had decreed the honor, in their senators' robes, white with broad purple stripes — the heads of all the great families in Rome. And after them, the military band, of trumpets only, with their fierce, rejoicing cry; then, the spoils: pictures, statues, vases, of every size and shape, by thousands and tens of thousands, partly displayed upon wagons, partly carried, one by one; and, in long file, heavy wains, laden with the captured weapons, shields and bucklers, armour, swords, spears, pikes, loosely tied together so that they clashed as the slow wain moved, and filled the air with wild, martial noise.

'After this, which was sometimes enough to fill a day, came the animals for the sacrifice — a herd of white oxen,

with gilded horns, and wreaths and fillets of bright-colored silk — each animal led by a youth in a white tunic, also be-ribboned and be-garlanded; and then the priests came, with their glittering paraphernalia. After these, came another display of spoils, the special treasures of the conquered — very remarkable objects filled with gems or pearls, or with coined gold; and colossal statues of ivory and valuable rare woods; sometimes there were gold wreaths by hundreds. This might have filled a second day; and for the third would be reserved the personal spoils of the defeated foe: his war-chariot and armour and weapons, his crown and throne, his tent and its luxurious fittings, his dinner-service of gold-plate. Finally, himself, the great captive, sometimes with his wife and children, a group all in black robes, walking barefooted and with disordered hair. To this fate, Cleopatra preferred the asp. Close upon these came the Roman lictors in red tunics, and a band of lute-players dancing and singing, and then the hero of the day, in purple toga wrought with gold, standing in the high triumphal chariot, drawn by four white horses abreast, or sometimes eight, attached four and four. He carried a laurel branch in his right hand, and, in his left, a tall ivory sceptre, while a slave, standing behind him, seemed to hold over his head the great gold wreath which belonged only to Jupiter of the Capitol, King of gods and men. . . . Perhaps the grandest part of the show was its final section when, last of all, came the legions, those iron soldiers who carried the Roman eagles all the world over, and brought home all these spoils "to make a Roman holiday." By thousands they tramped after their chief, keeping rank, but shouting, singing, screaming as they marched.

'Then, when the day was done, and the great captive had been cast into the Tullianum, and the legions had gone back to their camp outside the walls, the Forum was one

TRIUMPH OF JULIUS CÆSAR
By Andrea Mantegna

grand banqueting-hall, where, at the expense of the general, the whole city was entertained with dainties of every kind, and wine of the best vintages. Twenty-two thousand tables were spread once for this grand supper.'

Imagine Cæsar riding along here in such a triumph, and passing the Regia, where he lived and whence, perhaps, Calpurnia his wife was watching him. There was one occasion when *he* ordered twenty-two thousand dining couches laid out; and it is highly interesting to speculate on what his guests thought as they ate and drank of his bounty.

I wish we dared take space here for an epitome of Cæsar's life. If one had to forego seeing or trying to comprehend nearly everything else in Rome, he would be amply rewarded for his stay there if it made Julius Cæsar stand vividly, luminously forth to him as a tremendous *reality*. But at least we may take space for an estimate of him:

'Julius Cæsar,' Marion Crawford says, 'found the world of his day consisting of disordered elements of strength, all at strife with each other in a central turmoil, skirted and surrounded by the relative peace of an ancient and long undisturbed barbarism.

'It was out of these elements that he created what has become modern Europe, and the direction which he gave to the evolution of mankind has never wholly changed since his day. . . . Of all the great men who have leaped upon the world as upon an unbroken horse, who have guided it with relentless hands, and ridden it breathless to the goal of glory, Cæsar is the only one who turned the race into the track of civilization and, dying, left mankind a future in the memory of his past.

'He is the one great man of all, without whom it is impossible to imagine history. We cannot take him away and yet leave anything of what we have. The world could have been as it is without Alexander, without Charlemagne,

without Napoleon; it could not have been the world we know without Caius Julius Cæsar.'

And then he goes on to remind us that 'the man who never lost a battle in which he commanded in person, began life by failing in everything he attempted, and ended it as the foremost man of all humanity, past and to come — the greatest general, the greatest speaker, the greatest lawgiver, the greatest writer of Latin prose whom the great Roman people ever produced, and also the bravest man of his day, as he was the kindest. . . . He was hated by the few because he was beloved by the many, and it was not revenge, but envy, that slew the benefactor of mankind. . . . Alexander left chaos behind him; Cæsar left Europe.'

This tribute may be a bit rhetorical, a bit excessive here and there. But on the whole it is, I think, a good one to have in mind as we stand in the Forum and try to realize Julius Cæsar.

'See' him, please — the great Dictator — living in this unpretending small house of the Pontifex Maximus, in accordance with his policy of making his splendors not personal but national. It is thus he keeps 'the people' leal to him; but he knows that they are being subtly poisoned against him.

A dictator must always realize that plots against his rule and against his life are many. And Cæsar, who had been made Dictator for life, was no man's fool to suppose that he was any safer than he could keep himself. He had well-founded suspicions, too, in what quarter the chief danger lay.

He had, you know, been warned by a soothsayer about the Ides of March. On the eve of that day he supped with a friend, and somehow a discussion arose as to what sort of death was the best. 'A sudden one,' said Cæsar, promptly and with conviction.

That night, he dreamed that Jupiter held him by the hand. And Calpurnia, lying beside him, dreamed that she held him in her arms, dead of many dagger-thrusts. 'All these things might happen by chance,' as Plutarch says. And I should add that it was no wonder if they did; Calpurnia must have suffered great apprehension on his behalf; and even if he preferred sudden death to any other, he may well have had a nervous dream or two.

Calpurnia begged him not to stir out on the fateful day, but to adjourn the Senate to another time, and he was sufficiently prevailed upon to resolve that he would send Antony to dismiss the Senate.

But, to make sure the Dictator would not absent himself, there came to the Regia Decimus, a half-brother of Marcus Brutus — Servilla's son, also, but not Cæsar's, as Marcus Brutus was commonly thought to be, and not improbably was — in whom Cæsar had great confidence. And this Decimus Brutus urged upon the Dictator that it was very foolish of him to be kept home by womanish whims and fears; for the Senate was resolved to vote unanimously, to-day, that Cæsar be declared king of all the provinces out of Italy, and if they were bidden to adjourn and meet again when Calpurnia should chance to have better dreams, what would his enemies say? If, however, he really believed the day an unfortunate one for him, would it not be much more dignified to go himself to the Senate and to adjourn it in person?

Cæsar yielded, and went.

We'll go, another day, to the site of Pompey's Curia where the Senate was meeting then, and where the deed was done; and there we'll recall that act of the tragedy.

To-day we'll just see him set forth, carried in a litter and surrounded by a dense crowd, and then we'll watch with poor, anxious Calpurnia, for his return.

The cries of terror-stricken and vengeful people reach her first. A Roman crowd is not a quiet one! And Calpurnia rushes out of the Regia, passes Castor's Temple (where you've been sitting), and falls, half-fainting, on the steps of Cæsar's vast unfinished basilica. The bearers of her husband's body draw near.

Now I quote from André Maurel's 'A Month in Rome': 'On a litter made of portières hastily torn down, an arm hanging over the edge of the curtain, the uncovered face all gashed, Cæsar lies, bleeding, torn, dead. Slowly the slaves advance, bringing the great pontiff, the master of Rome and of the world, back to his little house. . . . All Rome is running to the Forum. Cæsar has been murdered! Vengeance! But first, honors to the dead, to Cæsar! The body is exposed before the Rostra, in a gilded chapel, laid upon a bed of ivory and covered with a purple stuff woven with gold. The toga which has been pierced by twenty-three daggers is spread out like a trophy. Then the multitude keeps watch, day and night, shouting their funeral songs.'

Three days later the body was burned, here, among the most sacred temples of Rome, on a pyre constantly augmented by the precious things thrown into it as offerings to the spirit of the great dead. Then an immense multitude watched, through the chill March night, the slowly dying embers, while others ran through the city with torches lighted at the pyre, seeking the conspirators, to kill them. When day dawned, Cæsar's last triumph began forming, and his ashes were carried to the Campus Martius and consigned to the Julian tomb.

Just in front of where you were sitting, on the steps of Castor's Temple, hard by 'Vesta's fane,' was the Rostra that Julius Cæsar erected, and from which Antony's celebrated oration was delivered. And it will greatly interest you, I'm sure, to know that fifteen years after Antony stood

here making his disingenuous speech, dead Cæsar's heir celebrated Antony's defeat and suicide at Actium, by adorning this new platform with the prows of those captured vessels wherein Antony had fought for Cleopatra against Rome. At that same time, Octavian (not yet become Augustus) dedicated the new temple he had built, between the Rostra and the Regia, for the worship of Julius Cæsar, now deified.

Stroll, now, along the Sacra Via, eastward; and if I were you I wouldn't try for this first visit to crowd in any more impressions of the Forum except one: its beauty.

Glimpsed from the level of any of the streets surrounding it, the Forum looks a stark rubble-heap. And even from within, when a high sun is beating down upon its stones, flooding them with glaring light and radiating heat, the Forum gives no impression of beauty. The time to feel its loveliness is toward set of sun, when the light softens and the shadows lengthen, and all the haunting spirits of the place peep out and wait our beckoning.

Then (if we are not fretted with a notion that we must identify every stone we pass; else we're not 'seeing the Forum') we begin to be aware of tender touches awakening our sense of love.

'Formerly,' André Maurel says, speaking of the time when the Forum was covered and a pasture for kine and buffaloes, 'nature had conquered the Forum; now she has it in her embrace. It is the most wonderful garden imaginable. Not a corner where some bush is not growing. Is there a dead wall, it is enlivened by rhododendrons, oleanders, or lilacs. Is there a dark corner, a copse makes it cheerful. Approaches to the great monuments, bases of the temples, all are embellished. Sweet-briar and roses spring from the interstices, crown dismantled walls, making death gay with their freshness. . . . This is a true ceme-

tery, where the dead smile at — and teach — the living, among the perfumed, growing things of earth.'

Follow the Sacra Via as it rounds the corner by the ruins of Constantine's vast basilica and flows southward, then turns east again to pass beneath the Arch of Titus and leads on to the Colosseum.

And, if you care for my suggestion, don't 'look up' the Colosseum, to see how big it is and how old it is and how many people it could hold (don't do it *now*, at any rate — there'll be time enough for it, later), but look *at* it, as at a picture unforgettable; and, if you have time, wander over toward the great Arch of Constantine framing the tree-lined avenue to southward, that is the Via di San Gregorio.

Down that way (and in every other!) many interests lie. I'll direct you there on another day. But if I were you, I wouldn't try to 'grasp' another thing, after your revery in the Forum, but let the rest of all you see grasp *you* and hold you forever a glad, proud citizen of Rome.

II

BITS OF IMPERIAL ROME

Imperial Rome, like Regal Rome and Republican Rome, is mostly a matter of ruins — those fragments and rubble-heaps which the hurrying, distracted tourists find so wearying; and yet, to be in Rome and to come away from it cherishing those memories which are to be so much to us forever afterwards, and not to have had any clean-cut, vivid impressions of how she looked when Julius Cæsar walked her streets, and Cicero, and Virgil, and Horace, and Mæcenas, is sheer tragedy.

Now, I have a little theory about these ruins which can be so eloquent or so dumb, and what may be done to make a few of them speak memorably to even the most fleeting traveller. You may find this theory beneath your dignity; but even in that event you will, I think, grant that there are many of your fellow-voyagers through Italy to whom it must be serviceable.

Once upon a time when I was at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and was gazing, in company with a group of other pilgrims, at Plymouth Rock, a man beside me who did not appear to be a foreigner and who was quite evidently trying earnestly to see what there was about the rock to excite so much curiosity and veneration, asked me, 'What is it *for?*'

I think that many of us (and I unreservedly include myself in this number) get a very different feeling for some of the rocks in Rome when we manage to dig through the archæological verbiage about them and find what they're 'for' in our little scheme of things.

There's the Palatine, for instance. If you poke about up

there by yourself, with the aid of your guide-book and plans, you are almost sure to forswear 'ruins' then and there and thenceforth. If you go there with an archæologist who is great enough to be simple, you will find it one of the most thrilling places in the world. If you could spend even one hour there with Senator Boni (who has lived atop that hill for many years, directing the excavations there and in the Forum), you would almost certainly place that hour high among the pinnacles of your experience. For Senator Boni is so great that he is as simple as a child. It is a thousand pities that the vast labors of his life have left no time for him to write books. For, if he were to write them, he would care not at all for impressing other savants with the weight of what he knows; he would care only for making those stones so eloquent to you and me that we could never forget what they had said to us, nor ever again be the same as if they had not spoken.

I have just re-read a great many books on Rome, to see if I could find, on the Palatine, anything that might help me make your impression of it such as it should be. And I have to admit that I found nothing of the sort I sought. Much about tufa foundations and the Septizonium and the Cryptoporticus; but nothing which enabled me to see the toga-draped figure of Cicero coming up the hill from the Forum, to his handsome house, where his rich and domineering wife, Terentia, would persist in 'running' his affairs of state; nothing which showed young Virgil in the vast throne-room of Augustus, asking for the restoration of his father's farm; nothing to help me hear Paul the Apostle pleading his case before Nero.

And yet — because I am not an archæologist, but a plain sort of everyday person — those are among the things which make the Palatine a shrine to me. It is those personalities whose names are household words in every land

and every generation, which lure me into a study of their times and of their backgrounds. I cannot toil, in imagination, up that ascent with Cicero, pondering how long it may be possible to endure Terentia's henpecking, without trying to feel Cicero's relation to Rome as he felt it; to see Catiline as he saw him — and Cæsar, and Pompey, and Clodius, and Antony. And when I have got fairly launched into that, I find myself growing less and less conscious of the ages that lie between Cicero's day and mine; I find myself seeing the ruins on the Palatine much less clearly than I see the handsome houses on it in the late years of the Republic, and the great palaces in the early years of the Empire.

It is a pity not to make the ascent of the Palatine — to stand upon that storied hill where Rome began; but if time be brief, or energy lacking, one may sit in the Forum toward the close of some arduous day, and *look* up at the Palatine to better effect than many persons have in tramping over it.

If you do this, my suggestion is not to bother much about Domitian or Caligula (leave them to people with more time to spend in Rome), but concentrate on a few preëminent personages whose association with these parts is one of the reasons you have always wanted to see Rome.

They all come within about a century of Rome's history; and it is a century the study of which has more profoundly influenced the world ever since than any other period in the story of mankind.

Rome had grown very rich, by conquest. Her victorious generals brought back fabulous treasures, and tens of thousands of captives, who were sold as slaves. It became practically impossible for the small farmers to exist, because the great landowners with hordes of slaves could undersell them on everything; and they had, too, the harvests of the conquered provinces to compete with. So they had got

discouraged, their lands had passed largely into the possession of the few, and there was a great deal of social discontent and bitterness. Smart politicians got the jobs of governing the conquered provinces, and others got the jobs of plundering those provinces as tax-collectors. Hordes of people waxed scandalously rich; and money meant power in politics, and power in politics meant more money. There was a large voting population, from whom favor (and election) was to be had by currying — giving expensive entertainments 'free' and distributing grain and other foods; and so on. The details sound like a history of Tammany Hall or some of its offshoots.

This was the society into which all our great, outstanding figures of the Palatine's heyday were born. And when Julius Cæsar was a youth, growing up here in Rome, the men who were contending so bitterly for that political power to plunder grew bolder than ever before, and did not scruple to use Rome's legions (when they could command them) to enforce their will.

The first who did this was Sulla (or Sylla; some spell it one way, some the other), an exceedingly dissolute nobleman who for a number of years was the leader of the aristocratic and autocratic party. And after he had set the ignoble fashion, so opposed to all those good republican ideals which had ruled Rome for centuries, others followed it; so that Cæsar grew up in a society where armed might prevailed, and money counted for far more than it is worth.

Upon the slope of the Palatine overlooking the Forum was the 'Nob Hill' of those days, where the new-rich built luxurious houses that scandalized what was left of old, Republican Rome. It was there that Cicero lived; and there was one neighborhood row, so like 'Main Street,' and yet so full of consequences in Roman history, that I believe

you'll be much entertained if you'll refresh your memory about it.

One of the noble and wealthy families living near Cicero had a very 'wild' young son, named Clodius, and also a bevy of attractive girls, including one of whom Cicero's rich and overbearing wife, Terentia, was (probably without due cause) jealous. Now, the 'wild' youth, Clodius, was in love with Julius Cæsar's wife, Pompeia; and once, when Pompeia, as wife of the Pontifex Maximus, was celebrating some very sacred rites at which no man (not even the High Priest) was permitted to be present, Clodius (a beardless youth) dressed himself as a girl and was admitted to Cæsar's house. But his voice betrayed him, and there was a great scandal. Clodius brought forward a false alibi. But Terentia knew that he had been, that day of the rites, at their house to see Cicero — so he couldn't have been out in the country as he claimed. And she nagged Cicero into testifying against Clodius — hoping to see the whole family brought into disgrace, and to make the attractive Clodia (whom she doubtless called 'that huzzy') hate Cicero.

Cicero did as ordered. But Clodius had 'bought' the judges, and was exonerated. Cæsar, you'll remember, divorced Pompeia, saying that 'Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.' And Clodius, elated with his success, began his campaign of calumny against Cicero, which resulted in Cicero's exile from Rome and in the destruction of his house on the hill. Sixteen months later, one of the tribunes, named Milo, raised his voice in Cicero's behalf, enlisted Pompey's aid, called Clodius to trial for his acts of violence, got him chased from the Forum, and — not satisfied with securing Cicero's recall in triumph to Rome and the rebuilding at public expense of his house — followed up the feud until he had killed Clodius, and called Cicero to defend him for the murder.

Think what lively times for gossipy tongues those must have been!

Cicero, you know, was not a Roman, but a provincial Latin. He was well-born, but not noble; and in politics he was an ardent Republican, passionately attached to the old constitution, and to the ideals it supported. He was the foe of mob-rule and of class-rule; opposed to the socialism of the masses and to the tyranny of the aristocrats. He was what we might call the leader of the 'Middle Class Union' of his day. And when he was elected Consul (in 63 B.C.) it was a Middle Class victory over Catiline, a bankrupt patrician who headed a party of malcontents of every grade from slaves to nobles.

Catiline lived 'on the hill,' too. Am I unpardonably trivial; or would it have made *your* 'third year Latin,' too, more folksy and more thrilling if you had imagined how the neighbors must have discussed Cicero's startling, scathing charges against Catiline? I 'parsed' and translated those great orations, wearily. But I had never been in the Forum, then; had never stood with the crowd before the Temple of Concord, and heard Cicero 'warm up' (more rapidly, perhaps, than was his wont; for he was intensely nervous before his great efforts in oratory, and got into his full stride slowly) in the fiery Third Oration; I had never been in the Tullianum (or Mamertine Prison) and seen Cicero, Consul of the Roman Republic he so ardently loved, stand there to see execution done upon Catiline's fellow-conspirators who had sought the Republic's overthrow; I had never followed him home, that memorable evening, through the Forum and up the Palatine, while the citizens shouted their acclaim to 'the savior and founder of his country' who had defeated 'the greatest of all conspiracies with so little disturbance, trouble and commotion' — as Plutarch says.

Augustus, you know, was born up there on the Palatine when it was the Republican Nob's Hill in that very year of Cicero's victory over Catiline. Octavian (as the little boy was called then and for long years afterwards) was left fatherless when he was only four; and his young mother soon remarried. Her uncle, Julius Cæsar, was away in Gaul, during all of Octavian's boyhood; and if you have a fellow-feeling for small boys, you'll know how exciting it must have been to be Octavian when everybody in Rome was talking about the adventures and conquests of your mother's uncle.

Octavian was thirteen when Uncle Julius came back to Rome, and old enough to realize the thrill of that rapid march southward from the Rubicon. Indeed, he had already made his first public appearance more than a year before, when he delivered the customary panegyric at the funeral of his grandmother, Julia.

He knew what the situation was in Rome, where Pompey was in sole command and fearful of Cæsar's return from his triumphs. Cæsar's command in Gaul expired in 49, and he wanted to 'run' for the consulship before he laid down the prestige (and power!) of his victorious legions. Pompey, and his party in the Senate, said that Cæsar must sever his military connections if he wanted political office, and do his campaigning as a private citizen. There was sound reason for this, you see; and even such good constitutionalists as Cicero felt that the way Pompey, as sole Consul, had coped with the anarchy and confusion seething in Rome entitled him to be called 'the savior of society.' So, in January, 49, when Cæsar refused to come to terms with Pompey and the Senate, he was ordered to disband his legions or become outlawed. Then it was that he made his great decision to 'cross the Rubicon' into Italy, and march upon Rome. His advance was so rapid and so popular that

at the end of March he entered Rome (whence Pompey, many of the Senators, and a large body of nobles had fled to Greece) and became the absolute master of Italy.

Octavian, a frail lad, was then in his fourteenth year, and able to appreciate the wonder with which Rome viewed his great-uncle's policy as dictator. He was doubtless old enough, too, to understand a good deal of the talk that was undercurrent in Rome about Cæsar's sovereign aspirations, and who might wear the crown after Cæsar, if Cæsar secured it. The gossip about Brutus being Cæsar's son was very general; and tongues must have wagged like bell-clappers when Brutus joined Pompey's forces in Greece and fought with them against Cæsar. It was freely talked about in Rome that Cæsar had been terribly apprehensive, after the battle of Pharsalia, where he defeated Pompey's forces, until he knew that Brutus was safe; and that Brutus, when he saw Cæsar victorious, did not disdain to sue for forgiveness and restoration to favor; and that Cæsar gladly gave it to him.

When, nearly five years later, Cæsar fell beneath the daggers of Brutus and his accomplices, and in his will made young Octavian his heir, the lad was strongly dissuaded, by his mother and others, from accepting it — probably for fear of what Brutus might do. But Octavian, who was studying in Greece when the fell deed was done, was cleverer by far than anybody (even his mother) knew. He knew how to discriminate among the contending parties, using some and opposing others, until he had made himself able to stand alone; he even made good use of the astute Cicero — as long as he needed him.

If you go up on the Palatine, you will (I think) be much interested in the so-called house of Livia, which is almost the only dwelling of old Rome left anywhere near intact for us to see. If it was not the house of Livia, it was

probably that of her grandson, Germanicus, who married Augustus' granddaughter, Agrippina, and became the father of Caligula and (through his daughter, Agrippina the Younger) the grandfather of Nero. And Livia, who attained a very ripe old age, doubtless knew the house well, even if it wasn't hers. It was probably the sort of house she lived in, as the wife of Tiberius Claudius Nero and the mother of two little boys, when young Octavian, twenty-five years old, fell in love with her and persuaded her to ask for a divorce and marry him. I don't know what had become of his first wife, Scribonia, the mother of his only child, the much-married and badly behaved Julia. At any rate, you may like to imagine Livia in some such house as this; and then reflect that she, who was 'nobody in particular,' was the ancestress, *not* by Augustus, but by her undistinguished first husband, of four Cæsars. Reflect, too, that of the six Cæsars, not one was succeeded by his son.

Harold Stannard, M.A., author of 'Rome and Her Monuments,' inclines to believe that young Octavian bought the house called Livia's, and occupied it before he began building his palace, after he became absolute. If this is so, it may have been there that he, a young man of twenty-one, received Virgil (seven years his senior) and listened to the poet's plea for the restoration of his father's farm. (This is, of course, the merest conjecture, without archæological weight, made solely in the interest of peopling the Palatine with those we know and love.)

I have been on the hill with students of old Rome who believe that it was in the throne-room of Augustus' palace that Paul appealed to Cæsar — Nero not having yet built his Golden House — although what we are now able to see of the palace of Augustus (the public rooms, only) seems to have been restored in the time of Domitian,

who reigned some fifteen years and more after Paul's execution.

There are other places in Rome where we may much more definitely and certainly see Paul; but as he came all this long and arduous way to appeal to Cæsar, I — for one — have a strong fancy for seeing him do it; especially since the Cæsar in his case was Nero.

If we accept the date (nowhere fixed, and variously inferred) of Paul's appeal, as early in the year 62, then Nero had but lately passed his twenty-fourth birthday, although he had been nearly eight years on the throne.

Consider, briefly, this young ruler before whom the little, bald, bow-legged old man from Judea stood to plead his case, in that splendid hall where Cæsar sat enthroned. (This throne-room was thirty feet wider than the great nave of Saint Peter's Church.)

Nero had, and had not, a right to the throne; that is to say, he was of Augustus Cæsar's blood, by direct descent from the much-married Julia, whereas Britannicus, the Emperor Claudius' son, was descended only from Livia by her first husband, and not related to Augustus in any way except as an 'in-law.'

Nero's mother was Agrippina the Younger, great-granddaughter of Augustus, and sister to Caligula; and a thoroughly bad sort she was! So much so that it is really no reflection upon her sufficiently reflected-upon brother that he banished her from Rome when her small son was some eighteen months old. Nor (come to think of it!) is it so terrible a reflection upon Agrippina ('shady' as she was) that she should have plotted to get her crazy brother off the throne and her small son on it.

However, Caligula lasted only four years before he was murdered in his own palace, and succeeded by his uncle Claudius, a liberal-minded, kindly man, but unfortunate

in his choice of wives and favorites who brought odium upon him. Uncle Claudius, who was fifty-one when he became Emperor, recalled his niece (now a young widow), and she immediately began scheming and plotting to get the throne for her boy. Claudius was then married to his third wife, the notorious Messalina, whose career was ended by her husband's orders when she was only twenty-six; her execution took place in the villa of Lucullus, on the Pincian Hill, where she held her most flagrant orgies; you will recall her, some day, when you're strolling thereabouts listening to the music, taking tea, and enjoying the sunset. And when she was out of the way (leaving a little boy, Britannicus, and a little girl, Octavia — whom Nero subsequently married), Agrippina forestalled the possibility of another influence and another line of succession, by marrying her elderly uncle, whom she poisoned four years later, when it seemed that she had sufficiently prepared the way for her son's recognition over Britannicus.

Nero lacked two months of being seventeen when his mother's bold villainy set him on the throne; and he was a personable, affable, apparently modest youth who seemed to reflect supreme credit on his eminent tutor, Seneca, and to promise great felicity to the Empire. Seneca's influence over the young Emperor (to maintain which he had continually to fight off the domination of Agrippina) did indeed result in five golden years of excellent and popular government. But the virtue was Seneca's, not Nero's; and so to manage that he might exercise it as he saw fit, Seneca had to humor the young sovereign who, after all, was Agrippina's pupil, too, as well as son. And in this 'humoring,' Nero finally got out of hand.

When Paul came to Rome (probably early in the year 60), Nero was still popular. His mother had been murdered, not by his orders, but by persons acting in his interest, two

years before. And though he had divorced Octavia and married the designing and imperious Poppæa, he had not thereby alienated any of the regard of a populace which regarded divorce as casually as Rome did. But Poppæa soon cut off her young husband from Seneca's influence; and got the chief military command transferred from the able old soldier, Burrus, to an infamous crony of her own; and began filling Nero's mind with suspicions and fears of others who had been his best counsellors. It cannot be said of Poppæa that she was a squeamish lady; and there were many sudden deaths in Rome, in those days. But, even at that, Nero was still (when Paul came) the most satisfactory ruler Rome had had since Augustus — who had been dead, then, forty-six years.

During the two years that Paul stayed in Rome, waiting for his case to come before Cæsar, Nero's popularity had begun to wane; but the destruction of Pompeii by earthquake (seven years before its burial by volcanic eruption) and the burning of Rome had not yet produced the impression that Nero was 'in wrong' with the gods on account of his laxity with Christians; so his name had not yet become coupled with terror to Paul's co-religionists.

It has been said that Seneca inclined toward the new religion; and a correspondence (probably forged) between him and Paul exists, which, if genuine, would make it evident that Paul expected a friendly hearing from Seneca's young pupil. But Seneca, when Paul finally came up the winding way of the Palatine ascent, to stand before Cæsar, was already in disfavor at court and in the shadow of his tragic end. (He was forced to commit suicide, on the charge of having 'conspired against the Emperor.')

But it was not belief in Nero's possible clemency to his individual case that sustained Paul in his perilous and arduous journey to Rome and his long wait there for a

hearing — chained, night and day, by one wrist, to a Pretorian soldier, we must remember. If his personal liberty and safety had been paramount with Paul, he would have seen that his chance lay with Agrippa, in Cæsarea. What led him to the world's Capital was a Vision. He saw something in the doctrines of Christ beyond their power with the individual, beyond their potency with the local groups or churches; he saw a *new* World Empire, ruled by the Christian idea. He was hurt, but not dismayed, to find Roman Christians unconcerned with anything but their personal and local questions of religion. They had not seen his Vision, and he could not make them see it.

Peter was a fisherman from the Lake of Galilee. Whatever may have been his faith in 'Thou art Peter; on thee I will build my Church,' he couldn't possibly have had the mental conception of that Church that Paul had. Peter's religion must have been much more personal than Paul's; he had been the daily associate of the Teacher, the witness of his sufferings. Paul was a convert not to the embodiment of the Idea, but to the Idea itself. (The theologians and commentators mustn't gasp, please! I'm just trying to 'feel my way' into that hearing on the Palatine, after the same manner that I try to climb the hill with Virgil — to 'get' Paul, not as a Sunday School lesson, but as a man who came to Rome; as I tried to 'get' Virgil apart from 'fourth year Latin,' and Julius Cæsar apart from the syntax of his Commentaries. I may fail in orthodoxy, all along the line; but I feel the personalities until it seems to me that I look out upon life through their eyes. And that, I think, is what we must do when we go a-travelling, either in person or in imagination.)

So I see Paul, insignificant-looking and probably rather unkempt, a small but somehow not at all pitiful figure,

standing before young Nero at the marble bar of the magnificent throne-room. Paul isn't sorry for himself, and he makes no appeal to our sympathies as we ordinarily conceive them — that is, to our pity. His case is going against him, and he knows it. The Romans are not specially aggrieved against him, but the Jews are. But I don't seem to see Paul turning sad, accusing eyes at the persecutors, the men of his own race. I don't seem to see him, as he pleads before Cæsar, laying much stress on himself and what becomes of him. I'm not sure that he cares a lot. He has fought a good fight and finished the course, and I doubt if he is sorry that the end is in sight. That is, if he is thinking about himself at all! But the shabby little man I see, bald-headed and bow-legged at Cæsar's splendid bar, is transfigured with his Idea. Almost, I think he sees what's coming.

I wish I could imagine what Cæsar thought of him. But I can't. Perhaps he didn't think at all, except about his own next appearance as a singer-actor. Perhaps Poppæa's minions told him what to say in Paul's case. How could Poppæa suspect the power of that Idea? And what could Nero do to weaken it?

Some afternoon, after you've been on the Palatine with Paul, make a pilgrimage out through the Saint Paul Gate, and along the ancient Via Ostiensis, to Abbadia delle Tre Fontane, where three little old churches cluster 'round the spot on which Paul was beheaded. The tradition is that his head bounded and touched earth three times, and that a fountain welled forth from each spot it touched. In one of the three churches (the one covering the three springs) is a white marble column to which Paul is said to have been bound at his beheading.

Then, retrace your way to the magnificent Church of Saint Paul's Beyond the Walls, covering his burial-place.

Be sure not to neglect seeing the Cloisters at Saint Paul's.

And on your way back, stop at the Protestant Cemetery, beside the Saint Paul Gate, to visit the graves of Shelley and Keats, on whom we'll reflect long and lovingly in later chapters.

III

SOME DRIVES IN AND ABOUT ROME

In this chapter I want to outline some afternoon drives for you to take. You will spend most of your mornings in museums, I dare say. Certainly you will take two mornings, at the very least, for the Vatican galleries and apartments; and one for the Capitoline Museum, and one for the National Museum. More than these I would not try to see in a brief stay.

And after luncheon, and that very necessary rest without which the latter part of the day finds one too fatigued for appreciation, the ideal thing to do is to spend several hours out of doors, in a 'chartered' vehicle of some sort which one can direct at will, stopping occasionally for short calls at places of great interest.

The first of these drives that I propose (and they need not be taken in any special order) is one in which you set out from the Forum of Trajan, after you have looked at the very famous Column (which is Trajan's tomb), and given a careful glance or two at your ground-plan of Rome to fix in your mind the general location of the five great imperial forums (or fora) constructed by Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, Nerva, and Trajan. You will, I think, find in your guide-book all that you want on the Fora of the Emperors, so I won't duplicate it here.

Now look north of the Colosseum on your map, and note the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, or Saint Peter in Chains, which you ought (I think) to see, for several reasons: one is the church itself, which was built about 442, by Eudoxia, the wife of Valentinian III, the last of the Roman

Emperors who ruled at Rome as well as reigned. (Those who came after him and bore the title of head of the Western Empire were mere figureheads; the seat of power in Rome had moved from the Palatine over to the Palazzo del Laterano on the southeast shoulder of the Cælian Hill, where the Popes lived from the time of Constantine till the Captivity of the Popes in France — after which they made the Vatican their residence.)

Eudoxia had received from Pope Leo I (the Great) the chains of Saint Peter, and she built this basilica to be a shrine for them.

But the very special reasons for coming here are two Popes and two artists, and the story of two tombs. If you use this opportunity to get four personalities in mind, you will, I'm sure, be vastly more interested than you otherwise could be in many of the most notable things you'll see on your way through Italy.

First of all, there's Sixtus IV. There are about eight or nine Popes in the nearly nineteen centuries of papal history that the traveller in Italy, the average reader of books about Italy, really must know about in a definite way; all the rest belong principally to ecclesiastical and political history, and need not concern us as we journey.

But not to know Sixtus IV is quite calamitous; for he was the builder of the Sistine Chapel, and the Sistine Bridge (Ponte Sisto) over the Tiber, and the founder of the Sistine Choir, and the Pontiff who developed into greatness the Vatican Library. You see, you *must* know Sixtus, even if you stay but a week in Rome.

Well, in 1467, this old Church of San Pietro in Vincoli was given (by Pope Paul II) a new cardinal-priest, the head of the Franciscan Order, Francesco della Rovere. The Franciscan General was of humble birth, and had made himself known by his eloquent preaching. Four years after he be-

came titular cardinal of this church, he was elevated to the throne of Saint Peter, as Sixtus IV, reigning there for thirteen years. He was succeeded by a prelate who must have been actuated by a sense of humor when he chose for his pontifical title Innocent VIII. But whatever else Innocent may have done or left undone, he had the nice feeling to order a fitting tomb for his predecessor; and to secure for it the best possible talent, Innocent appealed to Lorenzo the Magnificent, at Florence — he being related to Lorenzo, in a way, through the marriage of Lorenzo's daughter with one of Innocent's illegitimate sons.

The artist Lorenzo sent to Rome was Antonio Pollaiuolo concerning whom Lorenzo said: 'The said Antonio is the chief Master in this city, and perhaps that ever has been, and this is the common opinion of all who understand such matters.'

Antonio's last name means 'Poulterer,' and came to him because his father purveyed feathered food to the first families of Florence. (*Pollo*, which means 'fowl,' is a staple on Italian bills of fare; and I can't see any lack in dignity in letting it remind us of Pollaiuolo, whose name is pronounced Polla-yu-o-lo.)

Antonio had served his apprenticeship with Ghiberti and worked with him on the very celebrated baptistery doors at Florence which Michelangelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. When you are in Florence, you will (if you accept my guidance) certainly spend some time in the Museo dell' Opera del Duomo, where you will see Antonio's superb relief, in silver, of the Birth of John the Baptist, and the magnificent silver cross he made as a reliquary for the fragment of the True Cross which Charlemagne had presented to Florence. In the Bargello, there, you will see Antonio's terra-cotta Bust of a Young Warrior, which is familiar to you through many reproductions; and his

bronze statuette (made for Giuliano de' Medici) of Hercules Slaying Antæus. While at Milan, in the exquisite Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, you will find the treasure of the collection that exceedingly familiar portrait of Giovanni de' Bardi's wife, which was probably painted by Antonio.

The tomb that Antonio executed for Sixtus IV, and the tomb he made for Innocent VIII, are in Saint Peter's, where I shall call your attention to them. But here in San Pietro in Vincoli is the tomb of Antonio himself, and of his younger brother, Piero; and the memorial tablet to them is to the left of the entrance.

And now we have come to the big story of the church — to the other Pope and the other artist: Julius II and Michelangelo.

After Innocent was gathered to his fathers, there came one of the most picturesque and story-esque of all the Popes, the Borgia, Alexander VI, father of the notorious Lucrezia Borgia, and of Cesare, and many others; we shall recall him elsewhere. And then there was Pius III, an octogenarian who wore the tiara for twenty-five days only; he was a nephew of that up-and-coming personage who had been Pope Pius II and whom we shall more particularly recall at Siena, whence he came. And Alexander VI was a nephew of Calixtus III, who preceded Pius II in the Papacy. Nephews had become the pontifical fashion, as it were; so the nephew of Sixtus IV, having been a very active statesman as Giuliano della Rovere, Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli, became Pope Julius II. Twice in thirty-two years, this church of Saint Peter's chains had given its cardinal to sit on Saint Peter's throne.

Now, Giuliano had twice before contended for the papal tiara; and though he was not an old man (only sixty when elected) he seems to have thought that it would be well to begin making plans for his tomb. He wanted a magnificent

one; and he wanted the satisfaction of seeing it well under way. So he sent up to Florence for the young sculptor-painter, Michelangelo, who had recently electrified his townsmen with his colossal 'David,' and was now engaged upon a state commission to decorate one of the walls of the great municipal council hall.

Michelangelo was just thirty when Julius II summoned him to Rome to build for him a mausoleum that should rival the utmost magnificence of the early Emperors.

The Florentine artist was no stranger in Rome; he had lived there for five years (from his twenty-second to his twenty-seventh), and had done there the exquisite Pietà which is one of the greatest treasures of Saint Peter's. But when he was there before, he was on no such footing as now. The advance was very gratifying to him, and he plunged, with all the ardor of which he was so supremely capable, into the task that Julius set him. His design was quickly made, and as quickly approved, and he was off to the Carrara quarries to choose marbles for the gigantic undertaking which Romain Rolland calls 'a Babylonian project — a very mountain of architecture with more than forty statues of colossal dimensions. . . . One day, whilst riding through the country (near Carrara) on horseback, he saw a mountain which dominated the coast, and was seized with a desire to carve it in its entirety, to transform it into a Colossus visible to navigators from afar.'

(I quote this, now, because a Colossus in Carrara marble is about to be carved, there, to be a beacon to navigators and a memorial to Shelley. So, more than four hundred years later, Michelangelo's conception is about to bear fruit.)

By December of that year (1505), the blocks of marble he had chosen had begun to arrive by sea and river, and to be piled up behind Santa Caterina, where Michelangelo lived.

'The Pope in his impatience,' says Rolland, 'came to see him ceaselessly, and conversed with him as familiarly as though he had been his own brother. In order to visit him more conveniently he had a drawbridge, which assured him a secret passage, thrown from a corridor of the Vatican to Michelangelo's house.'

But Julius was of an inconstant nature — and, like many inconstant persons, irritable and suspicious. He was superstitious, too; and Bramante, Raphael's friend and fellow-townsman, who was the Pope's architect, had no trouble persuading Julius that it was unlucky to build one's own tomb. Moreover, as Julius was well aware, the old Church of Saint Peter, founded by Constantine early in the fourth century, and already a hoary edifice when Charlemagne was crowned in it on Christmas Day, 800, had no place adequate for such a mausoleum as Michelangelo was preparing.

Why not, Bramante urged, build a new Saint Peter's first? Bramante was dissipated and a luxurious liver; he needed money, and he sought a commission which would bring him both fame and fortune; but he had, too, a bitter personal grudge against Michelangelo who had accused him of 'scamping' in the quality of his building materials.

So, Julius was talked over, and not only abandoned the mausoleum, but refused to pay Michelangelo for the great expense he had incurred in marble, freight, and fetching skilled workmen from Florence. And when Michelangelo complained of this unjust treatment, Julius ordered the doors of the Vatican closed to him.

'Returning home,' says Rollin in his 'Life of Michelangelo,' 'Michelangelo wrote to the Pope as follows: "Holy Father! I was driven from the Palace this morning by order of Your Holiness. I beg to inform you that

if you need me you will have to seek me everywhere else but in Rome."

'Sending off this letter, he called in a dealer and a marble-cutter who lodged with him and said to them: "Find a Jew, sell everything in my house, and come to Florence."

'He then mounted his horse and set off. When the Pope received the letter, he despatched five couriers after him, but they did not overtake the fugitive until eleven o'clock at night, by which time he had reached Poggibonsi, in Tuscany. There they handed him the following order: "Immediately after the receipt of this, return to Rome, on pain of our disgrace." Michelangelo replied that he would return when the Pope kept his engagements; otherwise, Julius II might give up all hope of ever seeing him again.'

The next day (April 18, 1506), Bramante laid the foundation-stone of the new Saint Peter's.

But Julius, though he didn't want a mausoleum, was furious at Michelangelo's defiance of him, and told the Seigniory of Florence that, unless they sent Michelangelo back to Rome, the Vatican would make war on Florence.

The Seigniory said to Michelangelo: 'We do not wish, because of you, to enter into a war with His Holiness, so you must return to Rome.'

Michelangelo declared he would *not* return to Rome: if Julius wished his mausoleum, it should be made in Florence. But at length he had to yield. Julius, however, did not keep his engagements about the mausoleum. He kept Michelangelo at other tasks, about which they quarrelled continuously; and work on the tomb was not resumed until Julius really needed one, and his heirs contracted with Michelangelo to complete it on a scale even larger than as at first projected.

But the new Pope (Leo X) was a Medici, son of Lorenzo

RAPHAEL IN THE VATICAN

By Horace Vernet

Raphael in center, Michelangelo in lower left-hand corner, Leonardo da Vinci in upper right, Pope Julius II in upper left

the Magnificent, in whose school for sculptors Michelangelo had received training and encouragement. Why should the Florentine artist spend his time and genius to perpetuate the fame of Julius? So Leo offered him another task: that of building the façade of San Lorenzo, the family church of the Medici in Florence. Bramante had died, in 1514, and Raphael was now in charge of the building of Saint Peter's; so Michelangelo wanted to do something very splendid in the architectural line.

Two years were wasted by Michelangelo on this project (when you see the shocking nudity of San Lorenzo, in Florence, it will be another of the many, many things relating itself in your mind to this visit that you are now making to San Pietro in Vincoli), and then he resumed work on the Julian tomb. Leo died; and there was a Dutch Pope for two and a half years. Then Leo's cousin, Giulio, illegitimate son of Lorenzo the Magnificent's young brother Giuliano, who was murdered at the Duomo of Florence, became Pope as Clement VII; and he felt that, instead of building a tomb for Julius della Rovere, Michelangelo should be building tombs for the Medici; and to that task he set him.

At length, in 1545, when Michelangelo was seventy, thirty years after he had made his first plan for the gigantic mausoleum of Julius, he completed the tomb you see in San Pietro in Vincoli. The forty colossal figures had dwindled to one (the Moses), and, of the lesser figures projected, the two he had executed were too large and had to be replaced.

(These are the 'Slaves' or 'Captives' now in the Louvre; and the story of how they got there you will find on page 390 of 'So You're Going to Paris.').

Moreover, Julius isn't in his diminished tomb at all, but lies, a permanent guest, in his Uncle Sixtus' tomb at Saint Peter's, made by Pollaiuolo.

Perhaps you won't agree with me; but I think that San Pietro in Vincoli, and the story of this tomb, the best possible place to begin your acquaintance with Michelangelo. Certainly there is no other work of his which relates itself, as does this monument, to so many other things he did, and didn't do.

Now, follow the Via Urbana to Santa Pudenziana, reputed to be the oldest church in Rome and erected on the spot where Saint Pudens and his daughters, Praxedis and Pudentiana, are said to have lived. Paul sent Timothy greetings from Pudens, in that great Second Epistle in which he wrote: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'

Tradition says that Peter visited Pudens and his daughters at their home here; and in one of the altars of this church are relics of the table at which Peter is said first to have read mass.

If you weary of churches, you need not descend from your cab to visit this one, unless you care to see the fine mosaics of the apse, which are among the most ancient in Rome. But you will want, I think, to catch a glimpse of the summit of the Viminal whereon Saint Lawrence is believed to have suffered his martyrdom on the gridiron. The Church of San Lorenzo in Panisperna, marking the traditional spot, is very near Santa Pudenziana.

Trying to know all the saints is as hopeless a task as trying to know all the popes or kings or emperors; but there are a few whose story we must know something about if we are to get any proper enjoyment out of looking at pictures and visiting famous churches. Saint Lawrence is one of these.

He was deacon to the Bishop of Rome who is known as Pope Sixtus II and who was martyred. When Lawrence

saw Sixtus being led to death, he cried: 'Father, whither goest thou without thy son? Holy priest! Whither goest thou without thy deacon?' And Sixtus told him not to despair, that he would follow his chief in three days. The persecutors were stupid enough or good enough to make the prophecy come true, and Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron — on August 10, 258. He is said to have cried out to the judge, in the midst of his torment: 'I am roasted enough on this side; turn me round, and eat.'

The church covering Lawrence's tomb is a considerable distance (perhaps two miles) from here, beyond the Porta San Lorenzo; it was built by Constantine and often rebuilt, and was one of the famous seven pilgrimage churches, and one of the patriarchal five to which the whole body of believers throughout the world was considered to belong. They were nearly all outside the walls, and belong to a time before an altar of Christ dared stand in close proximity to the magnificent temples of the old gods. San Lorenzo fuori le Mura (or Saint Lawrence outside the Walls) is one of the most beautiful and most interesting of Roman churches, and is the burial-place of Pius IX, the last papal sovereign of Italy. I strongly advise a visit to it, unless you are uninterested in old churches.

But first, on our way, comes another of the patriarchal and pilgrimage churches, Santa Maria Maggiore. If you want to keep down the number of churches visited, either because too many confuse you or because you have time or inclination for only a few, you might drive past Santa Maria Maggiore without stopping. But it is a pity not to get an impression, however quickly snatched, of the way that the majestic old beauty of classic architecture was 'improved' by rich and gaudy generations whose flamboyant taste sponsored all that abomination which we call 'baroque.' That word is sometimes supposed to have been

derived from the architect Barrochio (commonly called Vignola, from his birthplace), who succeeded Michelangelo as architect of Saint Peter's, and who later perpetrated the florid church of the Jesuits at Rome which was imitated far and wide and caused a huge crop of ugliness to spring up; but in reality, the architectural use of baroque is the same as the jeweller's: a baroque is a rough, imperfect pearl of little value. The word is Spanish — *barrueco*.

I'm sure that only a few of us can 'rise' to the grade of architectural enlightenment which nearly all the guide-book and travel-book writers gallantly presuppose in us. I'm sadly certain that *I* can't; and I've spent many more years in travel and study than the average individual has time to spend. But there are a few elements of the great and fascinating story of architecture which all of us can learn, with very little application and to the very great intensification of our delight in travel. And while nearly every church in Rome has been made more or less tawdry, in parts, by baroque tinselling and fluting and so on, I'm not sure but that Santa Maria Maggiore, its majestic old nave glorious with antique columns from the Temple of Juno, on the Aventine, and its dizzying detail of costly baroque gew-gaws, may be one of the best possible places to realize how architecture tells the human story and how much we miss, on our journeying, if we don't learn to read at least its outlines.

A stone's throw south of Santa Maria Maggiore is the little old Church of Santa Prassede, the younger daughter of Pudens, Paul's friend and Peter's host. 'Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace,' said Browning's sixteenth-century bishop of it in 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church.'

The church enshrines a stone slab on which Saint Peter is said to have slept. But the prime reason for directing

you thither is the chapel of Saint Zeno, in the right aisle, where stands the column (*colonna*) brought hither from Jerusalem by a Crusader who was named, therefor, Colonna, and became the founder of that great princely house. The column is believed to be the one to which Jesus was bound for his scourging. Whether you feel convinced, or otherwise, of its association with Christ's sufferings, you will (I think) be interested in it because of the Colonna, whose coat-of-arms bears the Column, crowned.

And this reminds me to suggest to you that familiarity with a few coats-of-arms lends a lot of interest on our journeyings. The Colonna, for instance; and the Borgia bull (*borja* means bull, in Spanish); and the willow-tree of those art-patrons, Sixtus IV and Julius II, of the Rovere family; and the six balls of the Medici, whose origin nobody knows; and the Farnese, with six fleurs-de-lys. These five make a good beginning, to which you may add, from time to time, without appreciable effort.

Continue southeast on the Via Merulana, leading to Saint John Lateran, and you pass, presently, near the junction of this street and Via Leopardi, the so-called Auditorium of Mæcenas, which is now believed to have been not the lecture hall where Virgil and Horace read their poems to the guests of their rich friend and patron, but a handsome greenhouse with graduated levels for potted plants. In any event, the vast gardens of Mæcenas were hereabouts; and even if you don't halt, on your way, you will want to give a moment's thought to him — so fabulously rich he was, and so exceedingly patrician; such an able statesman, influencing as well as entertaining Augustus; and so soundly learned. Yet what would his name mean to anybody but a few students of Roman history, if he hadn't associated it with Virgil and Horace?

For a long time I've been promising my literary friends

that I would write a story called 'Mæcenas,' the immediate result of which would be that each of us, on awaking every morning, would have to sweep our doorstep clear of importunate multi-millionaires bent upon immortality along with us. I don't know why I have delayed this beneficent task; but it isn't for lack of pity for the oblivion that engulfs the rich, even if they have scattered largesse to the four winds and built memorials of every known sort. Maybe I'll do it yet!

What is known as the Sette Sale (or seven rooms) in which the celebrated group of the Laocoön was found, is near the Auditorium of Mæcenas; but, interesting as it is for the lingering lover of old Rome, it is not one of the places to which I urge the hurrying sight-seer. These rooms may have been a part of Nero's Golden House, or they may have belonged to the baths which Trajan erected in the grounds of Nero's palace. We'll talk about the Golden House in a few minutes.

But look, first, at Saint Clement's — to reach which, you go down Via Mecenate to Via Labicana, and cross the latter. 'The triple church,' you usually hear it called; but it really is quadruple; because, beneath the upper church (a very 'modern' edifice, little more than eight hundred years old) is not only the lower church, of the fourth century, and beneath that remains of a temple of the early years of the Empire, but underneath all are massive masonry constructions dating back to Republican Rome.

Even if you don't descend from your chariot (or cab) to enter San Clemente, do — please — pause before it long enough to fix it in your mind. What the earliest structure here was, we don't know. But it was probably a temple to one of the deities worshipped in Republican Rome. And next above it was a chapel to Mithra, the Sun-God, whose worship (specially popular with the soldiers of Rome's

legions) and that of Isis, contended for supremacy in Rome, early in our era, with Christianity.

Saint Clement's belongs, now, to the Irish Dominicans; and any pilgrim to Rome who is wistful for the music of a bit of brogue is likely to have his longing satisfied, hereabouts.

Now, follow Via Labicana westward for a block, to the Colosseum, and reflect, for a few moments, on that house that Nero built, after Rome burned.

Before that fire, this district was densely populated; a solid mass of very high buildings, threaded by the narrowest of lanes, housed scores of thousands.

Whether Nero had anything to do with starting the fire, or not, we don't know; nor whether he fiddled, as the story goes, while Rome was burning. But he seems not to have been downcast by the disaster, nor to have comprehended what consequences to himself it was to have when the people had made up their minds that he was out of favor with the gods.

The fire began among the wooden booths at the eastern end of the Circus Maximus, about where the Church of Saint Gregory the Great now stands, and swept north, through the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian (where the Arch of Constantine now is), including the slopes of those hills, too. And then it fanned out, east and west, until it was halted (by the destruction of a broad belt of buildings in its path) on the Esquiline, up near the Gardens of Mæcenas. It burned for six days (like the great fire of London, sixteen hundred years later), and hundreds of thousands were made homeless. They were herded into the Campus Martius and over onto the other side of the river in the vicinity now occupied by the Vatican, where Nero owned vast tracts of ground inherited from his grandmother Agrippina, who was a daughter of the much-

married Julia and of Augustus' great friend Agrippa — of whom we'll hear more anon. And after it seemed under control, it broke out again, in the northern part of the city, in the general vicinity of what is now the Piazza del Popolo.

Now, when Julia's father and Agrippa's imperial friend was building, for the use of the Roman people, his forum, he sacrificed the symmetry of it because certain property-owners were loath to sell their buildings for demolition. But when Julia's great-grandson wanted to build a vast pleasure-ground and palace for himself, he —! Well, if he didn't apply the torch, at least he profited by it; the multitudes who were dispossessed from this vicinity found dwellings elsewhere; and Nero commissioned Severus and Celer, the first architects ever mentioned by name in Roman history, to build him a villa covering a square mile in the very heart of ancient Rome — including the tops and slopes of three of her seven hills.

The whole space was enclosed by three colonnades, each a mile long, and the grand entrance portico on the side toward the Forum. 'Within this enclosure,' says Dennie, 'besides the imperial residence, there were parks and gardens and vineyards; there were baths, which must have been extensive buildings, though not on the scale of the public Thermæ, and it is said that they were supplied not only with the usual aqueduct water, but with water from renowned sulphur springs, twelve miles distant, and also with sea-water from the Mediterranean; there was a temple to Fortune, built of a rare new stone which had the quality of translucency; and there was an immense lake for naval sham-fights, fed by torrents of water falling in cascades from the great reservoir on the Cælian.'

There was, too, the colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet high, of gilded bronze.

Nero was twenty-seven when Rome burned and he began

his Golden House on her smoking ruins. The work must have gone forward with marvellous celerity; for Nero's course had less than four years to run after the fire broke out. It started on July 18, 64; and on June 9, 68, he was dead by his own hand, a spiritual as well as a physical fugitive from the evil he had wrought.

Nero was in Greece, demonstrating his abilities as an actor, when the legions who were maintaining Rome's imperial sovereignty in far provinces revolted. He came back, but tarried at Naples to do some more acting, and carousing. And when he reached Rome, he found no friend. Galba, commander of the legions in Spain, had been hailed as Emperor by his soldiers, had accepted the title, and marched toward Rome, where the Senate proclaimed him and decreed Nero's death. It was from his Golden House that Nero, in his thirty-first year, stole away in terror, on the approach of those horsemen sent to drag him to execution; and, somewhere hereabouts, he killed himself.

The line of the Cæsars (a tenuous line, indeed) was broken. Henceforth, emperors were elected — usually from among the strongest military commanders.

The Golden House was demolished, the golden Colossus was decapitated and renamed; everything was done that could be done to obliterate Nero's memory. But he has always been a popular villain and 'will not down.' Rome still delights in shivering at the mention of his name.

The Colosseum, so named from the gilded statue whereon Apollo's head replaced that of Nero, was built on the site of Nero's artificial lake whereon the galleys fought sham-battles for his amusement. It was begun by Vespasian, a very few years after Nero's death, and completed by Titus in 80 A.D.

I'm not going to give you its dimensions and other such information, for which you may turn to your guide-book.

I'm only going to suggest that you direct your footsteps (or your cab-horse's) thither on at least one early evening, when there is a rosy afterglow; and, if you are too tired to do any wandering about, find a good point of view and *sit*, while you fill your memory with the exquisite picture, and let your revery carry you whithersoever it will.

If you are in Rome near the full o' the moon, come here by moonlight.

On another afternoon, make an earlier start, and drive again to the Colosseum; the passing and re-passing through this part of Rome will help to fix it in your mental picture-gallery in its proper relation to other parts.

You are going to drive several miles this afternoon, out the Appian Way, and should have a two-horse carriage, hired for a half-day or four hours, or an automobile. If the days are long, and twilight lingers till eight or nine o'clock, I'd say the carriage in preference to the motor; but if darkness falls early, the latter will, of course, get you between points more quickly.

Perhaps you'll want a little time for a close-up inspection of the Arch of Constantine; perhaps you're satisfied with its majestic beauty as a feature of the landscape, and with a thrill for its significance, since it practically celebrates the beginning of Rome as a Christian State.

Now, drive down Via San Gregorio, to the Church of San Gregorio Magno, or Saint Gregory the Great; and as you go, reflect a bit about Gregory, who was born about 540, here on this Cælian Hill, in the palatial home of his father who was a Senator and a man of great wealth. The actual seat of Roman Empire had been at Constantinople since 395; and even the last nominal head of the Western Empire had been dead for more than threescore years when the little boy was born into this city which had seen its imperial glory depart, its splendors plundered by barbarian hordes.

Gregory's mother and his father's sisters were Christians, but Gregory himself did not adopt their faith until he was well on in his manhood and left, by his father's death, master of a great fortune. When the father died, Gregory's mother and aunts entered convents — his mother withdrawing to that Saint Saba on the Aventine which you may easily locate on your map by following the broad Viale Aventino till it comes to the cross-road which is named Via di San Prisca north of the crossing, and Via di San Saba south of it.

It was doubtless the influence of these three women devout in the new religion of other-worldliness, that made Gregory ill-at-ease in his wealth until he had diverted much of it to good uses. He founded six monasteries in Sicily (where he had great holdings of land), and then, not yet content, gave his palace here on the Cælian for another monastery, of Saint Andrew, and, bestowing all his remaining wealth on this latter, entered it as a monk. Presently, the Pope needing an ambassador at the Imperial Court in Constantinople, Gregory was sent. And when he returned to Rome, after about eight years, he was made abbot of his own monastery. It was about this time that, passing through the Forum one day, Gregory saw a group of captives about to be sold as slaves, and was struck by the blond beauty of some of them. Inquiring their nationality, he was told that they were Angles — from that land the French still call Angle-terre, or Angle-land — and replied, 'Not Angles, but angels — they have the faces of angels in heaven.'

He bought the youths, and educated them; and from that day was seized with desire to Christianize their country. He coveted this mission for himself, and secured the Pope's consent to his going; but the people of Rome set up a great outcry when they learned that Gregory had gone, and per-

suaded the Pope to send swift messengers recalling Gregory to Rome. This was a sore disappointment, but Gregory did not abandon his dream.

A great plague broke out in Rome, just then; and, as all ordinary prayers seemed of no avail against it, Gregory conceived the idea of ordering a vast procession, proceeding from all the quarters of Rome and meeting at 'the Church of the Virgin' (probably Santa Maria Maggiore) singing an impressive litany. (Gregory was a musician, you know — author of the Gregorian chants.) And while this was in progress, Gregory saw, in a vision, the Archangel Michael on the summit of Hadrian's vast tomb; the angel carried a sword, which was easily interpreted as a sword of judgment, and while the marching throngs of people lifted their fear-shaken voices in the supplication of the litany, Gregory saw Michael sheathe his sword, in token that punishment was about to cease.

You will recall this when you visit the tomb of Hadrian, now called (because of this vision) the Castel Sant' Angelo, and see the Archangel perpetually sheathing his sword above its summit.

Before the plague abated, however, the Pope had fallen a victim to it, and clergy and people unanimously chose Gregory to be his successor.

When he moved from this side of the Cælian to the other, where the Lateran stands, Gregory did not forget his desire for England; and in the sixth year of his pontificate he stood here in the church that he had built on the site of his father's palace, and gave his blessing to the Benedictine band, from the adjoining monastery whose founder and abbot Gregory had been, who were setting out to evangelize 'Angle-land,' with Augustine at their head. (Perhaps you would never do such a thing as to confound Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, with Saint Augustine the

great theologian who preceded him by almost two centuries; but as I did it, I am making mention of it here in case there may be even one other pilgrim to Rome no better informed about Church fathers.)

This spot is, naturally, very dear to the English, and all English-speaking people; and whether you do or do not descend from your carriage to visit it, I am sure you will be glad to have an impression of it, in passing, to link up with the many familiar stories of Saint Gregory.

Very near here is the small Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, or Saint John and Saint Paul, below which are two private dwellings of the very early years of our era. But with so much beckoning you from the Appian Way you may not feel that you have time to pause for a view of these.

You are now, as you turn out of Via San Gregorio, and swing about to southeast in the Via di Porta San Sebastiano, starting on what is known as the 'Archæologists' Walk,' concerning which many books might be written — although I know of only one which has been devoted exclusively to this Walk: 'La Promenade Archéologique,' published in Rome by Desclée. Those who read French, and who want to make a detailed survey of this section (the Via Appia), will find it an admirable companion, with many photographs and plans facilitating the identification of structures and ruins along the way.

Few travellers, however, have more than three or four hours to give to this stretch of ground. So I have tried to select what seem to me to be the outstanding points for such a brief visit.

First of all, before you turn the corner into the Via di Porta San Sebastiano, stop long enough to 'locate' the Circus Maximus, which lay in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine — between the aristocracy and the

plebs. It was here, you'll remember, that the Rape of the Sabine Women occurred, under Romulus. The first of the Tarquins inaugurated it as a race-course, they say. And it seems to have been scarcely more elegant, though vastly more commodious, than our circuses, until the time of Julius Cæsar, who replaced the wooden constructions with tiers of stone seats.

'The Circus of Tarquin was, as a farmer might say, a forty-acre lot, its width about a third of its length,' Dennie reminds us; 'The Circus of the Emperors was nothing less than a continuous building enclosing this great area, with three tiers of arches and engaged columns like the wall of the Colosseum, on the outside, and on the inside, tiers of seats sufficient to accommodate three hundred and eighty-five thousand persons. Outside and in, all was white marble, of exquisite polish, relieved everywhere with gold and painting, with brilliant mosaics and Oriental marbles and gilt bronze. . . . Bisecting the arena in the direction of its length was a long, low wall to separate it into two tracks, and this *spina* was loaded with every kind of splendid ornament, colossal statues of the gods, shrines, columns, etc. The chariot races in this magnificent place were worthy of its splendor. They were usually of four quadrigæ at a time.

When Octavian returned to Rome after his defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, among the spoils he brought to grace his triumph were some hippopotami which greatly delighted the crowds at the Circus Maximus. Here he first set up another of his spoils, the obelisk which now stands in the Piazza del Popolo; and nearly four centuries later, Constantine gave the obelisk a companion — now in front of the Lateran.

Here Nero drove, as a charioteer, seeking for 'a thrill,' and thirsting for thunderous applause.

Now turn into the Appian Way, begun about 312 B.C.

by Appius Claudius as a military road, to strengthen the Roman grip upon the territory just conquered from the Samnites, Rome's southern neighbors, and to give easy access to Capua which was, next to Rome, the richest, most important city of Italy. The distance between the two cities is about one hundred and thirty miles, and the road was fifteen feet wide. By it, Rome went forth to the conquest of Greece, of Asia, and of Africa. And up this road from the conquered lands of Asia Minor came the humble men (some of them in chains, like Paul) who brought a new sovereignty to Rome.

Via Appia began at the Porta Capena, just opposite the southeast end of the Circus Maximus. This was one of the eighteen gates in the wall of Servius, one of the Etruscan Kings of Rome, and is the 'Eastern Gate' Macaulay's 'Lays' speak of.

If the Auditorium Appium is open, go in, by all means, and see the views of Via Appia as it used to look. (Number 1, Via di Porta San Sebastiano.)

It was just outside the Porta Capena (not then erected, of course) that Numa Pompilius is supposed to have come to the sacred grove where his Egeria dwelt.

On your right, you will soon pass the Baths of Caracalla, which I do not suggest your visiting unless you have a considerable amount of time to spend in Rome; and even then, it is difficult to get much of an idea of them without the services of a good archæological guide. It is my humble opinion, however, that they most delight in these vast ruins who visit them as Shelley did, to muse and dream, rather than to say: 'Here was the Frigidarium,' etc.

This was the place Shelley chose to retire to, day after day in the spring of 1819, when he was giving his whole time to the writing of 'Prometheus Unbound.'

'This Poem,' he said in his Preface, 'was written chiefly

upon the mountanious ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowering glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.'

If you are a dreamer, and can give yourself the ecstasy of a long revery in this place that moved Shelley so greatly, I say: Spend some reflective hours here by all means. But the traveller who must snatch his glimpses of Rome in a few days will do well to drive by the 'mountainous ruins' with no more than a reverent salute to the spirit of Shelley, and a thought of the art treasures which were discovered here in the sixteenth century. (We'll say more of them, in later chapters.)

The Church of San Sisto, opposite, is supposed to mark the spot where Saint Lawrence met Sixtus II going to execution at the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus (whither you are now bound) and inquired why the Bishop was not taking his deacon to martyrdom. Saint Dominic lived here, with his first Dominicans.

As you go toward Porta San Sebastiano, you can measure the distance between the old wall of Servius and the new wall which the Emperor Aurelian built about the city nearly a thousand years later.

I doubt if you will wish to stop at any of the Columbaria (vast 'dove-cotes' of niches for the funeral urns of Romans unable to afford tombs) or at the so-called Tomb of the Scipios, the most interesting discoveries in which have been moved to the Vatican Museum.

Just before you come to Porta San Sebastiano is the Arch of Drusus, younger brother of Tiberius, better known

as Germanicus; he was married to Mark Antony's daughter, Antonia, and was the father of Claudius whom Agrippina the Younger poisoned to get the throne for her son, Nero. The arch was erected to commemorate his victories over the Germans on the Rhine.

The Saint Sebastian Gate (in Aurelian's Wall) was called until the sixth century, the Appian Gate, or Porta Appia.

Beyond it, the highway is lined with the remains (scant, for the most part) of those imposing tombs which the rich Romans built outside the walls because that was obligatory, and beside the main-travelled road because there they must be seen by the multitudes passing to and fro.

The first of these, after you leave the Saint Sebastian Gate, is marked by a round tower standing back from the road, on your right, behind a modern house. The square base on which this cylinder of masonry stands, is two hundred and sixty feet in circumference; and aside from what the dimensions bespeak of the grandeur of this tomb, we have a description of it in the verses of Domitian's court-poet, Statius. It was the burial-place of Priscilla, the wife of one of Emperor Domitian's freedmen. The bereaved husband could not bear that the body of his wife be given to the flames, as the Roman custom was; so he had it embalmed, and built this splendid mausoleum for it.

Across the road from it is the little chapel of 'Domine, Quo Vadis?' covering the spot where Peter, fleeing from death in Rome, met Christ coming into Rome by the Appian Way. 'Lord, where goest thou?' the apostle asked; and Christ answered: 'To be crucified again.' Whereupon Peter returned to Rome and accepted his martyrdom. The story is a very ancient one, and has caused the spot to be a place of pious pilgrimage through many centuries. But the footprint in marble, said to be that of Christ (copy shown here, original at the church of Saint Sebastian), does not

seem to have been brought forward until the fourteenth century.

A mile and a quarter from the Saint Sebastian Gate you come (on your right) to the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus, which are the catacombs most generally visited by travellers who have time for one such visit only. The Trappist Fathers who conduct groups of visitors through these underground labyrinths give so admirable an account of what's to be seen (with flickering tapers) that I won't take space here for much of what's better told on the spot. You need not wait many minutes, usually, for a guide who speaks your language. And while you wait, or when you emerge, be sure to do two things: revel in the vista down the long avenue of trees with Saint Peter's dome at the centre of the perspective, and buy some of the super-excellent chocolate which the Trappists make.

They are monks dedicated to silence, you know. And when I ventured, once, to ask one of them if he welcomed the guide duty which obliged him to talk, he convincingly assured me that it was the hardest thing he did, the least congenial.

If, by any chance, you should be disinclined or disqualified for the descent below ground, wander back (away from Via Appia) into the brooding silence of the Trappists' fields; and see if that isn't a goodly place for reflection, and to recall Browning's lines 'Two in the Campagna':

> 'The champaign with its endless fleece
> Of feathery grasses everywhere.
> Silence and passion, joy and peace,
> An everlasting wash of air —
> Rome's ghost since her decease.'

Quarter of a mile farther in the Via Appia where it is joined by Via della Setta Chiesa, or road of the Seven Churches, is the ancient church of Saint Sebastian, erected in the fourth century, not in honor of the young soldier-

MARTYRDOM OF SAINT PETER
By Filippino Lippi

saint whose name it now bears and whose burial-place it is supposed to cover, but in honor of the apostles Peter and Paul whose bodies were once, and perhaps twice, removed hither for safe-keeping. It is only since the ninth century that the church has borne Saint Sebastian's name.

He is one of the saints of whom you will be most frequently reminded, all through Europe. Every art collection bristles with pictures of his beautiful young body stuck full of arrows. He was a Gaul, of Narbonne, and a captain of one of Diocletian's cohorts (late in the third century). The Emperor, hearing that Sebastian had been converted to Christianity and was converting many others, sent for him and earnestly exhorted him to forswear his religion. Sebastian refused, and the Emperor ordered him bound to a stake and shot to death. The archers left him for dead; but a devoted woman, Irene, coming at night to take the body away for burial, found him still alive, carried him home, and nursed his wounds. When he was well, he went to confront the Emperor, who thereupon ordered him beaten to death with rods. This was instantly carried into execution, and the body was thrown into a sewer. But Sebastian visited, in a dream, a pious woman named Lucina, directing her to bury him at this spot — which she did. This, however, was after the second hiding here of the bodies of Peter and Paul, threatened (in their known burial-places) with desecration; and it was because of their association with this place that Sebastian chose it for his burial.

Very important excavations are going on, now, behind this church, and discoveries of the greatest value are being made.

I doubt if you will care much about the Circus of Maxentius which was on the other side of Via Appia a little farther on. But everybody wants to continue on the road as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is so familiar a

landmark of the Campagna hereabouts. Cecilia was married to a son of Crassus, the very, very rich man who paid Julius Cæsar's debts and shared some of his honors. Her father was a Roman general who, for his conquest of Crete, was granted a triumphal procession in the Forum rivalled in splendor only by Pompey's. There is an impression (unfounded, so far as I know) that Cecilia died when very young. This great mausoleum, however, was not her resting-place exclusively, but was shared by the members of her husband's family.

At the end of the thirteenth century, Pope Boniface VIII gave it to his relatives, the Caetani family, who transformed Cecilia's tomb into a donjon and crenellated its crest. Entrenching themselves and their armed retainers in the stronghold they erected about this donjon, they had the happy thought (since the land given them was on both sides of the road) to construct two bridges in the highway, which they lowered for the passage only of those travellers to and from Rome who paid toll to them.

Cut across, now, by the Strada Militare, or Military Road, to Via Appia Nuova; as you reach the junction of these roads, the view of the Campagna and the Alban Mountains is very fine, and delightfully *familiar*. Many, many pictures of it, seen all our lives long, make it seem to us (even when we actually look at it for the first time) like a well-known, well-loved place revisited.

Via Appia Nuova will lead you back to Porta San Giovanni, which is close beside San Giovanni in Laterano, about which there is so much detail in your guide-book that I won't take space for any here.

If your time is short, or your zest is waning, you may not care for the ecclesiastical or architectural history of the Lateran beyond one or two points; and I really think they are as well off as any who go there with few preoccupations and give themselves up simply to the beauty.

From far out on the Campagna you have watched the giant statues (twenty feet high) of Christ and many saints and apostles on the roof of the Basilica silhouetted against the marvellous Roman sky. Now you are standing in the Lateran Piazza looking up at them. What a sky-line! In front of you is the Theban obelisk, the largest in existence, which Emperor Constantius brought to the Circus Maximus, where it was refound in 1587.

The octagonal baptistery (where Constantine was *not* baptized, because his baptism took place in Asia Minor, just before his death; and which was not built until nearly a century after Constantine died) was the model for many beautiful baptisteries in Italy, and was for long the only baptistery in Rome.

Be sure to ask the custodian to move the 'musical doors' of Pope Hilarius for you.

I don't know how you'll feel about this little sanctuary; but to me it is supremely appealing — much more so than the great basilica next door, which, however, has one beauty-spot scarcely surpassed in Europe: the thirteenth-century cloisters. Your visit to these will linger in your memory forever among its most exquisite impressions.

The Lateran Palace is a Renaissance structure with no historical interest except its site and its name. It houses a museum of antiquities now, which contains the very beautiful portrait-statue of Sophocles, but aside from that very little for the traveller pressed for time. The only remaining part of the old Lateran Palace, where the Popes lived for nearly a thousand years, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* or private chapel of the Popes, at the top of the Scala Santa, or Sacred Steps, believed to have been those in Pilate's palace which Christ ascended to be judged and descended to his scourging and death. They may be ascended now only on the knees; yet many there be who go up. Martin

Luther started up, you know — and then walked down.

So much for the obvious things at the Lateran.

The most interesting matter for reflection here, it seems to me, is the gift of Constantine to Bishop (or Pope) Sylvester, of the Palace of Plautius Lateranus, whom Nero had ordered to execution some two hundred and sixty years before. 'The mother of many a trouble,' Dante calls that gift.

> 'Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
> Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower
> Which the first wealthy Father gained from thee.'

And elsewhere he says: 'O glorious Italy! if either he who thus weakened thine empire had never been born, or had never suffered his own pious intentions to mislead him.'

For, from the time Constantine made gift of this property to the Bishop of Rome and turned his own face eastward to create a new city for the seat of empire (Constantinople), that Roman destiny which Æneas came out of the East to realize was thwarted.

Rome's sovereignty, Dante thought, departed when Sylvester, shepherd of a flock proscribed (more or less) until then and poor, acquired this 'plenteous dower' and instituted that territorial acquisition which soon aimed at world-sovereignty.

Musing on these things, you may want to stay on the Lateran Terrace until the latest possible moment; or you may be interested to make the very short drive (two or three minutes) to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, said to have been erected by Constantine to house the Cross of Christ brought by his mother Helena from Jerusalem. It was one of the seven pilgrimage churches. Near it are the remains of the only amphitheatre that Rome had except the one we call the Colosseum. This one seems to have been built especially for soldiers; and some archæologists think it was

erected for the famous Pretorian Guard, or imperial body-guard, of ten thousand picked troops, established by Tiberius and disbanded by Constantine. Their fortified camp was a mile away.

On another afternoon, drive first to Piazza Bocca della Verità. The outlet of the Cloaca Maxima is close to this piazza; and here is the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin in the vestibule of which is that Bocca della Verità (or Mouth of Truth), an ancient mask of a Triton with open mouth. It used to be believed that Romans of long ago when taking an oath put their hand in the mouth; and if they were swearing falsely, it closed on them.

Reginald Pole, whose mother, the Countess of Salisbury, was first-cousin to Henry VIII's mother, Elizabeth of York, was created cardinal by the Farnese Pope, Paul III, who had just excommunicated Henry VIII; and Pole was made titular of this church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. Henry's resentment against Pole for accepting a cardinalate from the Pope who had excommunicated his sovereign could not visit itself upon the new-made Prince of the Church, so he shamefully wreaked it upon Pole's aged mother and sent her to the block on Tower Green when she was eighty years of age. When Pole's secretary brought him tidings of his mother's execution, the Cardinal said: 'Hitherto I have thought myself indebted to the divine goodness for having received my birth from one of the most noble and virtuous women in England; but henceforth my obligation will be much greater, as I understand I am now the son of a martyr.'

Pole died Archbishop of Canterbury, twelve hours after the death of Mary Tudor, and is buried near Becket's shrine.

Nearer the Tiber stands the so-called Temple of Vesta, so

familiar through many pictures; and, a few steps behind the Church of Santa Maria Egizica, on the opposite side of the piazza from Santa Maria in Cosmedin, is what is called the House of Rienzi, but had nothing to do with 'the last of the tribunes.' It is, however, the oldest dwelling in Rome of the mediæval period.

It was near here that the Pons Sublicius was, which Horatius defended against 'Lars Porsena of Clusium.'

The street along the river, here, is Via della Marmorate, commemorating a long quay which used to be a landing-place for many cargoes, but especially for the ships bringing those precious marbles which Rome employed so profusely in her buildings, and on which, in the quarries of distant provinces, the labor of myriads of men had been expended to cut them for the embellishment of the imperial city. The Marmoratum, or Marble Market, was excavated in 1869–70, and when you go to the Vatican you will see a sumptuous pavement (in the Hall of the Candelabra) made from débris found here; and also, in another part of the Museum, a great monolith of African marble, twenty-seven feet high and nearly seventeen feet in circumference, which was discovered here at that time, and destined by Pius IX to be set up on the Janiculum as a commemoration of the Œcumenical Council of 1870. But Garibaldi dominates the Janiculum, instead!

Drive, now, down Via di Santa Sabina, past the Church of Santa Sabina where Dominic organized his order of the Dominicans, those 'black friars' who played so large and ofttimes so terrible a part in European history for several centuries. The church is one of great interest to archæologists and architects, but you may not be either.

Dominic was a Spaniard, of Old Castile, born in 1170. He was a great preacher, and was sent by the Pope to preach against the Albigensian heretics in southern France

(Languedoc), and it was there that he conceived the idea of an order of preaching friars. His companions in Languedoc formed the nucleus of the new order, and within five or six years after Dominic took the first steps toward carrying out his idea, there were over five hundred friars in sixty friaries.

The Dominicans became great missionaries and great teachers. Just why the terrors of the Inquisition were so largely in their hands, in all countries, I do not know. *Domini canes* — the dogs of God — some called them; and it must be admitted that they were blood-hounds, when unleashed to hunt heretics.

Their friars and nuns wear a black mantle over a white woolen robe, and are, with the Franciscans, brown-robed and rope-begirt, the most familiar of all the orders, in pictures and in life.

Santa Sabina is still a Dominican church.

Near it, on the west slope of the Aventine, is the Villa of the Knights of Malta, or Knights Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem, an organization prominent since the First Crusade, like the Templars. If you make this drive on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, you may go into the lovely grounds of the Knights, and have the famous view of Saint Peter's, far away across the river.

'The whole scene,' Harold Stannard says, 'is enchanted . . . the visitor may notice a tortoiseshell cat of extraordinary coloring resident in the garden — doubtless an enchanted princess. She bears a distant resemblance to the gardener, presumably a relative who shares her enchantment . . . The view from the belvedere is almost worthy of the fairy-like approach.'

Entrance to the Knights' Church, Santa Maria Aventina, is from the garden. And, all question of the Knights aside, this is a place of pilgrimage for those who love Piranesi,

the great eighteenth-century etcher of Rome's ruins and monuments, whose prints some of us so energetically pursue through old-print shops in Italy and in Paris and London. Piranesi is buried in this church on which he did some architectural restoration — not much to his credit, I'm afraid.

Drive, now, to the broad Viale Aventino, and turn up Via di Santa Prisca, passing the little church of the latter name, built on the site of the house where Paul lodged with his friends Priscilla and Aquila. They, too, were tent-makers; it is said that they were obliged to leave Rome when Claudius (Nero's uncle and predecessor) was persecuting Christians, and that they went to Corinth, where they knew and entertained Paul, who was their guest in Rome, also, when he was awaiting his appearance before Cæsar.

Close to Santa Prisca is the Castello dei Cesari, sometimes called the Castello del Constantino. And there, if you please, you are to take tea on the terrace overlooking the Palatine, and to linger until sunset on this height commanding a wide view over a sublime landscape.

Still another day, choose the Trastevere and the Janiculum for your drive.

'Trastevere' means 'across the Tiber.' It was Etruscan territory when Rome was young, and in imperial times became a residential suburb.

Cross the river by the Ponte Garibaldi, and pass the old turreted twelfth-century fortress called Torre Anguillara which now serves as the club-house and museum of Rome's Dante Society.

Lovers of Saint Cecilia will wish to visit the church built on the site of a house in which it was once supposed that she had dwelt. But unless you have a very great ardor for

churches, you may omit most of those on this side of the river.

Do, however, go up to San Pietro in Montorio, not for the church, but for the view, which is one of the most magnificent in Rome. And then drive into the Passeggiata Margherita, past the great bronze equestrian statue of Garibaldi and on to Sant' Onofrio where Tasso died. The American Academy of Art, whither our Prix de Rome pupils go for three years' study, is near the entrance to the Passeggiata, which embraces the former garden of the Corsini Palace — now the Academy of Science.

If you are in a conveyance that is not a numbered cab, and your drive in these parts is made on a Monday or Friday afternoon *not* in July, August, or September, go through Porta San Pancrazio before entering the Passeggiata, and straight on to Villa Doria Pamphilii, one of the great suburban estates (as we say) of Rome, with magnificent grounds more than four miles in circumference.

Now go to Sant' Onofrio, near the north end of the Janiculum. If you are a little weary of churches, don't go into this one; enter at once the monastery beside it, and ascend the stairs into Tasso's apartments.

For twenty years the courts of Italy from Naples to Mantua and Bergamo had been rippled from time to time, now with irritation, now with sympathy, by Tasso's unvarying misfortunes. He was perpetually 'out o' luck'! He, who had been, at twenty, such a pet of Fortune; and at thirty seemed to have the world at his feet!

After the mad-house, years of wandering, 'a veritable Odyssey of malady, indigence and misfortune. . . . His health grew ever feebler and his genius dimmer.'

In 1592, a new Pontiff came to Saint Peter's throne with the title of Clement VIII. Perhaps because he was thinking of Mæcenas; perhaps because he was kind ('in spots'!), this

Aldobrandini Pope, under whom Bruno was burned and Beatrice Cenci beheaded, made gestures of benevolence toward poor Tasso, and in 1594 invited him to Rome to be crowned with laurel on the Capitol, as Petrarch had been, more than two centuries before. Also the Pope granted the poet a pension, and forced the Neapolitan Prince who was enjoying Tasso's maternal inheritance to disgorge part of it in an annuity.

'Yet fortune,' says John Addington Symonds, 'came too late. Before the crown was worn or the pension paid he ascended to the convent of Sant' Onofrio, on a stormy first of April in 1595. Seeing a cardinal's coach [Tasso could always find a palace to stay in, a grandee's coach to ride in] toil up the steep Trasteverine Hill, the monks came to the door to greet it. From the carriage stepped Tasso, the Odysseus of many wanderings and miseries, and told the prior he was come to die with him. . . . He was just past fifty-one; and the last twenty years of his existence had been practically and artistically ineffectual . . . but those succeeding years of derangement, exile, imprisonment, poverty, and hope deferred endear the man to us.'

They do, indeed! And the story of that 'Odyssey of malady, indigence, and misfortune,' as it has moved later poets to pity, and us through them, is more familiar to the world at large, now, than the books Tasso wrote in his heyday.

Now, down the slope by the winding Via del Gianicolo to the Porta San Spirito, and along the Lungara, between the Corsini Palace and the exquisite Farnesina, to visit which you may have to come back earlier on another day, or else reverse this programme and cross the river by Ponte Sisto, see the palaces, and *then* Sant' Onofrio and the rest.

The Farnesina was built, in 1509–11, for the papal banker, Agostino Chigi (Kee-gee), patron of Raphael, who

RAPHAEL AND THE FORNARINA

By Cesare Mussini

designed for this little palace (built to honor and delight a lady-love) wall decorations which are among the most charming things he ever did. You will recall Agostino Chigi elsewhere in your Roman rambles.

This vicinity has many associations with Raphael. In Via di Santa Dorotea, which runs riverward from the Lungara beyond Porta Settiminiana, he lived for a time with his Bella Fornarina or 'Beautiful Bakeress,' whom he immortalized in many of his great canvases; and also on Vicolo del Cedro, alongside San Egidio.

'We know little enough,' said Marion Crawford in his 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' 'of that Margaret, called the Fornarina from her father's profession; but we know that Raphael loved her blindly, passionately, beyond all other thoughts. And there was a time when the great painter was almost idle, out of love for the girl, and went about languidly with pale face and shadowed eyes, and scarcely cared to paint or draw. He was at work in the Vatican then, or should have been, and in the Farnesina, too; but each day, when he went out, his feet led him away from the Pope's palace and across the square, by the Gate of the Holy Spirit and down the endless straight Lungara towards the banker's palace; but when he reached it he went on to the Fornarina's house, and she was at the window waiting for him. For her sake he refused to marry the great Cardinal Bibbiena's well-dowered niece, Maria, and the world has not ceased to believe that for too much love of the Fornarina he died. . . . And when all Rome was in sorrow for the dead man, when he had been borne through the streets to his grave, with his great unfinished Transfiguration for a funeral banner, when he had been laid in his tomb in the Pantheon, beside Maria Bibbiena, who had died, perhaps, because he would not love her, then the pale Margaret must have sat often by the little Gothic window

near the Septimian Gate, waiting for what could not come any more. For she had loved a man beyond compare; and it had been her whole life.'

Raphael left her well-to-do; but the tradition hereabouts is that she dowered, with what he gave her, a house, near here, for the repentant sisterhood, and withdrew to it to spend the rest of her days. If she felt repentance, let us hope it was not for having loved Raphael.

Of the 'inevitable' drive, on the Pincio, and of some others, I'll write in succeeding chapters.

IV

NORTHWARD FROM THE CAPITOL

Rome on her seven hills (which now are ten, including the Pincian, the Janiculum, and the Mons Vaticanus) spread outward from Rome on three hills: the Palatine and the Aventine, that you have explored, and the Capitoline which you are about to explore. The four other hills making up the famous seven are the Cælian, with the Lateran on its southeastern slope and the Arch of Constantine standing between it and the Palatine; the Esquiline, where Nero's Golden House stood, and the Villa of Mæcenas; the Viminal, where you went to see 'Saint Pudens' Church'; and the Quirinal, to which we haven't been yet in these pages, although you may be living there in one of its many hotels or pensions.

The Etruscans held the Capitoline Hill, once upon a time; and then the Sabines; and then the Romans. It is the smallest of the seven hills, and was the most defensible, having nearly perpendicular cliffs on all sides except for a few rods on the east where it sloped toward the Forum. In 'olden days' it had two peaks, with a depression between them — filled in, now, and occupied by the famous Piazza del Campidoglio that Michelangelo designed — and one of these peaks was covered with an immense Temple of Jupiter; the other, by the Citadel. There has been a deal of discussion as to 'which was where,' but it seems pretty well settled, now, that the Temple of Jupiter was on the southern peak, beneath the recently demolished Palazzo Caffarelli (which was for so long the German Embassy), and that there was beside the Citadel a temple

of Juno Moneta, replaced now by the Church of Santa Maria in Aracœli.

Jupiter's Temple, which took nearly a century to build, was begun by the elder Tarquin, and finished by Tarquin the Superb, was dedicated in the first year of the Republic, 509 B.C. It was eight hundred feet in circumference, with a double row of columns on each side and a triple row in front; and the great pillars were of pepperino, a volcanic rock, covered with the stucco which was made by mixing powdered white marble and lime burned from white marble, with milk instead of water, and which had not only the grain and color of real marble, but almost its durability, and took a polish so high that it reflected light like a mirror.

This was the first temple, which stood down to the time of Julius Cæsar's young manhood.

It was the Etruscan soothsayers of the first Tarquin who told him to call the hill *Caput*, and make it the *head*. And then, after some six centuries had rolled by, the Sibyl of Tibur appeared, here, to Augustus, anxious about his heir, and told him (so the story goes) that in Judea a child would be born who would rule the world.

A church called Saint Mary of the Altar of Heaven (Santa Maria in Aracœli) has for many centuries occupied the spot where this revelation to Augustus is believed to have been made; and it was in this church that Gibbon conceived the idea of writing 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'

A steep flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps leads up to this church from the west (the side farthest away from the Forum); but we need not climb them. There is a curving driveway called the Via della Tre Pile, up which we shall do well to go in such comfort as a Roman cab affords — not much, to be sure! I think the drivers

are, little as they look the part, reincarnations, all, of the old chariot-drivers of the Circus Maximus; and if they hurl us from our chariot as they make their breath-taking turns, we be churls to complain, so the race be won. At least, that seems to me to be their attitude. I'm speaking of horse-drawn cabs, and not of gas-driven. It would be ignominious, I suppose, to carry a good length of rope and lash one's self in; but I've often meditated it. Perhaps some day when my spirit of adventure is running very high, I shall try it, and arrive — doubtless — at the top of this Capitoline Hill, for instance, with, if not the Senate, then at least a fair section of the Roman People attendant upon my progress. *Senatus Populusque Romanus* — S.P.Q.R.

If you have driven up Via della Tre Pile and have arrived (which everybody does, who starts — all threats to the contrary notwithstanding), you have passed the bronze statue of Rienzi, who was killed near here, and the two cages, one with a live wolf and one with some Roman eagles, which, however, do not suggest much grandeur in their captivity.

Now, of all the dramas in our human history that have been played upon the Capitoline Hill, the one most important to recall there, on a single visit, when only confusion can result from trying to summon too many ghosts of other days, is (it seems to me) Rienzi's story. We still read it (some of us do, at any rate!) in Bulwer-Lytton's novel; we hear it in Wagner's opera; we meet it in Byron's verse, as in Petrarch's; its bulk, in history, does not shrink with the length of the vista down which we regard it; even in newspapers, Rienzi's name is frequently recurrent — especially since Mussolini's rise to power.

At Saint Peter's, when we recall Charlemagne's coronation by the Pope, and at Sant' Angelo when we see Hildebrand (become Pope Gregory VII) shut up there and defy-

ing the German Emperor, we shall remind ourselves of two very important episodes in the history of Rome, preceding this episode of Rienzi and following that of 'Constantine's donation,' which we considered at the Lateran.

I won't take space here to recapitulate much of what was Rome's story between Constantine and Rienzi, because I'm hoping that, before you stand on the Capitoline with this book in hand, you will have read it all through and have the sixth of our Roman chapters in mind.

When Rienzi's story begins, the papal sovereignty has betaken itself to Avignon for that term of absence from Rome which some historians refer to as 'the Babylonian Captivity' and some speak of as 'the exile' — the fact being that, a Frenchman having been elected Pope in 1305 (eight years before Rienzi was born), he felt safer and more potent on soil that was, if not French in the sense of belonging to the French Crown, at least French in spirit and ruled by the French Kings of Naples. (You remember Beatrice of Provence, wife of Charles of Anjou — one of Bérenger's four daughters who all became queens — and how through her this magnificent province became united with the Kingdom of Naples.)

And Rome, bereft of papal sovereignty, now balking at the German Emperors, now yielding to them, was ruled principally by her tempestuous nobles 'who built their fortresses among the classic ruins, and defied the world from within the indestructible remnants of walls built by the Cæsars. . . . The Colosseum was at one time the stronghold of the great Colonna. . . . The Castle of Sant' Angelo was the home of the Orsini; and these two houses more or less divided the power between them, the other nobles adhering to one or the other party.'

(I am quoting now from 'The Makers of Modern Rome,' by Mrs. Oliphant, who has so well assembled from the best

sources Rienzi's story that I shall draw often upon her book for our brief summary.)

No one, in those days, was consistently true to any party or to any friends; but in the main, the Colonna were foes of the Papacy and friends of the Emperors — that is to say, they were Ghibellines, like Dante after his exile; and the Orsini were Guelphs, or adherents of papal sovereignty.

'It was in this age of disorder and anarchy,' says Mrs. Oliphant, 'that a child was born, of the humblest parentage, who was destined to become the hero of one of the strangest episodes of modern history. His father kept a little tavern; his mother was a laundress. It was the gossip of the time that she had not been without adventure in her youth. No less a person than Henry VII [German Emperor] had found shelter, it was said, in her little public-house when her husband was absent. When her son was a man, it pleased him to suppose that from this meeting resulted the strange mixture of democratic enthusiasm and love of pomp and power which was in his own nature.'

The father was attached by some lien or other to the Colonna, and it may have been they who helped Rienzi to the education he had — a very unusual one for his station in life.

Some time during his youth, the brother of Cola di Rienzi (Cola shortened from Nicola, and Rienzi a contraction of Lorenzo; so that it was an equivalent for what we should probably call Nicky, son of Larry) was killed by one of the Orsini men-at-arms. For an unforgettable picture of this you must turn to Bulwer-Lytton's novel. Here we can only quote Rienzi's anonymous biographer who says that Cola 'pondered long on revenging the blood of his brother; and over the ill-governed city of Rome, and how to set it right.'

Cola was in his fifteenth year when Sciarra della Colonna, who was head of the Ghibelline party, welcomed

into Rome the newly elected German Emperor, Louis of Bavaria, and induced the Roman people to vote for Louis' coronation in Saint Peter's. There was no Pope to prevent or to solemnize this ceremony; it was Sciarra Colonna himself who put the crown on Louis' head. And soon after these magnificent proceedings were over, Louis called a grand assembly in the Piazza of Saint Peter's and 'tried' the Pope (John XXII), whom he called simply Jacques de Cahors, absent in Avignon. Poor Jacques was found guilty of heresy and treason, and deposed; and Louis secured the election of a tool of his, who had first to be made a bishop before he could be made a pope; and then had himself recrowned by his puppet. This happened late in May, 1328; and in August, Louis and his anti-pope were hissed and hued out of Rome, Sciarra Colonna fled, and the next day Rome was in the hands of 'a coalition government' composed of one of the Orsini, the true Pope's champions, and Stefano della Colonna, who was the real chief of his clan and not so imperialistic but that he was a Roman first of all.

Whether Cola was in Rome during these events, we do not know. He seems to have been sent away from the suburban inn of Maddalena's husband and not to have figured much in Rome until the latter was dead. But as a young man he was there, still pondering over the ill-governed city of Rome and how to set it right, but doing a deal of talking about it, too. We would say that he 'went into politics' or 'went in for reform.' And during a number of obscure years he was steadily developing himself in the power of popular appeal, especially through oratory.

When he was about thirty, he was chosen by the thirteen men who were the heads of the thirteen 'wards' or districts of Rome, to go as spokesman of a deputation to the Pope at Avignon (Clement VI, now), entreating him to return and resume the government of the city, and also to pro-

claim 1350 a jubilee year. Pope Boniface VIII had instituted the jubilee year, in 1300, with the intention that it should fall only once in every century. But it had been immensely profitable to Rome, and the citizens could see no reason for waiting two generations more for a repetition of such benefits. In August, 1343, when he was thirty, Cola wrote from Avignon to the authorities in Rome, describing himself as the 'consul of orphans, widows, and the poor, and the humble messenger of the people,' and announcing the success of his mission.

But it would seem that Cola's very favorable reception by the Pope must have happened during an absence from the papal court of the great Cardinal Colonna (old Stefano's son), and that, when the latter returned and found the fellow from the wineshop basking in favor which he had created by telling the Pope how badly Rome was governed by her wicked barons in his absence, he, who was the son of the greatest of those barons, 'got sore' and told the Pope a few things on his own account.

So poor Cola, 'the humble messenger of the people,' was given the cold shoulder, and became a pitiable object hanging about the outermost courts of the magnificent new palace of the Popes at Avignon, where Petrarch's intercession with Cardinal Colonna caused that haughty nobleman to feel compassionate toward poor Cola and make amends for the misery he had inflicted.

Petrarch's friendship with the Colonna had begun at Bologna when he was a fellow-student there with Giacomo Colonna, a younger brother of Giovanni who became cardinal. And it was the Colonna who acted for Petrarch's liege, King Robert of Naples, in the bestowal of the laurel crown, which was placed on his head on Easter Sunday, 1341. The ceremony took place here on the Capitoline, in the great hall of the Palazzo del Senatore (on the brow

of the hill nearest the Forum; the hall is used, now, as a storeroom for antiquities), and the master-of-ceremonies was the retiring Senator, Anguillara, a son-in-law of old Stefano Colonna, and master of that castle by the river where the Dante Society now meets.

'Rome and the deserted palace of the Capitol,' Petrarch wrote to King Robert, 'were adorned with unusual delight: a small thing in itself one might say, but conspicuous by its novelty, and by the applause and pleasure of the Roman people; the custom of bestowing the laurel having not only been laid aside for many ages, but even forgotten.'

I like, so much, John Addington Symonds' characterization of this event: 'The ancient and the modern eras met together on the Capitol at Petrarch's coronation, and a new stadium for the human spirit, that which we are wont to style the Renaissance, was opened.'

The great celebration culminated in a banquet in the Colonna Palace, with Colonnas young and old filling every corner. For they were a most abundant family, enough to fill, themselves and their retainers, almost a whole quarter of Rome.

That was two years before Cola's visit to Avignon which had been Petrarch's home for thirty years (his father had been exiled from Florence by the same decree of the Guelphs which cast Dante forth, and had finally settled at Avignon which belonged to the King of Naples, or rather to the House of Anjou whose head was then King of Naples), and Petrarch was then one whom all men delighted to honor. His dreams of a liberated Italy, and his association (for a time) with the 'humble messenger of the people' who became the dictator of Rome, have points of rather striking similarity with the situation between D'Annunzio and Mussolini.

We can't follow Cola's story in detail, here. The next

four years were spent in a variety of efforts to arouse the Roman people against tyranny and ill-government. We read of a meeting in 'a secret place' on the Aventine (ever the seat of Lo Popolo — the People) in February, 1347, when 'Cola rose to his feet and narrated, weeping, the misery, servitude, and peril in which the city lay — the whole assembly weeping with him.'

In April, when Stefano Colonna had gone to Corneto (more than sixty miles away) for provisions, and had taken with him all the militia, to guard the provisions against robbers on the way back, Cola's conspirators sent a town crier with a trumpet to tell all men to come, unarmed, to the Capitol when the great bell should ring. The next morning, Whitsunday, a glorious twentieth of May, orange blossoms and roses filling the air with their perfumes and little, lamb-like woolly clouds grazing across the azure fields of heaven, Cola came forth from the old Church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria (which we'll visit to-morrow) where he had spent the night in prayer. A multitude of youths encircled him, shouting and cheering.

Now the great bell began to ring, and the streets were full of men hurrying toward the Capitol. When the multitude was assembled, Cola, who was accompanied by the vicar of the Pope, addressed them and read to them the rules of that new government, that Buono Stato, which was proposed.

Voting was done by the raising of hands. 'And it was ordained that Cola should remain there [on the Capitol] as lord, but in conjunction with the vicar of the Pope. And authority was given to him to punish, slay, pardon, to make laws and alliances, determine boundaries; the full and free *imperia*, absolute power, was given him in everything that concerned the people of Rome.'

When Stefano Colonna heard what had happened, he

hastened back to Rome to put down the uprising, and received from Cola an order to leave Rome at once. Stefano declared, 'If this fool makes me angry, I will fling him from the windows of the Capitol.' When this was reported to Cola, he ordered the great bell to be rung furiously; and so great was the response to this summons that Stefano left Rome at once, with only a single attendant. Then Cola ordered all the other barons to leave — and they stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

Within a very short time the courts of law, the markets, the public life of Rome, were all transformed. 'The woods rejoiced,' says Cola's unnamed biographer, 'for there were no longer robbers in them. The oxen began to plough. The pilgrims began again to make their circuits to the sanctuaries, the merchants to pursue their business. Fear and terror fell on the tyrants, and all good people, as freed from bondage, were full of joy.'

Cola now lived in the Capitol as well as ruled from there; and he began to be very splendid, in the midst of tapestries and fine furniture taken from the palaces of the exiled nobles.

'The terror of the Roman name,' Petrarch wrote, 'extended even to countries far away. I was then in France and I know what was expressed in the words and on the faces of the most important personages there. No one could tell how soon a movement so remarkable, taking place in the first city of the world, might penetrate into other places.'

Cola was called greater than Romulus, greater than Brutus. He sat in his chair of state, and required the tyrants of other days (submissive to him, now) to stand before him with their heads uncovered and their arms folded on their breasts. He enriched all his poor relations. Then he ennobled himself. And finally, he had himself crowned, at the Lateran.

I wish I dared take space, here, for some detailed descriptions of those magnifi ent events as his contemporary biographer gives them; they make the very black-and-white of print blaze with sumptuous coloring, but they are long, and we shall do well if we complete the story in bare outline — so much besides it have we ahead of us on this stroll northward from the Capitol.

But you must know how Cola went out on a loggia of the Lateran, overlooking the piazza with its dense crowd, and, drawing his sword from its scabbard, waved it to the three quarters of the world saying, 'This is mine; and this is mine; and this is mine,' and called upon Pope and Emperor to appear before him.

And how, after this display, he invited a number of the great nobles to a banquet, at which some of his followers, ignoring the sacred spirit of hospitality, talked of the defects of the privileged classes. To which Stefano Colonna, taking up a corner of Cola's robe, said, 'To thee, Tribune, it would be more suitable to wear an honest costume of cloth than this pompous habit.'

Whereupon Cola called his guard and had all his noble guests arrested. At daylight, he gave orders that the great hall of the Parlatorio should be hung with red-and-white cloth, for an execution, and confessors sent to the barons to prepare them for death, and the great bell of the Capitol rung to summon the people to the extermination of their erstwhile oppressors.

But some of the citizens had cooler heads than Cola. They dissuaded him from his purpose.

So Cola, whose theatricalism was both his doing and his undoing, ordered the trumpets to sound as for a summons to execution, and the barons led in as to death. Then, ascending the platform, Cola preached a beautiful sermon about 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,'

and pardoned the barons, magnificently, charging them to be good barons ever after and serve the people. Then he gave each of them a handsome new furred robe, made them dine with him (wearing his bounty!), and afterwards rode through the city, leading them in his train.

'This,' says his biographer, 'much displeased all discreet persons who said, "He has lighted a fire and a flame which he will not be able to put out."'

They were right. Henceforth it was war to the death between Cola of the wineshop and the barons of Rome; and the death was not Cola's alone.

It is astounding to learn that Petrarch, the idol of every court and castle, the elegant father of the Renaissance, blamed Cola for not going through with the wholesale execution.

The nobles, liberated, left Rome with fury in their hearts, and repaired to their castles in the country roundabout.

In November, the Colonna clan, with their patriarch, old Stefano, at their head, marched on Rome and came, in the chill gray dawn of November twentieth, to the San Lorenzo Gate through which you will pass on your way to Tivoli.

There, the young Stefano, who was in command, rode up alone to the gate and said: 'I am a citizen of Rome. I wish to return to my house.'

The great bell of the Capitol was ringing and the people were flocking toward the point of attack. There was an encounter which was much less a battle, even a skirmish, than a hand-to-fist fight, in which seven of the Colonna were killed. And Cola, who had done no killing, marched back into Rome triumphant, brandishing his sword and bragging: 'I have cut off with this such a head as neither the Pope nor the Emperor could touch.'

Furthermore, he took his young son, Lorenzo, next day, out to the place where young Stefano Colonna had died, and there, from a little pool of rain-water still red with Colonna blood, Cola baptized his son 'a Knight of Victory.'

'This was all,' says Mrs. Oliphant, 'in November, the twentieth and twenty-first; and it was on the twentieth of May that Cola had received his election upon the Capitol. . . . Six months, no more, crammed full of gorgeous pageants and exciting events. . . . He had received the sanction of the Pope, the friendly congratulations of the great Italian towns, and above all the applause, enthusiastic and overflowing, of Petrarch the greatest of living poets. By degrees all these sympathies and applauses had fallen from him.'

Petrarch wrote to him: 'No man in the world except thyself can shake the foundations of the edifice thou hast constructed; but that which thou hast founded thou canst ruin: for to destroy his own work no man is so able as the architect. You know the road by which you have risen to glory: if you turn back, you shall soon find yourself in the lowest place; and going down is naturally the quicker. . . . I was hastening to you and with all my heart: but I turn upon the way. Other than what you were, I would not see you. Adieu, Rome, to thee also adieu, if that is true which I have heard. . . . Oh, how ill the beginning agrees with the end!'

The reproofs showered upon Cola sobered him. But it was too late. His followers mistook his new prudence for fear; and perhaps it was.

There had come to Rome, to enlist soldiers for Louis of Hungary who was eager to avenge the death of his brother Andrew, husband of Queen Joanna of Naples (see our Chapter I), a Count Palatine of Altamura, who, fearful

that Cola might object to his presence, put up a barricade in his quarter, behind which he might defend himself. Cola ordered the great bell rung furiously all one day and during the night, but no one offered to break down the barrier that was a defiance to the Tribune's authority.

Cola 'sighed deeply,' his biographer says; 'chilled by alarm he wept. His heart was beaten down and brought low. He had not the courage of a child. . . . Weeping and sighing, he addressed as many as were there, saying that he had done well, but that from envy the people were not content with him. "Now in the seventh month am I driven from my dominion." Having said these words weeping, he mounted his horse and sounded the silver trumpets, and bearing the imperial insignia, he came down as in a triumph, and went to the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and there shut himself in.'

Three days later, the barons came back. No one molested Cola, or even threatened him — neither barons nor populace. He just lost his nerve. His family remained in Rome and met with no indignities. But he disappeared.

He was gone seven years. Part of that time he was up in the wild mountain country of the Apennines where there existed a rude and strange religious party, a severe sect of the Franciscans, who aimed at the total overturn of society and the restoration of primeval innocence and bliss. One of these Fraticelli sought out Cola, living as a wounded animal in hiding, and told him that he had a career before him still greater than that which was behind, and 'that it should be his to restore to Rome the double reign of universal dominion, to establish the Pope and the Empire in the imperial city, and reconcile forever those two joint rulers appointed of God.'

So Cola went first to the Emperor, who had him imprisoned as a heretic and sent to the Pope for punishment.

He lay in the dungeons of Avignon, and was sentenced to death. But no one seems to have been really thirsty for his blood; and, seeking a pretext for letting him go, they said that he was a poet and it would be very wrong to kill him.

'I do not remember,' wrote Petrarch in indignant comment on this pretext, 'any poet that he has not read; but this no more makes of him a poet than a man would be a weaver who clothed himself with garments woven by another hand. To merit the name of poet, it is not enough to have made verses. But this man has never that I know written a single line.'

However, free he went, and back to Rome, where 'once more a Colonna and an Orsini balanced and struggled with each other as Senators, with no time to attend to anything but their personal interests, and no thought for the welfare of the people.'

The people had repented of their behavior toward Cola, and wished him back. When he came, it was in the train of a Papal Legate. But everywhere, as they drew nearer Rome, Cola was recognized and implored to 'return to thy Rome, cure her of her sickness. Never were you so much loved as at present.'

But Cola was penniless, and nobody offered him any 'sinews of war.'

There were in Perugia, whilst Cola stayed there considering what he should do, two young Provençal noblemen who were brothers of that picturesque person known as Fra Moreale. (Has this swashbuckler escaped the notice of Sabatini? Or have I missed the tale which tells of him?)

Fra Moreale was a Chevalier, a Knight Hospitaller, a high-born personage, who had got together a dreadful army, known as 'La Grande Campagnia,' which was always ready, under his command, to enter into any predatory warfare where the pay was high and the promise of booty

excellent. The very name of this Company was a terrorizing sound to all Italy.

When Cola, in Perugia, expounded to the younger brother of Fra Moreale what great things he dreamed of doing for Rome, and how he needed for the doing of them three thousand florins at least, the young brother wrote to the Captain of the Great Company saying: 'Honored brother, I have gained in one day more than you have done in all your life. I have acquired the lordship of Rome, which is promised to me by Messer Cola di Rienzi. . . . If it pleases your brotherly kindness, I am taking four thousand florins from the bank, and with a strong armament am setting out for Rome.'

Fra Moreale thought that this was a good way to invest four thousand florins; and that when Cola had been used for the taking of Rome, he could be cast aside — and the prize kept, at least until it was well stripped.

So he sent his blessing upon the enterprise, and the expedition set forth — some five or six hundred strong — with Cola, 'clothed gloriously in scarlet, furred with miniver and embroidered with gold,' lending flame to the processional.

It was early in August, 1354, and great preparations were made in Rome for the reception of the Tribune. He entered by the gate of the Castello, near Sant' Angelo, and rode in triumph through streets adorned with arches erected in his honor, hung with tapestries, resounding with acclamations.

'With all these honors they led him to the Palazzo of the Capitol. There he made them a beautiful and eloquent speech.'

On the fourth day, he summoned all the barons to present themselves before him. And when his messengers appeared before the young Colonna, who was then head of his house,

that young man threw one of them into prison and had his teeth drawn, then despatched the other to Rome to demand a ransom for him.

Following this, he led a raid upon the surrounding country, to resist which Cola gathered what force he could and rushed out with them through that same fateful gate of San Lorenzo, as far as Tivoli, where he encountered his own mercenaries, from the north, clamoring for their pay. This matter adjusted (by a further loan from Fra Moreale's brothers!), the whole force went on to the punishment of Colonna. And meanwhile, Fra Moreale himself came to Rome to look after his 'investment'!

Now, here was a situation for statesmanship, for diplomacy; and Cola had none.

He rushed back to Rome, caused the arrest of Fra Moreale and of his brothers, and ordered Fra Moreale to the torture.

'Was there ever such a clown?' the noble Captain cried when Cola's executioners laid hands on him to string him up like a miscreant varlet. 'Does he not know that I am a Chevalier?'

When he was taken, broken in body, but not in courage, back to the dungeon where his brothers were, he said to them: 'Gentle brothers, be not afraid. You shall not die, but I shall die. My life has always been full of trouble, and I am glad to die where died the blessed Saint Peter and Saint Paul. I am a man: I have been betrayed like other men. But God will have mercy upon me.'

Then the great bell began to ring, summoning the people to see him put to death; and he was led out to a spot beside one of the Egyptian-basalt lions, at the left of the Aracœli steps. (You will see those lions, presently, in the Court of the Capitoline Museum.)

'Oh, Romans,' he cried, addressing them, 'are ye con-

senting to my death? I never did you harm; but because of your poverty and my wealth I must die.'

'I am not well placed,' he murmured — meaning that the scene was badly 'set' for the executioner to make a clean, swift stroke — and he seems to have changed his position several times, kneeling down and rising again to seek a better.

He then kissed the knife and said, 'God save thee, holy justice,' and soon all was over, and the mutilated body was carried to burial in the Church of Santa Maria in Aracœli.

'He was the worst man in the world,' Cola told his councillors. 'He came to disturb our state, meaning to make himself the lord of it.'

But for all this, there were those who felt that Rienzi had showed both treachery and cowardice in dealing with Fra Moreale.

It was the first day of August, 1354, that Rienzi re-entered Rome by the Sant' Angelo Gate. On the last day of that month, Fra Moreale died. 'And it was still only September,' says that contemporary 'Life' of Rienzi, 'when the last day of Rienzi himself came.'

Indeed, it was very early in September, the eighth day. 'In the morning Cola di Rienzi lay in his bed. Suddenly voices were heard shouting "Viva lo Popolo!" (Long live the People!) At this sound the people in the streets began to run here and there. The sound increased, the crowd grew. They were joined by armed men, and as they joined their cry was changed to "Death to the traitor, Cola di Rienzi!" They rushed toward the palace of the Capitol, an innumerable throng of men, women, and children, throwing stones and shouting. Terrible was the fury of them.'

What had become of young Lorenzo di Rienzi, baptized in Colonna blood, we do not know. Cola's wife had entered a convent, soon after his first downfall, and he never saw

ner again. There was no one to console him in those terrible moments when he realized that he was abandoned by every living soul of those who usually occupied the Capitol — judges, notaries, guards, all had fled to save their own skin.

He tried to address the mob from a balcony, but they would not listen to him. 'They threw stones and aimed arrows at him, and some ran with fire to set light to the door.'

Then Cola knotted sheets together and let himself down into the court of the prison behind the palace. There he threw off his surcoat, begrimed his terror-blanched face, donned a peasant's coat in the porter's lodge, and, 'seizing a covering from the bed, threw it over him, as if the pillage of the palace had begun, and sallied forth. As he passed the last door, one of the crowd accosted him roughly, and pushed back the article on his head, which would seem to have been a *duvet*, or heavy quilt; upon which the splendor of the bracelet he wore on his wrist became visible, and he was recognized. He was immediately seized and taken down the great stair to the foot of the Lion, where the sentences were usually read. No man showed any desire to touch him. He stood there for about an hour, his face black like a furnace-man, in a tunic of green silk, and yellow hose like a baron, turning his head from side to side, piteously contemplating the crowd glaring at him. At last a follower of his own made a thrust with his sword, and immediately a dozen others followed. He died at the first stroke.'

His mutilated body was dragged along the streets to the Colonna quarter, hung up to a balcony, and finally taken to an open place before the Mausoleum of Augustus (used as a stronghold by the Colonna) and burned by the Jews.

'The Buddhist monks of the Far East,' says Marion Crawford, 'believe to-day that a man's individual self is often beset, possessed, and dominated by all kinds of frag-

mentary personalities that altogether hide his real nature, which may in reality be better or worse than they are. The Eastern belief may serve at least as an illustration to explain the sort of mixed character with which Rienzi came into the world, and which he imposed upon it for a certain length of time, and which has always taken such strong hold upon the imagination of poets, and writers of fiction, and historians.'

If I had written this book ten years ago, I might not have felt that a fairly full outline of Rienzi's story would be the most interesting, suggestive, illuminating thing to offer you for your visit to the Capitoline. But in view of what has happened in many countries in the last five years, and is still happening, it seemed to me that we could not do better than to go back, in spirit, to this one of the many earlier dictatorships of Italy, because there has, I think, been no other of them that has been more persistently in men's minds since Mussolini's star swung into the ascendant.

The parallels are not so many as some people incline to think. It is still much too soon to make any fair estimate of the man who, as I write, has been dictator of Italy for close upon two years; but it seems to me a great injustice to him to compare him with Rienzi, except in some such details as humble birth, omnivorous reading, and eloquence, and the coincidence of association with a famous poet.

Mussolini came into power, not on his opposition to the privileged classes, but on his opposition to anarchy, disorganization, and the stealthy foes of national spirit and pride.

It is with the greatest diffidence that I venture my humble opinion of him; with the profoundest realization of how many things there are about him and his programme that I do not comprehend; with the canniest appreciation

that before this ink is dry the world may be ringing with merited or unmerited denunciation of the man and all he did. As an administrator he may succeed or fail; but I do not see how history can ever discount the fact that he rose up, in the disorganization and discouragement and dishonor of post-war days, and mobilized Italy for peace and prosperity even more zealously and effectively than she had been organized for war.

He took all the homely virtues which had been overshadowed in war-times, and gave them an epic quality (as Virgil did, nearly two thousand years before) and glorified industry and frugality and all the 'bread-and-butter' goodnesses which Italy needed for the rebuilding of her state, the restoration of pride and confidence to her citizens.

Thousands of us, everywhere, after the war, talked of the need of a rebirth into the old, substantial, plodding ways.

But what came of all our talk? Or even of the books that many of us wrote on the subject?

Then up rose this man, and *dramatized* the idea, organized it, gave it romance and movement and color and song, made a crusade of it, a marching, singing army of Italian zeal for Italian prestige through Italian labor, sacrifice, devotion.

He was wise enough not to be dismayed when his movement began to have a few martyrs. I was there when young Fascisti, shot down by bolshevik internationalists, were being given martyrs' funerals. And again the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the new cult.

How long Mussolini may be able to hold his forces to his ideals, how long he may be able to keep his head, no one can foresee. But how history can ever take away from him the palm for what he has demonstrated, I cannot think.

We shall do well, now, to look about us on this very famous Piazza del Campidoglio, the scene of so much history, with its antique sculptures and its buildings designed by Michelangelo. There is a great deal about it that I'd like to write; but the essential facts are in every guidebook, and it seems to me that we must reserve our space for other things.

I hope you will not be too hurried in your inspection of the Capitoline collections; for therein are contained a number of the most famous sculptures in the world: 'The Dying Gladiator,' 'The Boy with the Thorn,' 'The Marble Faun,' 'The Capitoline and Esquiline Venuses,' 'The Dancing Satyr,' 'The Wolf with Romulus and Remus,' that exquisite seated figure of a Roman matron who was probably Agrippina the Elder, granddaughter of Augustus, and the head of Brutus. Be sure not to miss the sarcophagus with the incidents from Achilles' story; and remember that the vase containing the ashes found in this sarcophagus, is the celebrated 'Portland Vase' of the British Museum. See the mosaic from Hadrian's Villa, showing the familiar doves drinking in a marble basin.

The marble plan of ancient Rome is infinitely worth all the study you can devote to it. And there are many frescoes and canvases depicting scenes in the history of Rome, which will do much to illustrate for you what you read, and help you to re-create other times.

Now, let us make our descent, and fare northward (with some few détours) from the Capitoline, along the Corso, toward the old Flaminian Gate.

It seems more than superfluous to say anything about the most obvious thing in Rome: the Victor Emmanuel Monument, built against the north cliff of the Capitoline. It is a monument, not to Victor Emmanuel II alone, but to United Italy of which he was the first King; and is now

associated with the Unknown Warrior (whose tomb it is) rather more than with the monarch who sleeps in the Pantheon.

The great road to the north, to Gaul and Spain and Germany and Britain, began here at the sheer cliff of the Capitoline. It was begun about 220 B.C. by Flaminius who was then the Censor. And since we hear so much about censorship, these days, you may like to know what the office originally was.

First of all, the Censor was the man who supervised the quadrennial census-taking and the tax-collecting that was based upon the census. Just how his duties came to be extended to the supervision of public morals, I do not know; though I can see how almost inevitable it was that the man who counted the people (by hundreds) and gathered their taxes should be the superintendent and conservator of public constructions, including roads.

The censorship, Dennie says, was in some respects the most honored office in the Republic, and really had the widest power attached to it. There were two Censors, like the Consuls, and like them they were elected for one year. Flaminius, who had been Consul before he was Censor, was again holding office as Consul in 217 B.C. when he led northward, over the road that bears his name, a magnificent Roman army, the first to use the road. They were hastening to intercept Hannibal in his march on Rome; and in the famous battle of Lake Trasimene (whose borders you will skirt on your journey from Perugia to Florence), Flaminius was defeated and killed after having lost fifteen thousand of his men.

On the left of the Victor Emmanuel Monument, at the beginning of the Flaminian Way, stands the massive old tomb (evidently just outside the city gate even as late as the first century B.C.) of Bibulus, a plebeian Ædile (Ædiles

were originally assistants to the Tribunes, and had many duties including what we now call police business, and supervision of the public games) who was honored, by the Senate and the People of Rome, with this burial-site, in recognition of his integrity in office.

The first piazza, on your left as you look northward from the Monument, is San Marco, named from the very ancient (fourth century) Church of San Marco now incorporated in the south side of the Palazzo Venezia.

This palace, built of stones from the Colosseum, was begun by the Venetian Cardinal Paul Barbo in 1456, on the site of an earlier edifice used by his predecessors in the cardinalate of San Marco. After his election to the Papal See, he continued the work here, but did not live to see his palace finished. The cardinals of San Marco continued to live in it even after Pius IV, in 1560, presented it to the Venetian Republic; and sometimes they tendered it to the Popes for a temporary residence. Alexander VI (the Borgia) was in residence here, it is said, when he received Charles VIII of France returning from his conquest of Naples. The Venetian ambassadors occupied it till 1797; then it was French, and passed from France to Austria whose ambassadors to the Vatican lived there until Italy entered the late war, when the Italian Government took possession of it. In the magnificent Court of the Palazzo Venezia were stored for safety, while Austria shelled Venice from the air, the Colleoni statue and the horses of San Marco.

Perhaps by the time you read this, the palace will be open to the public as a gallery of ancient art.

Note the shape of its battlements; the Guelphs, the Popes' adherents, shaped theirs that way. Opposite is the Venice Assurance Company's new building, on ground partly occupied in other days by the Torlonia Palace; and its battlements are Ghibelline.

Piazza Venezia is the great tram-centre of the city; and the broad street bounding it on the north, after having been Corso Vittorio Emanuele for a long way from the river, and Via del Plebiscito for a short way, becomes Via Nazionale as it leaves Piazza Venezia at the eastern corner, to pursue a very erratic course.

The Corso Umberto Primo really begins here. In it, the fourteen 'regions' of Rome used to run their rival horses in a race, or *corso*, not unlike the Pallio of Siena which still goes on. It is one of the principal business streets of Rome, to-day, dignified by some high Government associations like Mussolini's offices in the Chigi Palace, made gay by some very popular cafés, and at times all but impassable by the throngs of Roman citizens whose favorite forum it has been for centuries.

The palaces which line it, elbowed by department stores, quick-lunch emporiums, and innumerable small shops mostly selling imitation pearls, nearly all belong to families brought to Rome, ennobled and fabulously enriched by one or another of the Popes, whose relatives they were.

Of the old barons of Rome, few stocks are left. The great Conti family, which gave four Popes to Rome, have disappeared from history. So have the Savelli and the Pierleoni, and the Frangipanni who once were entrenched among the ruins of the Palatine and used the Colosseum as an outpost. Gone are the Anguillara, of the tower where the Dante students meet. Gone, the Annibaldi, of the great Carthaginian's race.

The Colonna and Orsini are still preëminent; and the Caetani (whose name is as frequently begun with a 'G'), who used Cæcilia Metella's tomb as a toll-booth six hundred years ago, and who now have a princely representative as Italian Ambassador to Washington.

Prince Gelasio Caetani owes his given name to that member of his family who was Pope Gelasius II, in 1118. He is the fourth son of the late Prince Onorato Caetani, fourteenth Duke of Sermoneta, and of an English gentlewoman of the family of the Earls of Lathom. Prince Gelasio, who was born in 1877, matriculated in Columbia University (New York) in 1899 and was graduated from the School of Applied Sciences in 1903, after which he practised his profession of engineering in many parts of the West. He was throughout the war a very active member of the Italian military engineering corps, and rendered brilliant service. After the war, he devoted much time to improving the conditions of the land and the peasantry on the vast estates owned by his family between Naples and Rome, combating malaria and restoring thousands of acres of marshland to productive labor. In 1921, when a wave of socialism was sweeping over Italy, he entered politics as an ardent Nationalist and was elected a deputy to Parliament. His appointment to the United States was one of the first that Mussolini made; and nothing could be more significant of the New Italy of which we who travel in it should be not less admiringly conscious than of the Old.

The Massimi are still among the greatest of Rome; and the Cenci, first heard of in 457, have representatives in Rome's aristocracy to-day.

But the other great families are, for the most part, 'importations.' The Boncompagni are from Bologna, the Borghese from Siena, the Ludovisi from Pisa, the Barberini and Corsini from Florence, the Albani from Urbino, the Rospigliosi from Pistoia, the Odescalchi from Como, the Doria Pamfilii from Genoa; and so on. Each came to Rome with its Pope, was lavishly enriched by him, and stayed on, living in a state almost imperial.

As you start northward in the Corso, the first palace, on

your left, at the corner of Via del Plebiscito, is Palazzo Bonaparte, where Napoleon's mother lived for more than twenty years.

There is infinite pathos in that palace, for me. Lætitia was never dazzled by the unparalleled prosperity of the family she had 'raised' in such pinching poverty; she never believed it would endure. She saved her sous because she had the habit and because she believed her prodigal children would need them. When Napoleon charged her, once, with loving Lucien best, she said, 'The child of whom I am the most fond is always the one that happens to be the most unfortunate.'

She held herself rather aloof from the Emperor in his glory; she strongly disapproved of many things he did, and told him so. But when he went to Elba, she followed, and it was her savings which did much to finance his return. After Waterloo, she offered him all that she had. And when he was sent to Saint Helena, she implored the Allies to let her go with him. Their refusal is hard to understand.

I seem to 'see' her here, very plainly, when the news came from Saint Helena in 1821. She must have been less sad after that, I think — don't you? Because now it was her suffering only that she had to bear, and not his also. Fifteen years she lived on, after him, the last seven years a cripple and almost blind; but her beauty stayed with her, and became, Michelet says, of a grandeur that was sublime.

Next, on your left, is Palazzo Doria, said to be the largest and most magnificent private dwelling in the world. It was begun by a Cardinal Santorio, who was forced by Julius II to offer it as a gift to his nephew. A hundred years later, it passed to the Aldobrandini, when Clement VIII was Pope, and finally (about 1645) to the Pamfilii when their Pope (Innocent X), who was so lavish in his gifts to his kindred that protests more than usual were made, and a council was

called to determine just how far a Pope could go, married his nephew to the Aldobrandini heiress. The union of all these riches with those of the Doria, of Genoa, is what keeps up the great villa across the Tiber, this vast pile, and dear-knows what besides.

This palace is almost two thirds the size of Saint Peter's, and it used to be said that a thousand persons lived under the roof, *outside* of the gallery and the private apartments, which alone surpass in extent the majority of royal residences.

The picture gallery of the Doria Palace is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from 10 to 2. The great picture there is the Velasquez portrait of Innocent X. Even if you do not linger to see any of the others, it is a pity to leave Rome without having seen that.

On the other side of the Corso are the Salviati Palace in which the French Academy of Art was housed for seventy-five years (1725–1800) before being transferred to the superb Villa Medici where it now is and one hopes always will be. The Bank of Sicily owns the building now, and sublets some magnificent salons on the first floor to the Italy-America Society which welcomes you to use its library of English books on Italy. The Odescalchi Palace is next, housing the British Academy of Art and Archæology.

North of the Palazzo Doria runs a little street called Via Lata, beside which is the little old Church of Santa Maria in Via Lata, built (like the Doria Palace) above very substantial remains of the Septa Julia, begun by Julius Cæsar for a polling-place but used, when completed by Agrippa, for a market. Paul and Luke, when 'only Luke is with me,' quite certainly lived or at least taught here, 'by the side of the road' whereon Rome's legions marched to and from Rome's northern and western provinces. A visit to the crypt of this church is very well worth your while; and

when I was last there the custodian who showed it knew how to make it most interesting.

Turn down Via Lata, now, past the Collegio Romano, which houses the great Victor Emmanuel Library (the plunder of the monasteries of Italy when they were disestablished) and the Kircheriano Museum of prehistoric antiquities and of ethnography.

Marion Crawford says that the monastic libraries were brought here in carts and roughly stacked, in the utmost confusion, in vacant rooms of the college. In 1880, a poor scholar who bought himself two ounces of butter found it wrapped in a strange-looking paper which proved to be an autograph letter of Christopher Columbus. And this led to the discovery that the ignorant porter in charge of the storerooms was selling priceless books and manuscripts as waste paper, by the hundredweight, to provide himself with money for getting drunk.

Collegio Romano is in the heart of the Jesuit quarter, but the Jesuit university has been transferred to Palazzo Bonomeo, a little farther north.

Keep on, as straight as the street will take you, to Santa Maria sopra (above) Minerva, erected on the ruins of a temple of Minerva, and one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. Saint Catherine of Siena lies here, beneath the high-altar; and the chamber in which she died, worn out by her great labors when she was only thirty-three, is shown behind the sacristy, whither it was removed in 1737. Fra Angelico lies here, too. The monastery adjoining this church was the residence, for many years, of the chief of the Dominican Order, and the seat of the Inquisition. Here, where Galileo was brought for trial, after three years' imprisonment in the Villa Medici for 'having seen the earth go round the sun,' the present Government houses the Ministry of Public Instruction.

'The monks of Minerva' held Rome in a grip of terror which increased when the Neapolitan Cardinal Caraffa tottered onto the throne of Saint Peter, at the age of seventy-nine. This was in 1555. Four years later, he lay dying of dropsy, and, as the news of his approaching end ran through the city, the terror that had made men afraid to speak was relaxed, and angry multitudes gathered in the open spaces of the city listening eagerly for the solemn tolling of the great bell in the Capitol to tell them that the hated tyrant in the Vatican was no more.

He lingered. And their rage burst from smouldering into flame. They ran to the prisons, choked with 'suspects' waiting to go before 'the monks of Minerva,' and forced the gaolers to set the captives free. And then, torches in hand, they converged upon this place, this monastery and church, and would have burned them as the poor 'heretics' had been burned. But one of the Colonna and a group of his kinsmen had come riding swiftly to Rome when they heard that he was dying who had exiled them, after having seized their estates and conferred them on his rascally nephews. It was Colonna who dissuaded the furious mob from further reprisals, and saved to posterity many treasures, notably the great library, which now belongs to the Government.

From Santa Maria sopra Minerva it is but a step around the corner to the Pantheon, one of the most impressive structures in existence, concerning which I shall say almost nothing here because it is one of the places most fully covered by all guide-books.

It has seen many burial pageants, and is the royal tomb of the Savoy sovereigns; but to the majority of pilgrims it will always be chiefly the last resting-place of Raphael. Antiquity makes the Pantheon venerable; the marvellous dome makes it majestic; but Raphael's bones make it a

shrine. And when I go to it, it is always in company with that weeping multitude which bore Raphael to his grave. Only thirty-seven, he was! And had every reason for living on that ever mortal man had.

Was La Fornarina in the back-washes of the swaying crowd, somewhere? She who had taught him so much of love and inspired him to the creation of so much beauty?

Now, back by way of Via del Seminario, to the Corso again, reëntering it opposite the Sciarra-Colonna Palace, built in 1603, and now used for banking and newspaper offices. Madame Récamier lived in this palace when she visited Rome in the spring of 1824. And Marion Crawford was born in it.

If you are interested in seeing the American College in Rome, you must go back along the Corso, toward the Capitoline, to Via dell' Umilità (or Humility Street), Number 30. And this may be a good place to remind you that they are American students for the priesthood whom you see, in many companies about the streets of Rome, wearing black soutanes lined with light blue. The North Americans wear a red sash, and the South Americans a blue sash.

It may be that you will wish to retrace your way a few steps farther in the Corso, to see the Church of San Marcello, which is said to have been the first Christian church opened publicly in Rome.

But if neither of these draws you back, you will soon find yourself in Piazza Colonna — so called not from the 'Column' family, but from the Column of Marcus Aurelius with the statue of Saint Paul standing atop the spiral story of Roman victories.

The Chigi Palace, which stands at the northwest corner of the Corso and the Piazza, is where Mussolini's office is. Next to it on the west is the Chamber of Deputies, housed

in a huge palace that was begun for more papal relatives, the Ludovisi of Pisa.

The palace just north of the Chigi, in the Corso, is the Verospi, now occupied by the Credito Italiano. It was here that Shelley lived in the spring of 1819, after that 'dejection by the Bay of Naples.' It was here that he completed 'Prometheus Unbound'; here that Miss Curran made the portrait of him most familiar to us of any; here that little William, Shelley's first child by Mary Godwin, died, at the age of three and a half years. (Their second child, Clara, had died soon after her first birthday, at Venice, the preceding September; so this was their second bereavement in nine months.)

For sixty sleepless hours of agony Shelley sat here in this lodging that he had found, and watched that dear little child battle with the dread Roman fever which used to be such a scourge until modern sanitation put it to rout. And when the battle was lost, and Mary was laid prostrate by this second blow, Percy took the tiny body out and laid it to rest beneath the cypresses of that place 'so sweet as almost to make one in love with death' — that place to which he was to be garnered in three short but very full years.

Shelley did not, as some guide-books say, write 'The Cenci' here; but he undoubtedly was meditating it. And Via del Tritone leads from almost opposite this house straightaway to the Barberini Palace where Guido Reni's portrait of Beatrice Cenci is. We shall recall the Cenci story in our next chapter.

Via della Convertite, on your right, leads to the Piazza di San Silvestro and a church erected to honor what is believed to be a piece of John the Baptist's head. And if you continue to the east for a few steps you will come to Number 11, Via della Mercede, where Sir Walter Scott lived while he was in Rome, in 1832. He was a dying man,

GUIDO PAINTING BEATRICE CENCI IN PRISON THE DAY BEFORE HER EXECUTION

By Ratti

and Rome meant little to him. The only thing here in which he expressed any interest was the monument of the Old and Young Pretenders, unworthiest of the Stuarts, in Saint Peter's. It was here he penned the very last words that were ever formed by his indefatigable hand: 'We slept reasonably well, but on the next morning —'

The Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, on the west side of the Corso, may interest you because Chateaubriand erected here a monument to his compatriot Nicolas Poussin, the eminent painter of Roman landscape and ruins. 'You wished me,' Chateaubriand wrote to Madame Récamier, 'to mark my visit to Rome; it is done; the tomb to Poussin will remain.' Or it may interest you because of 'The Ring and the Book'; it being here that 'one dim end of a December day' Pompilia was wed —

> 'Who all the while had borne, from first to last,
> As brisk a part i' the bargain, as yon lamb,
> Brought forth from the basket and set out for sale.'

The Church of San Carlo, farther on, has a fashionable attendance, but not much else to distinguish it.

Via Condotti, leading from the Corso to the Piazza di Spagna, is one of the most interesting shopping streets in Rome.

I think you should make a slight détour to your left, in Via de' Pontefice, to see the Mausoleum of Augustus where he and most of his successors down to Nerva (d. 98) were buried. It is now a concert hall. Rienzi's body was burned in front of it, when the structure was serving as a Colonna fortress.

Now, back to the Corso and along it to its end at the Piazza del Popolo. If you have made no détours in coming from the foot of the Capitoline, you have traversed about a mile.

The twin churches between which the Corso runs the end

of its course need not detain you for a single moment. But in Santa Maria del Popolo, on the north of the square, at the foot of the Pincio, there is much, very much, to see.

But here, too, I withhold my hand because the details about it are so easily come by elsewhere.

Rather let me remind you of a few things which may make more significant for you that tablet on Number 18 of the Corso which says: 'In this house dreamed and wrote the immortal Wolfgang von Goethe.'

Few persons have ever got out of Italy what Goethe did. He was thirty-seven when he first saw it, and ripe for much (though not by any means for all) that it had to give him.

He had worked very hard in many fields of labor, he had loved often (if not much), his health was broken by his devotion to the cares of state in the Duchy of Weimar whose young duke was getting harder and harder to manage. The long years of companionship with Frau von Stein were interrupted by her husband's exclusion from Court and return to the home which hitherto had seen little of him.

Unhappy, unsatisfied, in almost every fibre of his ardent being, Goethe stole away from Weimar almost as if he expected to be caught and brought back — though the escape he was effecting was from his own old self of which he was unutterably weary — and hastened by long stages, with short halts, into Italy by way of the Brenner Pass, Lake Garda, and Verona. (This was in early September, 1786.)

'Yes, my beloved,' he wrote Frau von Stein from the latter place, 'I have finally arrived here, here where I should have been long ago; many of the hard places in my life would have been made easier.'

He was delighted to find no one who understood German, so that he was obliged to speak Italian 'the beloved

language.' He put on Italian dress and learned Italian gestures and movements. His great desire was that no one should recognize in him 'a northern bear,' but should treat him as an Italian. (All Germans read Goethe, I suppose. Why has almost no other German ever gone into Italy in that spirit?)

He had great transports of joy in the northern cities, but 'I cannot express,' he wrote, 'how the nearness of Rome draws me on. If I were to yield to my impatience, I should hasten straight on. One more fortnight, and a longing of thirty years will be quieted.'

On his first night in Rome he wrote in his diary: 'At last I am beginning to live and I adore my genius.'

Thenceforth his diary, his letters, are full of this overflowing joy: 'I count a second birthday, a true regeneration, from the day I entered Rome'; 'I have been restored again to the enjoyment of life, to the enjoyment of history, poetry, and antiquities'; 'I am living a new youth.'

When he began to think of going back to Germany, he wrote: 'How shall I leave the only place in all the world which can become a paradise for me?' 'I find here the fulfilment of all my desires and dreams.'

Easter, 1788, was the time set, at last, for his departure from Rome. His last nights in the Eternal City were flooded with the radiance of the full moon, and in it he made his solemn pilgrimages of farewell to the Capitol, the Forum, the Colosseum.

On the morning of the twenty-third of April, he drove out through the same Porto del Popolo through which, eighteen months before, he had so joyfully entered. He was inexpressibly sad, but it was a divine sadness, and beneath it lay rich stores of joy from which he would drink deep forevermore. As a man and as an artist, Italy had remade him. What he might have been without her song in his soul, no one can say.

With these thoughts in mind, one 'sees' much who passes that house on the Corso wherein 'the immortal Goethe dreamed and wrote.'

This is a long chapter; but it does not mean much exertion or a great outlay of time. A drive to the Capitoline, a revery there, an hour or so in its museums, and then a brief drive or a short stroll of a mile up the Corso — that's all. A not-too-crowded morning.

V

THE OTHER CORSO

To get the most out of this half-day that I shall outline in this chapter, it should be a Wednesday morning, when the Rag Fair is in progress. But you may not have a taste for that sort of thing, even for a little of it; or your plans may not permit you to make this round on Wednesday. And everything else about it is equally available at any other time. Indeed, since mornings are so precious for galleries, and there are none in this circuit, I should say that this section of Rome might be seen in a couple of hours some afternoon, before starting on one of those 'sunset drives' wherewith I love to crown nearly every Roman day.

In general, we may say that our objective to-day is 'the other Corso,' Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which begins at Ponte Vittorio Emanuele (leading to the Piazza of Saint Peter's) and runs almost to Piazza Venezia before it changes its name. The two Corsos do not nominally cross at Piazza Venezia; but actually they do. And if you start there, and go west by northwest, you will come, in less than half a mile, to the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. If you are walking, look in at the court of the Altieri Palace, opposite the Gesu, or Jesuit church. And you may want to see the latter, either because of its gorgeousness or because of the enormous (and deplorable!) influence it had on church architecture throughout Christendom.

To the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle I am inviting you, not because it is a church, and has next to Saint Peter's the largest dome in Rome, and is glorified by some of Domenichino's finest frescoes, and has some splendid

chapels; but because it is built on ground whereon Pompey's Senate was — and in Pompey's Senate, Cæsar was assassinated. And, in view of many things — most notably Plutarch's 'Lives' and Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar' — it seems to me that there are too few travellers who realize what it means to get these backgrounds well in mind.

And here, again, I'm going to be even more simple and explicit than always, in the way that I have learned to be for my own guidance; because there are plenty of books about Rome for scholars, but not many for those of us who are just eager folks in a busy, hurrying world.

So —! To begin 'way back, as I did when 'getting it straight' for myself, let's remind ourselves — for one thing — that the north wall of Rome from the time of the Etruscan Kings to the time of Aurelian, some nine hundred years, was just at the foot of the Capitoline. (Remember the tomb of Bibulus?)

Beyond the old Servian Wall, stretching away toward the foot of the Pincian, on the north, and from the foot of the Quirinal west to the river, was a vast plain which the Tiber used to overflow quite disastrously at times, even down to 1870, when the present Government began building the great quays which now keep Father Tiber in his bed.

Very early, however, even in the time of the kings, this plain was used for military reviews, and for athletic sports and exercises. And presently, temples began to be built here — the first of them a temple to Apollo which was close under the western slope of the Capitol. And when Flaminius, who built the great north road, was Ædile or Censor, he erected the huge Circus Flaminius here especially for the soldiers and market people and others who didn't feel at home in the Circus Maximus where 'the swells' went. It lay a 'block' or so to the south of this Corso that we're on, and the palace of the Caetani is on part of the ground it

covered. We'll come by there, later, at the end of our circuit.

Some fifty years later, a new kind of building was introduced at Rome, about the same time as the first basilica, and like it of Greek origin; it was called a 'porticus,' and was very much the same thing that we call a 'colonnade'; sometimes long, sometimes quadrilateral like a cloister. These were built by returned conquerors, who embellished them with their spoils of war. The first porticus that Rome had was adorned with a great quantity of Corinthian bronze, golden in color, a dazzling novelty then to Rome. Twenty years later another porticus was built, and made beautiful with the first Greek marble ever used in Roman architecture; and this housed the twenty-five equestrian statues in bronze of Alexander the Great and his 'Companions.' Down to the fifth century A.D. these colossal horsemen were as familiar to every citizen and visitor of Rome as the Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline is to-day. Then they disappeared.

'It is thought,' says Dennie, 'that the Horse-Tamers of the Quirinal Piazza are early copies in marble from two of these originals.'

The porticus seems to have been used as a shady retreat from the glaring Roman sun and proved so popular an institution that when Pompey was (following the fashion of politicians in his day, and others) planning a group of public buildings which should much commend him to his 'constituency,' he easily included a porticus — of which we shall be much reminded in this stroll we're taking to-day.

Let us sharpen our focus upon Pompey, for a few minutes. Perhaps you don't need to do this, but I find that I do, from time to time, although he was so vivid and so winsome a personality to his contemporaries. And not to

have Pompey very real before our inner eye when we're hereabouts is to miss a great deal.

Pompey was of plebeian blood, but in the Social War that was raging in his youth (he was born in 106 B.C., in the same year as Cicero), he fought with the classes against the masses — which put him in the opposite camp from Cæsar, who was better-born, but thought the popular party what a young man of to-day would call his 'best bet.'

As a very young man, Pompey — who was very handsome and full of charm, as well as eloquent and able — had much to suffer on account of the unpopularity of his father, a talented general, but furiously hated for his greed and cruelty; he was Consul in 89, and two years later was killed by lightning. Young Pompey, then nineteen, saw his father's body dragged from the bier while it was being conveyed to the funeral pile, and treated with the greatest indignity. And after this, action was brought against the youth for embezzlements that his father was said to have committed against the public funds. But Pompey pleaded his dead father's case so well that the judge not only acquitted him, but bespoke him for a son-in-law; and Pompey accepted.

Poor Pompey! he was *such* a 'rising young man' that the ambitious, scheming papas of Rome couldn't leave him in conjugal peace. For he had scarcely settled into a comfortable married state with the judge's daughter, Antistia, than Sulla, the great leader of the aristocratic party, decided that so up-and-coming a young fellow as Pompey ought to be attached to his service by family ties; and he insisted on Pompey's divorcing Antistia and marrying Æmilia, who was Sulla's stepdaughter. Æmilia was married, too, and was contentedly awaiting the arrival of the stork. Pompey had no stomach for this rearrangement, but he seems not to have had the courage to resist his party

leader; so poor Antistia was 'put away' just after her father had been murdered in the Senate because he was suspected of being won over by his son-in-law to Sulla. And, beside herself with so much grief, Antistia's mother committed suicide. Then Æmilia, almost immediately after entering Pompey's house as his unwilling bride, died in giving birth to her discarded husband's child.

No wonder Pompey was glad to be sent off to Sicily and Africa with an army! He fought well, and when he returned to Rome in 81, when he was twenty-five years old, he was granted a triumph although he was of neither the age nor the dignity required for that honor which was reserved for Consuls and Prætors (the elected magistrates and commanders next in power to the Consuls; their duties varied in different times, but when Pompey was a young man they were eight in number and presided over the jury courts of Rome for one year, and the second year of office they governed one of the provinces — which gave them opportunities to lead armies and win military renown).

Ten years later, Pompey — still under age for the consulship, and having held none of the lower offices of preparation for it — was given a second triumph, after his victories in Spain, and elected Consul. By the time he was forty, he was in absolute military and naval command of the greater part of the Roman Empire, and the Capitol saw little of him for five or six years. Then he came back as the conqueror of Spain, Africa, and Asia, and was given the greatest triumph that Rome had ever witnessed.

But the people of Rome, while willing enough to be diverted by a two-day spectacle, were less intent, then, upon the extension of their domain than upon the politics of its administration; and Pompey found jealousy and fear in some quarters, indifference in others; he accepted championship from the wrong quarters (from Clodius, for

instance, who poisoned him against Cicero), and made so many mistakes that Plutarch thought it a pity Pompey's life did not end when he had his third triumph.

Cæsar, meanwhile, came back from his first successes in Gaul, and with consummate cleverness attached to his own cause both Pompey and his faction, and Pompey's bitterest rival, Crassus. With their help he got himself elected Consul. He married his daughter Julia to Pompey, and got Pompey to threaten violence with the sword upon any who opposed Cæsar's programme — which was a 'popular' one, directed wholly to winning a vast support from the 'peepul.'

Pompey was now quite on the other side of the fence from where he had started. And it was about this time (perhaps under Cæsar's influence) that he started showing the people what a 'good fellow' he was, by building out in the Campus Martius the magnificent edifices we're trying to 'rebuild' for ourselves to-day.

Soon after his third triumph, he built in the Campus a beautiful temple to Minerva, above which still stands the Dominican Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. And then, he gave to the people of Rome a great theatre, a magnificent hall, and a vast porticus. These he built adjacent to his own dwelling, which was so small and modest that its next owner, Plutarch says, marvelled where Pompey could have dined!

Pompey's theatre was the first Rome had known. His inspiration for it had been the splendid Greek theatre at Mitylene. It seems to have occupied a semi-circular area about half that of the Colosseum (still undreamed-of, for more than a century) and to have accommodated about half as many spectators as the later construction. The spectacles, given at Pompey's expense, were worthy of all the superlatives in the vocabulary of the modern circus

press-agent — and 'then some'! In one of them, five hundred lions were engaged. In others, there were elephants, crocodiles, hippopotami, and other strange beasts in great numbers.

A magnificent arch in the centre of the stage opened into the stately porticus; and through this arch the glittering procession, which had formed in the porticus, poured into the view of the twenty thousand spectators on their splendid marble seats. Compare with this, those meagre picnics wherewith our modern politician seeks to convey the impression that he loves the multitude!

The porticus consisted of several parallel colonnades, with tree-lined avenues between, cooled with the spray of the fountains Rome loves, and adorned with superb Greek statues in marble and in bronze.

If you will walk down Via de' Chiavari, behind Sant' Andrea della Valle (as I hope you'll do), you will come to the little Piazza Satiri, so named because two semi-colossal marble satyrs which were part of the decorations of the orchestra in Pompey's theatre were found here in the sixteenth century — as was the famous torso of the Belvedere, and the great gilded bronze Hercules of the Vatican Museum; the latter in 1864. This latter, Lanciani says, was buried in a kind of coffin of solid masonry veneered with marble. Just why, or when, nobody knows.

The porticus was open on all sides to the public, and soon became a great resort for idlers of every class, where much gossip was current. But the boon it was to a crowded city, which had in it not one decently broad street, and so few trees that 'by the pine-tree' was a sufficient address, and a single fig-tree in the Forum was treasured through generations, is hard to overestimate. Stannard reminds us, too, that the porticoes gave the Roman citizen his one real chance of stretching his legs in something like a promenade.

Adjacent to his porticus, but on which side nobody seems certain, was the handsome hall designed for dignified public meetings, which Pompey offered to the Roman Senate when its own meeting-place burned. Never, hitherto, had that august body convened in any place but its own building (at the east of the Capitoline) or in a temple of the gods; but for some reason, little as it liked Pompey, it accepted his hospitality.

In 52 B.C. these magnificent buildings were completed, at the expense and for the aggrandizement of one man.

Four years later —!

But we must go back, a bit.

When the coalition between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus began, Pompey was ruler of the greater part of the Roman Empire (for it *was* an empire long before it permitted any man to call himself its emperor), while Cæsar had only the two provinces of Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine Gaul.

'The control of the Capitol, the supreme command of the army in Italy and of the Mediterranean fleet, the governorship of the two Spains, the superintendence of the corn supplies, which were mainly drawn from Sicily and Africa and on which the vast population of Rome was wholly dependent, were entirely in the hands of Pompey, who was gradually losing the confidence of all political parties in Rome. The Senate and the aristocracy disliked and distrusted him, but they felt that, should things come to the worst, they might still find in him a champion of their cause. Hence the joint rule of Pompey and Cæsar was not unwillingly accepted, and anything like a rupture between the two was greatly dreaded as the sure beginning of anarchy throughout the Roman world.'

Then Cæsar and Pompey so managed the election that Cæsar's new father-in-law (Piso) and Pompey's most extravagant flatterer, Gabinius, were elected Consuls; and

Cæsar went back to Gaul with four entire legions and the command for five years, while Pompey gave all his time to his young wife Julia, and passed his days, Plutarch says, in her company in country-houses and gardens, paying no heed to what was going on in the Forum.

Cicero was in exile, Cato (who told the Romans that the contending of political parties is the safety of a republic and their coalition is its peril) was sent away with a military command into Cyprus. This left the impudent demagogue, Clodius, then the Tribune of the people, almost without check on his insolence; so he began to teach the mob to ridicule Pompey and even to attempt his assassination.

It was then that Pompey, refusing to listen to the counsel of those friends who urged him to divorce Julia and cut loose from all relations with Cæsar, hearkened to the advice of those others who saw that his best chance of strengthening himself with the Senate would be in calling Cicero home.

Aided by Cicero, Pompey and Crassus were made Consuls for the year 55 B.C., Pompey with control of Spain and Africa, Crassus of Syria. Pompey stayed in Rome, after the expiration of his consulship, to attend the dedication of his theatre and enjoy the fresh popularity it created for him. Crassus went to his province, and was killed there in 53.

In 54, the year the theatre was inaugurated, Julia died in childbirth, leaving both Pompey and her father in deep grief; and not them only, but the city which 'now at once,' Plutarch says, 'began to roll and swell with the stir of the coming storm. Things everywhere were in a state of agitation, and everybody's discourse tended to division, now that death had put an end to that relation which hitherto had been a disguise rather than restraint to the ambition of these men.'

That Pompey and Cæsar were, inevitably, rivals, and

that Julia's death removed the restraint upon them, was apparent to every one. Cæsar was far away, but his influence in Rome was great, not through the glory of his conquests alone, but because he was turning back by countless channels his stream of wealth to increase his crop of suffrages.

Fearful of Cæsar and his designs, all other parties got together and elected Pompey *sole* Consul, hailing him as 'the savior of society,' extending his military command for five years and assigning fresh legions to him. This was in 52 — the year that his group of buildings was finished. And in this year he married a young widow, daughter-in-law of Crassus, Plutarch's praise of whom will make you smile, I'm sure. She had, he says, 'other attractions besides those of youth and beauty; for she was highly educated, played well upon the lute, understood geometry, and had been accustomed to listen with profit to lectures on philosophy; all this, too, without in any degree becoming unamiable or pretentious, as sometimes young women do when they pursue such studies.'

For a while, Pompey was almost an idol, not in Rome only, but throughout Italy. And when, early in 49, Cæsar having been ordered to disband his legions or become an outlaw, some persons asked Pompey what resistance Rome could offer if Cæsar marched against it, he smiled and said, 'Whenever I stamp with my foot in any part of Italy there will rise up forces enough in an instant, both horse and foot.'

Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and advanced toward Rome. The city went officially into mourning as in a public calamity, and Pompey was ordered to defend the Republic, to stamp upon the ground as he had said he could.

He stamped; but with infinitely less effect than he had expected. Cæsar drew nearer. People from the outlying

districts began flocking into the city for protection, and those who belonged in the city began fleeing from it as the confusion and insubordination there increased.

At length Pompey ordered an evacuation of Rome, declaring that whosoever tarried behind should be judged a confederate of Cæsar's. And a few days after he and his Government had left, Cæsar entered the city made himself its master, treated every one with clemency and courtesy, set up a temporary rule, and hurried in pursuit of Pompey, knowing that he must drive him out of Italy before his army that was in Spain could join him.

Pompey got to Brundusium (Brindisi), where he had plenty of ships, and there embarked for Greece. Cæsar had in sixty days become master of all Italy, without a drop of bloodshed.

But Pompey was not disposed of. He rallied to his support a mighty army, and in the navy he had five hundred men-of-war and an infinite number of lighter vessels. The mastery of Rome was far from secured to Cæsar, and never could be until an end was put to this state of things. He sent an emissary to Pompey proposing a renewal of their former friendship; but Pompey rejected the offer. It must be one of them or the other. And at length, in 48, on the plains of Pharsalia in Thessaly, the decisive battle was fought — Pompey's army outnumbering Cæsar's by more than two to one, but unable to prevail against it.

After the rout of his horsemen, Pompey fled; 'and finding that no man pursued him, walked on softly afoot, taken up altogether with thoughts such as might possess a man that for thirty-four years had been accustomed to conquest and victory, and was then at last, in his old age, learning for the first time what defeat and flight were.'

When he reached the seaside he went to a poor fisherman's cottage, where he rested till daybreak, when he put

to sea in a small boat, and was taken aboard a large merchant ship whose master recognized him.

Cornelia, his young wife, was at Mitylene, and Pompey went to get her, saying, 'It behooves us to endure these events, and to try fortune yet again.'

And, indeed, it began to seem as if Pompey were far from crushed. His navy was safe, sixty of the Senators were still supporting him, and Cato had rallied a considerable body of the defeated army and was crossing with it into Africa. So Pompey decided to seek a rallying-ground for his new endeavor in Egypt, where he had reason to expect grateful treatment from young Ptolemy, then engaged in war against his sister Cleopatra.

Ptolemy was ruled by his strangely assorted counsellors; and when he asked their advice about receiving Pompey, they decided that it would be perilous to do so. 'For if they entertained him, they would be sure to make Cæsar their enemy and Pompey their master; or, if they dismissed him, they might render themselves obnoxious to Pompey for that inhospitable expulsion, and to Cæsar, for the escape; so that the most expedient course would be to send for Pompey and take away his life, for by that means they would ingratiate themselves with the one (Cæsar), and have no reason to fear the other, as a dead man cannot bite.'

So Pompey was bidden ashore, and murdered, and the Egyptians cut off his head, and left his body naked on the sands.

When Cæsar came, and one of the Egyptians was sent to present him with Pompey's head, Cæsar turned from him with abhorrence, and ordered Pompey's murderers put to death.

With these things freshly in mind come back to Pompey's hall where the Roman Senate was meeting, in 44 B.C. Pompey had been dead more than three years, but Rome had

not forgotten his benefactions, and the Senate in particular was loyal to his memory and glad to hold its sessions in his hall, dominated by his colossal statue.

See Cassius, with his 'lean and hungry look,' and Brutus, his lantern-jawed face thick-thatched with hair, moving about among the Senators and other prominent men, as the Ides of March draw near, dropping those careful plummets of speech to see what depths they sound. See them keep clear of Cicero, fearful of his 'weariness and caution of old age.' See them discreetly non-committal when Statilius the Epicurean gives it as his opinion that 'to bring himself into troubles and dangers upon the account of evil or foolish men did not become a man that had any wisdom'; and when Favonius declares that a civil war is worse than the most illegal monarchy.

Cassius, by himself, is not able to win the support of the men they need most. But Brutus (whose sister Junia is the wife of Cassius) they trust, although they all know his reputed relation to Cæsar, and few men can stomach a parricide. It is the reputation that Brutus has for pure patriotism that convinces them; his flaming ardor for the Republic; his worship of the memory of that other Brutus, nearly five centuries before, who saw his death sentence executed on his own sons for conspiring against the Republic.

Under the statue of that earlier Brutus, in the Forum, unknown hands wrote, 'O that we had a Brutus now!' And each morning when Brutus went into his tribunal where, as first Prætor, he sat in judgment on high cases, he found notes reminding him, 'You are not a true Brutus.'

Cæsar had wind of all this, but he did not believe that Brutus would act against him. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that Brutus will not wait out the time of this little body?'

Abroad, among public men and Rome's lesser citizens,

Brutus manages to 'keep his uneasiness of mind to himself.' But at home, his agitation is so evident that his brave wife Portia (his first-cousin, Cato's daughter) makes him tell her his purposes, and approves them.

At dawn on the appointed day, 'Brutus, taking with him a dagger, which none but his wife knew of, went out.' He sat in his court that morning, and gave grave attention to the cases brought before him. And when one man, dissatisfied with his judgment, appealed to Cæsar, Brutus said: 'Cæsar does not hinder me, nor will he hinder me, from doing according to the laws.'

Thence, to the Senate! But Cæsar does not come. Instead, a breathless messenger from Brutus' house brings news that Portia is dying. But Brutus, deeply as he loves her, makes no move 'to quit his public purpose'; for other news has come: Cæsar, carried in a litter, is approaching the Senate. As he tarries to listen to a petition, the conspirators grow cold with fear that he is being warned, and prepare to slay themselves. Then Brutus reassures them.

The Senate rises respectfully as Cæsar comes in. When he is seated, they press about his chair. The pretext about recalling Tillius' brother from banishment is gone through. And then, the deed is done; the three-and-twenty dagger thrusts have been given — all but one! Brutus has not struck. Now his dagger's lifted, and dying Cæsar sees it. 'Some say that he fought and resisted all the rest, shifting his body to avoid the blows, and calling out for help, but that when he saw Brutus' sword drawn, he covered his face with his robe and submitted.'

'And thou, too, Brutus!'

Did he, or did he not, add 'my son'?

> . . . 'Then burst his mighty heart;
> And in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.'

Why Shakespeare, who had studied his Plutarch so well, disregarded or overlooked Plutarch's many statements about Pompey's porticus and hall, and placed the scene of the murder on the Capitol, I don't know. The discovery of Pompey's statue, buried for nearly sixteen hundred years in the débris that the Roman populace made of 'Pompey's pleasure-ground,' in their rage at Cæsar's death, was fresh in men's minds in Shakespeare's day. He must have heard it told how the colossal figure lay partly in one man's land and partly in another, and, as both claimed it, there was talk of sawing it in two; until Julius III intervened, bought it, and saved it from bisection. You shall see it, presently.

I hope you have walked, map in hand, down Via de' Chiavari to Via de' Giubbonari, and along the latter to Piazza Campo de' Fiori (or Field of Flowers) fixing in your mind the location of Pompey's buildings.

You are now, if it be Wednesday, in the thick of Rome's famous Rag Fair, an interesting spectacle, but not so good a bargain-ground as it used to be when thieving was a better business than it is to-day. Be wary that you make it no better! I don't say that you're to buy nothing. But guard your purse and other valuables, and bargain to the last soldo on anything that attracts you. Remember, too, that whatever you buy, you must carry with you till you go back to your hotel.

This piazza with the flowery name is where heretics and criminals used to be burned, and Giordano Bruno's statue stands on the spot where he died at the stake on February 17, 1600, after seven years' imprisonment, mostly in Castel Sant' Angelo. I'm not sure but that a majority of persons would still find Bruno a heretic, just as the Inquisition did. But I doubt if many, in these days, would wish to see him burned for his very free thinking — and that's something to be grateful for! We recalled him at Naples, you'll re-

member; at the monastery of San Domenico Maggiore, where he entered the Dominican Order when he was under fifteen. He was fifty-two when the Dominicans burned him.

Now, although you are so close to the Farnese Palace, and are, I hope, going back to it, I suggest your walking north, first, to see some places of great interest thereabouts.

Piazza della Cancelleria is entered directly from Piazza Campo de' Fiori. It, too, you will find full of Rag Fair, as are all the streets in this vicinity.

The Palazzo della Cancelleria is one of the two noblest buildings in Rome from an architect's point of view. It was built for one of those 'nephews' commonly believed to have been sons of Pope Sixtus IV, the builder of the Sistine Chapel, but was taken away from him when his rascality was disclosed to his uncle, or father, and given to the vice-chancellor of the church. It is still the Apostolic Chancellery, and one of the two buildings in Rome which the Government permits the Vatican to own, and use for church business.

Cross the Corso, now, and take Vicolo (little street, or lane) Leutari to Piazza Pasquino, named for something characteristically Roman, to which you must not miss paying your respects.

In 1501, a sadly mutilated but still very beautiful bit of sculpture was unearthed here, part of a group representing Menelaus with the body of Patroclus after Hector has killed Patroclus and stripped his body of the shining armor of Achilles which the latter had lent his friend. This group, probably by Scopas, the greatest of the Doric sculptors, was evidently much admired and often copied. You will see two antique copies of it in Florence; and in the Vatican fragments of another copy found at Hadrian's Villa, in 1772.

Cardinal Caraffa, uncle of the hated Pope Paul IV, who had a palace in Piazza Navona, caused the Menelaus group to be erected there; and perhaps because he had the same Inquisitorial spirit which characterized his horrible nephew, the professors and students of the vicinity used to affix to the Menelaus Latin verses expressing their opinions of papal personages — putting them under the nose of one personage at least. It would seem that a man (probably of this neighborhood) named Pasquino, who was celebrated for his biting tongue, took so frequent a turn at these verses that they soon came to be called 'Pasquinades.' Some say Pasquino was a schoolmaster; some say a tailor; some, a cobbler. In spite of the almost immediate notoriety of his verses, he seems to have remained obscure.

Another discovery about this time, in this vicinity of Pompey's buildings, was that of the colossal river-god called Marforio, now in the Court of the Capitoline Museum, but then set up opposite the Mamertine Prison, where the Via Marforio still commemorates it. And hardly had Marforio joined the citizens of early-Renaissance Rome, just beginning to know something of books and to do some unsanctioned thinking, than he found himself bearing rhymed epistles to Pasquino (as Menelaus was now called) asking questions which Pasquino was expected to answer. As early as 1509, a collection of these Pasquinades appeared. And it was not many years later that Rabelais incorporated the names and the style of colloquy into his 'Pantagruel.' Nearly all Europe took up the Pasquinades, each country adapting the idea to its own problems and questions.

You are now at Piazza Navona, one of the largest public squares in Rome, occupying ground that was laid out as a circus or stadium under Domitian about 85. Saint Agnes suffered martyrdom in this circus on the twenty-first of

January, 304; and beneath the church, dedicated to her, on the west side of the Piazza, are some interesting remains of the old vaults above which rose the tiered seats whereon they sat who watched the little maiden die.

The story about Agnes is that she was condemned to death by the Prefect Sempronius because she would not wed his son; and that she was miraculously preserved from the outrage ordered upon her before her execution, and again miraculously preserved from death by fire, because the fagots would not burn. But a sword was less scrupulous, and killed her. She was, the legend says, only thirteen, and had been a Christian all her life. She is the patron-saint of young girls, and is supposed to help them prevision their future husbands on the Eve of Saint Agnes, January 20–21. And whether you are personally interested in that sort of divination or not, you are doubtless interested in what the tradition of it inspired John Keats to write.

On January 21, 1835, Leigh Hunt published the Keats poem in his 'London Journal,' with an essay of his own writing in which he says:

'To-day is the Eve of Saint Agnes; and we thought we could not take a better opportunity of increasing the public acquaintance with this exquisite production [Keats' poem], which is founded on the popular superstition connected with the day. Saint Agnes was a Roman virgin who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian. Her parents, a few days after her decease, are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic Church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. The superstition is that by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting.'

'They told her how, upon Saint Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright:
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.'

(If the story of Saint Agnes attracts you, you will wish to make a little pilgrimage out through the Porta Pia to the church that Constantine erected over the tomb of Agnes. One goes down a marble staircase of five-and-forty steps to the old church. And there, on January 21st, each year, those lambs are blessed whose wool is to furnish high-priestly vestments in the current year.)

If you take the little street which leads eastward from the centre one of Piazza Navona's three fountains, a few steps will bring you to Piazza Madama in which Palazzo Madama stands. 'Madama' was Margareta, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V, who was first married to Alessandro de' Medici, the horrible bastard cousin of Catherine de' Medici; and after his assassination, to Ottavio Farnese, Duke of Parma, a grandson of Pope Paul III, and a brother of that Cardinal Farnese we shall presently be recalling at the Farnese Palace. Margareta was a woman of great ability in statecraft and was made regent of the Netherlands by her half-brother, Philip II of Spain; but she resigned her post to the terrible Duke of Alva, and retired to Italy. This palace in which she lived was the Medici Bank for a century before Pope Paul III made them surrender it to Margareta. Nero had built baths on this site, and amid the ruins of them there was, during the Middle Ages, a stronghold of the terrible Crescenzi, descended from Theodora.

The Italian Senate meets in Palazzo Madama now; and

the frescoes, picturing events and personages of ancient Rome, are well worth a visit.

Close to the palace is the Church of San Luigi de' Francesi (or Saint Louis of the French) where Pauline Montmorin de Beaumont is buried. Her monument says, 'After having seen all her family perish [on the guillotine], her father, her mother, her two brothers, and her sister, Pauline Montmorin, consumed by a languid malady, came to die in this foreign land. This monument has been raised to her memory by F. R. Chateaubriand.' She was the loving woman who rescued Chateaubriand from his vagabond youth and made him write 'The Genius of Christianity.' He brought her to Rome, and she died here in his arms.

Claude Lorraine, the great French landscape artist, who died in Rome (where he had lived and worked much) in 1682, at the age of fourscore and two years, is buried here. One of his best pictures was painted in the Villa Madama (outside Porta del Popolo) which likewise had belonged to Margareta and retains her name; this was the canvas he refused to sell, though Pope Clement IX offered to cover its surface with gold pieces.

Now, go back to Piazza Navona (this great space is the scene of the Befana, or fair of the Epiphany, on Twelfth Night) and take the little street north of Saint Agnes' Church, into Via della Anima, and follow the latter for a few steps till you find the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, on your left. Here are Raphael's 'Sibyls,' which you may be interested to compare with those of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel.

Back on Via della Anima to Piazza Pasquino, and out of the latter by Via San Pantaleo into the piazza of the same name, and you are at the Palazzo Massimi alle Colonne where the first printing-press of Rome was set up, in 1467;

Cicero's Epistles being among the first books printed. Go in, and see the picturesque court.

There is, now, only one thing to coax you farther west in the Corso, and that will not appeal to all. But music-lovers will want to go on, a quarter of a mile or so, to Chiesa Nuova, or Santa Maria in Vallicella, erected by Saint Philip Neri for the order of the Oratorians he had founded. It was here that the oratorio was born of Philip's desire to popularize sacred music.

Those who do not make a détour to pay their respects to oratorio may cross the Corso in front of Palazzo Massimi, follow Via de' Baullari through Piazza Campo de' Fiori to Piazza Farnese, and find themselves at the famous Farnese Palace which is now let to the French Embassy.

It was begun by that Cardinal Alessandro Farnese who afterward became Pope Paul III, and was continued after his death under the direction of Michelangelo. For building materials, Alessandro helped himself from the Colosseum and from the Theatre of Marcellus. And for embellishments —! The Palatine and the Baths of Caracalla provided a wealth of those: the so-called Farnese Bull, Farnese Flora, Farnese Hercules, which you saw in the National Museum at Naples, were among the treasures uncovered during the papacy of Paul III, appropriated by him, made the private property of his family, and carried about with them at their will. When that one of his descendants (Elizabeth Farnese's son), who later became King Charles III of Spain, was temporarily King of Naples, he took the Farnese treasures there with him. Why he did not carry them on to Spain, I don't know; except that he was leaving the throne of Naples to his sixteen-year-old son, Ferdinand IV.

They were of the Orvieto neighborhood — the Farnese — and we hear of one of them commanding the papal armies

at the beginning of the twelfth century; of another serving Pope Eugene IV so well (1440 and thereabouts) that the Pope endowed him with great properties, saying: 'The Church is ours because Farnese has given it back to us.' This was quite true. The people of Rome had chased Eugene IV out of Rome, stoning him as he fled. Farnese was one of those who fought his way back for him.

But the superlative aggrandizement of the Farnese came through a pretty girl, Julia — Giulia la Bella they call her in the lovely liquid Italian which almost sings itself.

You shall see, in the Vatican and in Saint Peter's, two attempts to depict Julia's loveliness, and to each of them there attaches a story; but we'll tell that story in our Vatican chapter.

From her early childhood Julia had been betrothed to one of the young Orsini, whose widowed mother was a cousin of Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, later Pope Alexander VI. That innkeeping Vannozza who had borne Cardinal Roderigo a large family (including Cesare Borgia and Lucrezia) had recently remarried, and her relations with the fabulously rich churchman had come to an end. Her daughter Lucrezia and one of the younger boys of her brood were living with their father's cousin, the widow Adriana Orsini, mother of Julia's betrothed; and it was while he was visiting them there that Cardinal Roderigo, then fifty-six, made the acquaintance of Julia, then sixteen.

I wish I knew how to convey to you the manner and the language of an Italian scholar, who has spent a lifetime studying the Borgias and a great fortune in collecting art inspired by and associated with them, when showing me a very beautiful portrait of Julia. He had studied English only for some six weeks — this gentleman — and yet he spoke it with amazing fluency, and with that piquant choice of words, that literally translated idiom, which make so

many of the things said linger in memory much longer than if they had been conventionally expressed.

'Thees,' he said, 'is Giulia la Bella, about the time she accepted to become the — the friend to Roderigo Borgia. The brothair of Giulia made a what you call *fuss;* but Roderigo said to him, "Be nice, Sandro! I will be nice for you!" And you know he was.'

I have read reams about the Borgias, the Farnese; but somehow, the sedulous little phrases and the delicate manner of this Roman gentleman come to my mind more readily than any others; and I pass them on to you.

Almost at once, golden-haired young Julia seems to have 'accepted to become the — the friend to Roderigo Borgia.' And if there was any real sense of outrage in her brother Alessandro's 'fuss,' it was soon quieted. He became 'nice,' and as soon as Roderigo Borgia had become Pope Alexander VI, he made Sandro a cardinal and put him in the way of becoming Pope Paul III. Julia married her Orsini about the time she 'accepted to become' Roderigo's 'friend'; but her husband, too, seems to have been persuaded to 'be nice.'

Sandro had been cardinal for many years when he began the Farnese Palace, which still belongs to his descendant, Count Caserta, who also owns Villa Madama, and lives at the magnificent Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola near Lake Bracciano, about thirty miles north of Rome. Should you be journeying northward by private motor, you will do very well to ask at the Amministrazione Farnesiana, in the Farnese Palace at Rome, for a free ticket of admission to the château and gardens at Caprarola. 'There is nothing in all Italy like Caprarola,' Edith Wharton says in her 'Italian Villas and their Gardens'; and quotes Burckhardt who called it 'perhaps the highest example of restrained majesty which secular architecture has achieved.' And from Mrs.

Wharton I borrow for you this lovely picture of Caprarola, with 'its bastions surrounded by a deep moat, across which a light bridge at the back of the palace leads to the lower garden. To pass from the threatening façade to the widespread beauty of pleached walks, fountains and grottoes, brings vividly before one the curious contrasts of Italian country life in the transition period of the sixteenth century. Outside, one pictures the Cardinal's soldiers and *bravi* lounging on the great platform above the village; while within, one has a vision of noble ladies and their cavaliers sitting under rose-arbors or strolling between espaliered lemon-trees, discussing a Greek manuscript or a Roman bronze, or listening to the last sonnet of the Cardinal's court poet.'

The Cardinal Farnese who built Caprarola, completed the Farnese Palace in Rome, and who continued the beautification of the Farnese Gardens on the Palatine Hill, was another Sandro, grandson of Pope Paul III. You saw his portrait at Naples, in the magnificent Titian 'Paul III and his Grandsons' concerning which André Maurel has this to say:

'This portrait is the sublime itself, humanity reached at the most profound depths, at bedrock. Before it the pen recognizes its weakness, that its expression, at best, can never say as much about the hearts of men as Titian's brush was able to say in this picture. What could we do if we wished to portray in twenty pages, or in a hundred, a Paul III? Titian places him under our eyes breathing, living, terrifyingly stripped bare. Under Titian's implacable eye we see this sly, covetous old man, the intrepid old man who served his ambition with the vilest of paternal baseness, unless his paternity redeemed all his vices! That sharp nose, that ferret-like muzzle scenting about everywhere to take what no one divined could be touched; that fine fore-

head notwithstanding, which might have carried such high thoughts if it had not been for the passions housed there; those wicked little eyes so clever to surprise weaknesses; and those hands, those hooklike hands seeming to tremble with their booty. He is there as if ready to spring — but no! See those two young men near him, one in Capuchin's cloak, the other in doublet, the latter coming forward with a bow. The old man is no longer on the spring; he sinks back. Octavio Farnese (married to "Madama" Margareta) is respectful, but, apparently on his knees though he seems to be, the pale youth is triumphant. The old man gives way under the will of those proud young fellows. His hands may clutch his chair; the action is but a sign of the soul that would like to spring up, but submits to its vanquishers. It is not age that bends his shoulders, but that young man ready to spring upon him. This is one of the most tragic paintings that ever has been or can be made; it gives us a shiver, inspires us with terror — with pity, too, for never was a beaten old man so touching.'

This is the old age of Sandro, Julia's brother to whom Roderigo Borgia was 'nice.' The young man in the Capuchin's cloak was his grandfather's namesake, Alessandro, created a cardinal at the age of fourteen immediately on his grandfather's accession to the papal throne. It was this Sandro who called in Michelangelo to direct the work on the Farnese Palace and to design a bridge connecting the riverside gardens of the Palace with the Villa Farnesina on the other side of the Tiber.

After you have seen the court of the Palace (which is about all that is accessible unless you have business with the French Ambassador), walk toward the river for the pretty view, and to see where the bridge was to have been that Michelangelo never built. Then turn up Via del Polverone to the little Piazza Capo di Ferro, and enter the

Palazzo Spada alla Regola, also erected in Paul III's pontificate and now leased by the Spada family to the Council of State. In the hall of this palace stands the Pompey statue 'which all the while ran blood.'

In 1788, the French in Rome carried this statue to the Colosseum and murdered Cæsar once more at its feet, playing Voltaire's 'Death of Cæsar.'

Byron apostrophized the statue, in verse; and Hawthorne wrote how glad he was to have seen it. Few tourists go to see it, and their omission surprises me; for there are not many things in Rome of which we have all heard more.

Walk as straight as you can, after turning to your right on leaving the Spada Palace, until you come to Via Arenula, then turn up that a short distance and into Piazza di Cenci where the Cenci Palace stands.

It was built, in the Middle Ages, on part of the Roman theatre of Cornelius Balbus, an old friend of Julius Cæsar's who was Consul under Cæsar's heir and erected his theatre in 13 B.C.

'On my arrival in Rome,' Shelley wrote, in 1819, 'I found that the story of the Cenci [Chain-chee] was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest.'

His passion and his art have since extended this 'deep and breathless interest' to the peoples of all the Western world. Hawthorne, too, has aided, especially among Americans, in making the Guido Reni picture of Beatrice Cenci one of 'the sights' to see in Rome; but I may as well confess that I am always sorry when I find a compatriot trying to see Rome with the author of 'The Marble Faun.' Salem, Massachusetts, was Hawthorne's background; and when he was in Rome, he saw it with Salem eyes; he might almost as well have been viewing it through the wrong end of a telescope.

Shelley, on the other hand, came into Italy like a changeling who had been maliciously mislaid in an English cradle and was magically restored to his rightful inheritance.

His preface to his drama of 'The Cenci' is one of the most self-revealing things he ever wrote. I'd like to give it to you entire, to be re-read on the spot; but so, too, would I like to slip into your pocket a small, unburdensome copy of the drama itself, which takes on a marvellous new vividness when read in Rome. These being impracticable desires, I must content myself with such excerpts as our space permits.

'A manuscript,' the preface begins, 'was communicated to me during my travels in Italy, which was copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace at Rome and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the pontificate of Clement VIII, in the year 1599. The story is that an old man, having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred toward his children; which showed itself toward one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law [stepmother] and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror was evidently a most gentle and amiable being, violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance. The deed was quickly discovered, and, in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had during his life repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital

crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind; the death, therefore, of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice.

'The national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries and among all ranks of people in a great city where the imagination is kept forever active and awake, first suggested to me its fitness for a dramatic purpose. . . . The deepest and sublimest tragic compositions, "King Lear" and the two plays in which the tale of Œdipus is told, were stories which already existed as matters of popular belief and interest before Shakespeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind.

'The story of the Cenci is indeed eminently fearful and monstrous; anything like a dry exhibition of it on the stage would be insupportable. The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal and diminish the actual horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of drama is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. If dogmas can do more, it is well: but the drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly no person can be truly dishonored by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would

have been wiser and better; but she would never have been a tragic character. . . . It is in the restless and anatomizing casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and their revenge . . . that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered, consists.'

I don't know how you feel about this *credo* of Shelley's on life and on art; but I find it one of the most precious things in all the great legacy he left to us. And in itself it would make a shrine for me of the Cenci Palace where he brooded on such things, even if the tragedy of Beatrice had not done so.

Shelley was exceedingly desirous of having his drama enacted at Covent Garden, with Miss O'Neil in the character of Beatrice. But the manager of that theatre pronounced the subject so objectionable that he could not even submit the part to Miss O'Neil for perusal!

Volumes of comment could add nothing to this as a revelation of that gulf which separated England from an understanding of Shelley.

Beatrice and her fellow-conspirators were brought in from the Cenci Castle at Petrella, where the deed was done, to the Corte Savella, the most terrible of all Roman dungeons for the horror of damp and darkness. It was in an old fortress of the Savelli, in Via di Monserrato which runs northwestward from the Piazza Farnese. There they were all tortured on the rack, and all confessed save Beatrice.

Tradition associates Beatrice in some part of her agony with the Castle Sant' Angelo; but it may be because the open space near the bridgehead of Sant' Angelo, on this side the river, was the scene of her execution.

'They died bravely,' Marion Crawford says, 'in the calm May morning, in the midst of a vast and restless crowd. . . .

Above the sea of faces, high on the wooden scaffold, rises the tall figure of the lovely girl, her hair gleaming in the sunshine like threads of dazzling gold, her marvellous blue eyes turned up to heaven, her fresh young dimpled face not pale with fear, her exquisite lips moving softly as she repeats the De Profundis of her last appeal to God.'

And that night, brothers of the Misericordia, robed and hooded and masked in black, carried Beatrice's blood-drenched young body to rest in the Church of San Pietro in Montorio on the Janiculum.

You will see those sable-shrouded figures on their errands of mercy, in the streets of modern Italy just as they went about in the Middle Ages and the scarcely less-terrible times of the glorious Renaissance whose learning was so slow in bringing forbearance in its train.

'It was their chief function,' Crawford says, 'to help and comfort condemned criminals from the midnight preceding their death until the end. To this confraternity belonged Michelangelo, among other famous men; and doubtless the great master, hooded in black and unrecognizable among the rest, must have spent dark hours in gloomy prisons beside pale-faced men who were not to see the sun go down again; and in the morning, he must have stood upon the very scaffold with the others and seen the bright axe smite out the poor life. But neither he nor any others of the brethren spoke of these things except among themselves. . . . They wrote down in their journal the day, the hour, the name, the death; no more than that. And they went back to their daily life in silence.

'But for their good deeds they obtained the right of saving one man from death each year.'

In August, the Governor appointed three brethren to visit all the prisons of Rome, and to report on the cases of the condemned. When their reports were read, the whole

brotherhood balloted on the one whom they would save.

This done, they marched to the prison.

'The beadle of the order marched first, bearing his black wand in one hand, and in the other a robe of scarlet silk and a torch for the pardoned man; two brothers followed with staves, others with lanterns, more with lighted torches, and after them was borne the crucifix; then more brothers, and last of all the Governor and the chaplain. The prison doors were draped with tapestries, box and myrtle strewed the ground, and the Governor received the condemned person and signed a receipt for his body. The happy man prostrated himself before the crucifix, was crowned with the olive garland, the Te Deum was intoned, and he was led away to the brotherhood's church, where he heard high mass in sight of all the people. Last, and not least, if he was a pauper, the brethren provided him with a little money and obtained him some occupation; if a stranger, they paid his journey home.'

This quarter of Rome in which you have been wandering this morning is one where many prisons were and many places of execution. And you may well see, hereabouts, with your inner eye, the black-swathed brethren going about their errands of compassion.

Walk eastward, now, through what used to be the Ghetto, but has all been cleared away. We use the word 'ghetto' frequently. Do you happen to know that it is from a Hebrew root meaning 'cut off'?

This space, which the Doria Palace would cover, used to house between four and five thousand human beings, huddled in horribly insanitary old buildings — 'a people clothed in rags, living among rags, thriving on rags.'

It is said that the first Jews were brought to Rome by Pompey, as prisoners of war, and soon afterward set free

possibly on their paying a ransom accumulated by selling the greater part of the food allotted to them. Seventeen years later, they were a power in Rome; they had lent Julius Cæsar enormous sums, which he repaid with exorbitant interest, and after his death they mourned him and kept his funeral pyre burning seven days and nights in the Forum.

For nineteen hundred years the Jewish colony of Rome lived either in this little space or in a similar one directly across the Tiber. Domitian, brother of Titus who destroyed and despoiled Jerusalem, hated the Jews and drove them out of their houses, forcing them to live in caves and catacombs of the Aventine. Then, in spite of all his wariness, Domitian was assassinated; and the good and gentle Nerva was elected to undo the wrongs his predecessor had done. He didn't live long enough to do much but see to it that Trajan, born in Spain, should follow him. And then the Golden Age of imperial Rome began, in the year 99; and under the noble justice of Trajan, the Jews left their caves and returned to this quarter, 'crowding their little houses,' Marion Crawford says, 'upon the glorious Portico of Octavia, where Vespasian and Titus had met the Senate at dawn on the day when they triumphed over the Jews and the fall of Jerusalem; so the very place of the Jews' greatest humiliation became their stronghold for ages.'

One conqueror after another came to Rome in the course of the ages that followed; but this indomitable people survived the empire they had seen founded, survived the barbarian invasions, survived the terrors of the dark ages, and dwelt on and on, with varying fortunes but a steady continuity of habits, occupations, customs.

When Rome became greatly concerned about her sanitation, in the eighteen-eighties, the Ghetto was condemned and destroyed.

The eastern boundary of the old Ghetto is the Portico of Octavia and the Theatre of Marcellus.

Augustus built the portico in honor of his beloved sister Octavia in 33 B.C., and then went off in pursuit of her recreant husband, Mark Antony, who was in Egypt dallying and conspiring with Cleopatra. Two years later, the battle of Actium was won, Antony and Cleopatra were dead, and Octavia's brother was master of the Roman world. The portico, or double colonnade, of three hundred columns, enclosed a rectangular space in which stood temples to Jupiter and Juno filled with art treasures rapt from Macedonia.

The Church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria was built in 770. In it the Jews of the neighboring Ghetto were compelled to attend Christian services on their Sabbath, from the time of that Pope Paul IV, who was so determined an Inquisitor, to the overthrow of papal sovereignty in 1870. It was in this church that Rienzi, who was born close by (and whose reputed father's wine-shop was near the Cenci Palace) kept his vigil on the eve of Pentecost before going to the Capitol to be declared the lord dictator of Rome. Rienzi's prayer in this little old church is one of the chief themes of Wagner's Rienzi Overture.

Close by Octavia's Portico is the theatre begun by her great-uncle Julius, completed by her brother Augustus (in 13 B.C.), and named for her dead son Marcellus, the first husband of Augustus' much-married daughter Julia. Augustus had just been proclaimed 'the August One' when the theatre was completed; but Marcellus had been dead ten years — poisoned, some believed, by Livia, to clear the way for her son Tiberius as her husband's heir. Marcellus died at Baiæ, near Naples, at the age of twenty, and was universally mourned — except, perhaps, by Livia and Tiberius. Perhaps you recall Virgil's lines about him as one

whose shade Æneas saw among the Romans-that-were-to-be:

> 'Him shall Fate
> Just show to earth, but suffer not to stay.
> Too potent Heaven had deemed the Roman state,
> Were gifts like this as permanent as great.
> Ah! what laments, what groanings of the brave
> Shall fill the field of Mars! What funeral state
> Shall Tiber see, as past the recent grave
> Slowly and sad he winds his melancholy wave.'

You must by all means walk past the dark little shops and dwellings which have been burrowed in the arches of the huge, columned semi-circle that was the outer wall of the auditorium that accommodated thirteen thousand spectators. Some of your most unforgettable mental pictures of Rome will be made there. And by no means omit the glimpse through the great gateway and up a steep ascent to the palace built in 1526 for the Savelli, on the ruins of the mediæval stronghold that the theatre had become.

When the Savelli became extinct, in 1712, this palace fell into the hands of the Orsini, who sold it in 1918 to Donna Vittoria Colonna-Caetani.

Of the Caetani, we have already said something; their principal palace in Rome is a short walk north from here, halfway to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. To the Colonna we shall pay our respects when we visit their palace, in Chapter X. Of their immemorial enemies, the Orsini, this may be as good a place as any to speak.

The Colonna and the Orsini both boast that during more than five hundred years no treaty was drawn up with the princes of Europe in which their families were not specifically designated.

The Orsini claim that two of the early Popes (Paul I, 757, and Eugenius II, 824) were Orsini; but the first Pope

indisputably of their clan was Celestine III, in 1191, who richly endowed his nephews and founded the great fortunes of the family. 'Orsini for the Church' was their war-cry, in perpetual opposition to that of 'Colonna for the people.' Their name is a corruption, or diminutive, of Orso, or Urso, the Bear.

If you know Mr. Crawford's novel 'Don Orsino,' it will vivify for you much about the traditions and customs of this proud family.

I doubt if you will want to go farther on this stroll. If you have covered all of it, you have probably walked two miles. But you may shorten this by driving direct to Piazza Navona. Then, in your stroll, cross straight down, over the Corso, into the Piazza della Cancelleria.

How you will feel about this section of Rome with its varied interests, I cannot guess. But the friends who have gone there with me always declare that it is one of their most memorable walks in Rome.

VI

SAINT PETER'S, THE VATICAN, AND CASTEL SANT' ANGELO

To many visitors, Saint Peter's is easily first among all that they hope to see in Rome; and to many others, the Vatican galleries are the supreme thing in Rome. It is not without reverent regard for those who go to Rome primarily to worship at the chief shrine of the Catholic Church, nor without equal regard for those who go to worship the glorious pagan sculpture and Christian painting of the Vatican, that I have reserved our chapter on them to near the end of our little survey. My hope is that you will read these chapters at least twice — once in sequence, to get the outline of what you are to see, and then once again, individually, as you visit the places described. And, just as in Paris I like my friends not to visit the Louvre until they have begun to get that out of Paris which does much to make the Louvre significant, so I like them in Rome to have some, at least, of ancient Rome in mind when they address themselves to the stupendous privilege and task of seeing Saint Peter's and the Vatican.

Go there at once on reaching Rome, if you like; it is not at all a topsy-turvy beginning. See the piazza, the colonnades, the fountains; get a glimpse of some gorgeous Swiss Guards pacing up and down at the main entrance to the Vatican Palace, under the colonnade at your right as you face the façade of Saint Peter's; and go into the church, just to let its immensity smite you, but not with any idea of observing it in detail.

Then come away, and do not revisit this place for a

couple of days, at least. By that time you may, if you are in a great hurry, be somewhat prepared for the antique sculpture of the Vatican; a day or so later you will have more to 'take with you' to the Borgia Apartments, the Raphael Stanze, the Sistine Chapel, the Picture Gallery; and your minute observation of Saint Peter's Church will yield most to you if it is made after you have seen many of the other churches in Rome.

And if, after having advised you thus, I begin our recapitulation *not* with the Vatican statues but with Saint Peter's Church, you will (I'm sure) understand that it is because we must get way back of the present church, and back of its predecessor (which I'd *so* much rather visit!) to the Circus of Nero and the martyrdom of Saint Peter, and refresh our recollections of all we've read about the spot which Nero unwittingly made so sacred for all ages to come.

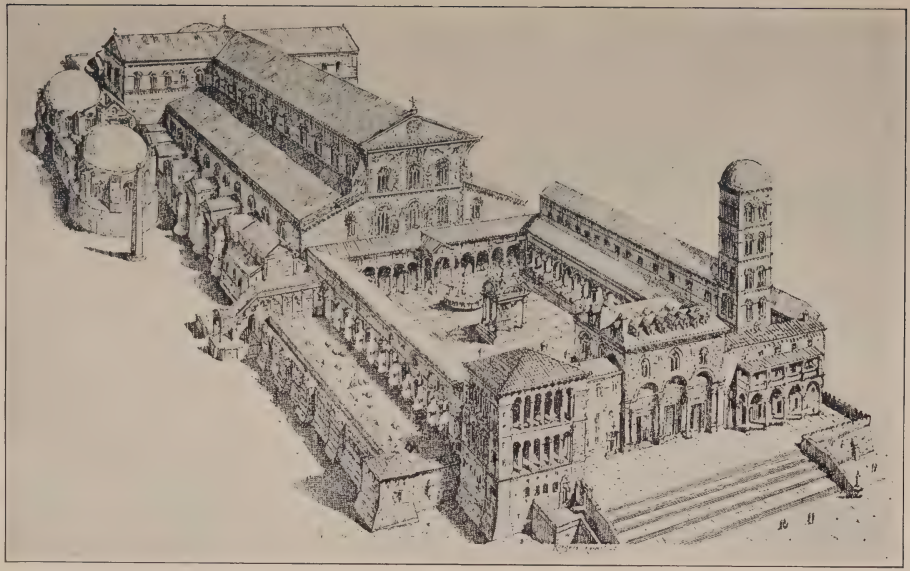
As a matter of fact, it was not Nero who constructed the Circus, but Caligula, his uncle. (Caligula, you'll remember, was the son of Julia's daughter, Agrippina, and Livia's son Germanicus; and succeeded his uncle Tiberius. His sister, Agrippina the Younger, was Nero's mother.) The elder Agrippina had beautiful gardens on this spot, and her son, Caligula, swept them away to make a clearing for another race-course, to decorate which he ordered from Egypt the third obelisk brought to Rome. It stands in the centre of the great Piazza of Saint Peter now; but for more than fifteen centuries it continued to stand just where it was placed by Caligula's orders, between the two goals of the long spina that extended down the middle of the Circus dividing it into two tracks. Saint Peter was probably crucified at the foot of Caligula's obelisk in its original position — now marked by an inscribed slab in the pavement near the present sacristy; you pass it in going round Saint Peter's to the museum entrance.

Nero completed the Circus of Caligula, and we know that Christian martyrdoms took place here in 64, three years before the time ascribed to Saint Peter's crucifixion. The pretext for sending these people to their death was that they had set Rome on fire, in 63 — the probability being that Nero himself did it, not merely for 'a thrill,' but that he might rebuild it in accordance with his own tastes, whereof he had better reason to be proud than he has often been credited with. Some of the martyrs were crucified, some were thrown to wild beasts, and others made those 'living torches' of lurid memory.

For nearly three hundred years the grave of Saint Peter was unhonored except by the few faithful (into that endless argument as to whether Saint Peter's body was here all that time, or part of the time at San Sebastiano, I will not enter here; those who want to consider it may see what Lanciani has to say about it in his 'Wanderings through Ancient Roman Churches'); and then Constantine ('tis said) founded a church here, and carried twelve basketfuls of earth out from the excavation for the foundations, in honor of the twelve apostles. He also placed a gold cross on Saint Peter's tomb.

The old church was a basilica, and as time went on it was enriched and embellished until, at the coronation of Charlemagne (on Christmas Day, 800) it literally blazed with the fire of jewels set in precious metals and lighted by myriad candles; one great candelabrum alone, recently presented, holding thirteen hundred candles. There were as many as one hundred and nine altars in it then.

In front of the basilica was an atrium, or forecourt, approached by a flight of thirty-five steps. Around it were stalls where pilgrims could buy food and devotional objects. There were two fountains in the atrium, cooling and freshening the air and providing water which must have



THE OLD BASILICA OF SAINT PETER

From the restoration in *Le Basiliche Cristiane,*
By Pietro Crostarosa

served many another purpose of the multitudes who came from far away to worship at this shrine.

Note, in our picture of the old church, the two circular tombs just back of the obelisk; they were built in the fifth century by Christian emperors anxious to be buried close to Saint Peter. One of these remained down to almost the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Our picture shows the many chapels clinging to the old basilica's sides like barnacles to a ship; but it does not show the monasteries, smaller churches and hostels, hospitals, etc., which surrounded this, as every other, shrine.

You know how short a time Charlemagne's Empire lasted — that is to say, his Empire as he knew it; how it was partitioned among his grandsons; and how Lothair, to whom Italy fell, was of the three least able to protect his inheritance. So it was not fifty years after Charlemagne's coronation in this jewel-encrusted church that the Saracens descended upon Rome and stripped the fabulously rich shrines of Saint Peter and Saint Paul of all their gold, silver, and precious stones.

After they had gone, Pope Leo IV built a wall around this domain of Saint Peter's, enclosing it in an extension of the fortifications of Rome. This was what we read of in history as the Leonine city which was so frequently besieged by the enemies of papal sovereignty. It is this that we must have in mind in all our reading of Rome's story during the Dark and the Middle Ages, and down to the dawn of the Renaissance.

I'm not going into any of the details about the building of the present church, because they're in your guide-book and in so many other books accessible to everybody.

What you'd rather have here, I think, is an excerpt or two from books which have helped me to comprehend Saint Peter's, and may help you.

One of them is from Harold Stannard's 'Rome and Her Monuments.'

'Saint Peter's,' he says, 'is thoroughly Roman in the old and most honorable sense of an epithet which sectarians have used despitefully. One of Hobbes' masterly phrases describes the Papacy as "nothing but the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." The "nothing but" is an exaggeration, but the epigram holds a truth which Saint Peter's illuminates. The dome is inspired by the Pantheon, the nave by the vaulting of Constantine's Basilica (in the Forum), so that structurally Saint Peter's is wholly classical. But it is also the cathedral of the Popes. Thus it fuses the old Empire with the new religion, and it is neither its size nor its position but its comprehensive spirit that stamps it as the very emblem of Rome.

'Michelangelo is unique among artists in that his work strikes us as inevitable, predestined. The creative mind is not discovered behind its creation, but is entirely fused in it. As he himself said of his statues, they were there in the marble, and he simply cut away the superfluous pieces. So with Saint Peter's dome. It was there, in the space between the Janiculum and Monte Mario, and he simply made it apparent to ordinary eyes. This was the feature that most impressed Maeterlinck — that Rome should have waited all those centuries for Michelangelo to come and give it what it still lacked to make it perfect.'

Add to this, what Grant Allen has to say in his 'Historical Guide to Christian Rome':

'The new Church of Saint Peter's represents the outcome of a time when the thoughts and emotions of men were naturally expressed by means of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Although not the most perfect, it was the crowning act of the revival of learning; and yet with all

these advantages it has never appealed to men in any general and inevitable way. It has been said that the "church is vast without being great." . . . The same writer adds that it is "magnificent without touching the heart."

'If the visitor from north of the Alps looks for anything that will deepen his religious emotion or increase his sense of Christian humility, such as he is accustomed to find at Chartres or Amiens, he will be disappointed. The artists of the time of the revival of learning did not try to create an atmosphere suitable to the mystic relationships which lay at the foundation of mediæval life. They were more concerned with the perfect man in the perfect state according to Plato, than with the ecstasy of Saint Francis. They were weary alike of the moral ideals involved in asceticism, and of the intellectual outlook implied in scholasticism. They felt that human life had wider and more vital relations than could be expressed in the theological thought of the time. They saw that intellectual activity, when freed from mediæval presuppositions, opened a new way to human development. They desired insight rather than edification. It was the dignity of man, not the poverty of the creature, that inspired them.

'Saint Peter's is the capitol of Western Christendom, the senate house of papal civilization; it is the symbol of the succession of the Church to the inheritance of the Empire; it is an embodiment of the idea of the Roman Imperium. In so far as the building is an expression of religious life, it received in its final form the impress of what has been called the Catholic reaction. It is the power of the keys and not the travail of the soul that impresses us.'

I don't know how you'll feel about those faceted sentences; but for me they flashed light upon Saint Peter's and many another Christian basilica, for which I am profoundly grateful. I must be a Gothic-minded creature, I respond so

instantly and unreservedly to the Gothic theme in any art. I have done my share of expressing resentment of that which encroached upon the Gothic and then led away from it. I have done my share of criticizing Saint Peter's (which is indeed full of excrescences and mistakes). But now, when I go there, I find myself repeating that luminous sentence of Grant Allen's: 'It was the dignity of man, not the poverty of the creature, that inspired them.' And many, many things are eloquent to me which before I did not comprehend.

Now let us make a tour of the church, noting the principal points of interest.

Passing as best we can through the swarm of pests thrusting gaudy postcards and 'sheep mo-zi-ca' under our sniffy noses (never glance to right or left at one of these gentry, or he will pursue you all day and not improbably emerge from beneath your bed at night, offering his almost-final reduction on postcards), we ascend the steps leading to the great vestibule — Saint Paul's statue on our right hand and Saint Peter's on our left.

Note the great bronze doors, so that you may compare them with Ghiberti's when you see the latter in Florence. They were done about the same time. The Porta Santa will interest you, because the jubilee year, current as this book goes to press, has caused much to be written about the custom, inaugurated in 1300, and so successful in enriching the papal coffers and the Roman merchants and others, that another jubilee was decreed for 1350 (instead of waiting for 1400), though it would seem that there might have been small cause for jubilation, with the Pope in exile at Avignon. It was a very wise thing for the exile to do, though; because it demonstrated to Rome how good for trade was a pontifical court which, by offering indulgences, could crowd the city with pilgrims from all Europe. It was Paul II who decreed

that jubilee years should come every quarter-century. And if you found Rome crowded or dear, you may be amused to know that a pilgrim to the jubilee of 1300, quoted by Grant Showerman in his 'Eternal Rome,' wrote:

'The hay was very dear, and the inns exceedingly expensive. It cost me for my lodging and the stabling of my horse, over and above the hay and oats, a Tornese groat [a little over six cents]. As I went out of Rome on Christmas Eve, I saw leaving the city a throng so great that no one could count the number, and the talk among the Romans was that there had been more than two millions of men and women. Several times I saw men as well as women trodden under foot, and more than once I escaped the same danger myself.'

Over the Porta Santa is a restoration of Giotto's famous mosaic made for the atrium of old Saint Peter's; and inside it is the large disc of porphyry on which, in the ancient basilica, emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned.

In the first chapel on your right as you enter, Capella della Pietà, is the lovely *pietà* (Virgin with her dead son) which Michelangelo 'released' from a block of marble when he was only twenty-four years old. It was ordered by a French cardinal who was Abbot of Saint Denis, for the Chapel of the Kings of France in old Saint Peter's, and is the only marble that Michelangelo ever 'signed.' To your right as you stand facing it, is a column said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem.

The next chapel need not engage your attention, but opposite the entrance to it is the monument of that lively lady, Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, who became a queen when she was six, regnant when she was eighteen, abdicated ten years later rather than marry and run the risk of acquiring a 'boss,' and left Sweden, wearing man's attire and calling herself

Count Dohna. Her vigorous but ill-directed mentality, her profligacies and cruelties, her wanderings and vacillations, make up a most wretched story. She renounced her father's religion, joined the Catholic Church, sold her library to the Pope, and died poor and neglected, in Rome, in 1689, when she was in her sixty-third year.

The next monument on that side of the aisle is to Countess Matilda of Tuscany, who at nine years of age was left sole heiress to the richest estate in Italy. (That was in 1052.) She was a very ardent partisan of the Popes in their quarrel with the Emperors, and it was in her castle of Canossa (in January, 1077) that the Emperor Henry IV humbled himself before Pope Gregory VII who had been the monk Hildebrand. 'It was an atrocious winter,' the old chronicles say, 'such as had never been seen before, with continual snowstorms.' The castle of Canossa is perched high on an all but inaccessible crag. Barefooted in the snow and up the rocky paths, the proud young Emperor had to climb, his only garment a humble tunic of rough woollen cloth, to sue for forgiveness and the lifting of that terrible ban of excommunication. Twice he was turned away, but on the third day the Pope received him, and on the fourth he absolved him. Whereupon, Henry went away full of rage at his humiliation, and of plots for its avenging. We'll recall, at Sant' Angelo, how he got his revenge. It was in that same year that Matilda made donation of all her great estates to the Holy See — another gift, like that of Constantine, which instituted a vast deal of trouble for many generations. Matilda died in 1115 and was buried far from Rome, in the north; but in 1635 her remains were brought to Saint Peter's, and Bernini made this monument to commemorate her devotion to the Vicar of God.

The third chapel on your right is the large Capello del Sacramento, where Antonio Pollaiuolo's monument to

Sixtus IV, which we talked about in our visit to San Pietro in Vincoli (Part II, Rome, III), used to be till the late Pope moved it to his 'Museo della Fabbrica' in the south colonnade.

You may move straight on to the celebrated seated figure of Saint Peter whose foot has been kissed smooth as glass by the faithful, untroubled by fear of germs. H. B. Cotterill, in his 'History of Art,' thinks that this statue is 'perhaps an ancient Roman senator furnished with the nimbus, the keys, and the benedictory fingers of Saint Peter.'

Another theory about it is that it is cast from bronze which formerly was the statue of Jupiter in his great Temple on the Capitoline, and that when Saint Peter had, in answer to the prayers of Pope Leo the Great, appeared in the sky and halted Attila's advance on Rome, Leo had Jupiter recast as Peter. And the popularity of this belief shows, Grant Allen thought, how the Roman likes suggestions of the continuity of his inheritance, of Jupiter evolving into Peter, and Rome going on and on.

Saint Peter sits against one of the four immense piers supporting Michelangelo's great dome. Each of these piers contains a very sacred relic; that in the pier behind Saint Peter is believed to be the lance which pierced the side of Christ as he hung upon the cross. In the pier which Saint Peter faces is the head of Saint Andrew, brought to Rome in the fifteenth century and carried through the streets with extraordinary ceremony. At the right, behind the crypt, where the statue of Constantine's mother, Saint Helena, stands, is the pier containing the relic of the true cross which she brought to Rome. And in the fourth pier is the kerchief of Saint Veronica given by her to Christ to wipe the blood and sweat from his brow as He bore his cross to Calvary, and returned to her with the imprint of his face upon it.

There is a story that Tiberius, being ill, sent to Jerusalem for that one of whom he had heard as able to cure all maladies. But Pilate, his Governor, had sent the Healer to his death, to satisfy the clamor of the Jews, and it seemed that Tiberius must go uncured. Then Veronica was found, and went to Rome and unfolded before Tiberius the picture on her linen cloth, which he worshipped and was cured. I'm a gladly credulous person, as you know; but I'm afraid that history (even the recent rehabilitation of Tiberius) doesn't support this story — yet.

To enter the crypt, or Sacred Grotto, you must have a ticket obtainable in the Sacristy. For the devout Catholic and for the ardent archæologist this grotto is a place most precious.

Whether you descend into the crypt or not, you will want to go into the Tribune, behind the high altar, to see the bronze reliquary made by Bernini for the Chair of Saint Peter, and — next to it — the monument of Paul III, the Farnese Pope, concerning which there is the curious story of a Spanish student in Rome who fell madly in love with the splendid statue of Giulia la Bella, the Pope's sister, toward whose liaison with Pope Alexander VI, Giulia's brother was 'nice.' The student hid himself in Saint Peter's when it was closed for the night, threw himself in a frenzy upon the marble and was found stone dead beside it in the morning. 'The ugly draperies of painted metal,' says Marion Crawford, 'which now hide much of the statue, owe their origin to this circumstance. Classical scholars will remember that a somewhat similar tale is told by Pliny of the Venus of Praxiteles in Cnidus.' There were originally four statues on the monument, but what became of the other two I cannot tell you.

The sacristies you will surely wish to see, and the treasury. In the former are the fragments of Melozzo da

Forli's frescoes painted for the Church of Santi Apostoli, with the angels so familiar to everybody through countless reproductions in color. In the latter are many things of interest — candelabra designed by Michelangelo, candlesticks executed by Pollaiuolo and Benvenuto Cellini, beautiful jewelled chalices, etc. — among the chief of which I put, as Grant Allen does, the dalmatic known as the coronation robe of Charlemagne, embroidered in gold and silver threads upon a background of indescribably lovely old blue. Excellent reproductions of this superb embroidery are obtainable at Florence; and I can testify that of my modest little travel trophies, few excite more interest and give more sheer delight of beauty, than this exquisite brocade.

Music lovers will wish to pay their tribute of remembrance at the burial place of Palestrina, in the left transept near the entrance to the sacristies.

Palestrina, born in the ancient Prænestе at the foot of the Sabine Mountains, was chapel-master here in Saint Peter's and later at the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, and then for many years composer to the Sistine Chapel, an office created expressly in his honor by Pope Pius IV, who compared one of Palestrina's masses with the music heard by Saint John in his vision of the New Jerusalem. This was in 1565, a little more than fifty years after Michelangelo had finished painting the Sistine Chapel. The compositions of Palestrina had almost ceased to be heard when Pope Pius X decreed that Roman Catholic churches should return to the Gregorian and Palestrinian chant or plainsong — a decree which, in the opinion of many students 'cannot fail to have the profoundest effect upon modern musical culture.'

The tomb of Pius X, who died on August 20, 1914, is in the arch just outside the Capella del Coro, or Chapel of the

Choir, which you pass after you leave the sacristies on your way back to the main portal of the church. Pius X, you will remember, was the greatly loved 'Papa Sarto,' Patriarch of Venice, whose reconstructive and reformative work for the Church is considered greater than that of any of his predecessors since Sixtus V, who died in 1590.

Pollaiuolo's monument of Innocent VIII is across the aisle. Next to it is the monument, by Canova, erected at the expense of George IV of England, to the three Stuarts buried here: the Old Pretender, calling himself James III; the Young Pretender, calling himself Charles III; and the latter's brother, Cardinal Duke of York, who styled himself Henry IX of England. The monument to James's wife and the mother of 'Bonny Prince Charlie' and his brother Henry is opposite, over the door through which one ascends to the dome.

When Sir Walter Scott was here, a dying man, in 1832, the only thing in Rome which seemed to arouse his flickering mind was this monument to the last of the Stuarts.

In the baptistery note the porphyry font, which cannot have been the lid of Hadrian's sarcophagus (as some writers aver) because he was cremated and had a cinerary urn, not a coffin. Some say it was part of the sarcophagus of the Emperor Otho II who died in 983; others ascribe it to the tomb of Pope Innocent II who died in 1143. Wherever it came from, it is one of those 'appropriations' wherewith the builders of Rome have always despoiled the work of their predecessors to further their own.

Such a tour of the church as I have described may be made, not too hurriedly, in an hour or so.

The Vatican may be glimpsed in a morning (the museums are open from nine to two only), fairly well seen in two mornings, and (of course), studied for years without coming anywhere near to an end of its treasures.

The papal Palace of the Lateran having been ruined by fire just after it was abandoned by the Popes (in 1308) was in no state to receive them when they returned to Rome, seventy years later, from Avignon; so Gregory XI, the first of the restored pontiffs, took up his abode in the Vatican Palace which had been a papal residence since the beginning of the sixth century. It derived its name from the district, Vaticanus, where there may have been an Etruscan town called Vaticum, back in the days of the early kings.

Nicholas V, the Pope who began the new Saint Peter's, planned also a greatly enlarged Vatican, to be the largest and most magnificent palace in the world, housing all the Princes of the Church and their suites and bringing together the government offices of that sovereign power to which all Christendom must bow.

His idea in planning the new Vatican was very close akin to that of Louis XIV, two centuries later, in planning the new Versailles; only, it was a highly centralized State that Louis developed about himself as its Sun King from whose rays all must derive light and life, and an effulgent as well as highly organized Church sovereignty that Nicholas designed, 'to strengthen the weak faith of the people,' he said, 'by the greatness of that which it sees.'

It was the rich outpourings of pilgrims to Rome in the jubilee year of 1450 that gave Nicholas the wherewithal to realize his desires of rebuilding; but the tragic Fall of Constantinople, three years later, and the enthronement of the infidel Turk in what had been a Christian capitol, broke the heart of Nicholas and hastened his death, besides putting a halt to his undertakings. He was a great scholar, a reverent lover of learning. His eminent friend, Æneas Silvius of Siena, later Pope Pius II, said of Nicholas that 'what he does not know is outside the range of human knowledge'; and in those days just preceding the invention

of printing, he founded a library of nine thousand volumes for which he employed hundreds of scholars and copyists. A library worthy of the dawning Renaissance it was, too, including many treasures of that classic literature which churchmen less enlightened than Nicholas fought as 'pagan.' Nicholas is characterized by historians as a 'humanist.' I wonder if the applications of that term interest you as they do me?

Broadly speaking, a humanist in the Renaissance was one who broke through the bonds of mediæval traditionalism and devoted himself to the rediscovery of the ancient philosophies; he was one who believed that *a* proper study, if not *the* 'proper study of mankind, is man' and all those gropings man has followed toward the forces which seemed to him to rule his destiny.

In Oxford University, to-day, the curriculum known as Humane Literature is Latin and Greek literature and philosophy; Scottish universities call professors of Latin professors of 'humanity.'

I draw no inferences; I simply find a whimsical interest in the fact that the pope who had the great vision of magnificently enthroned church government, comes down in history as a humanist, a great lover and patron of that pagan learning which many of his contemporaries feared as the devil is believed to fear holy water; and in the fact that the Vatican Palace he planned is celebrated to-day not only as the seat of Catholic sovereignty, but as one of the supreme treasure-houses of pagan art.

If you are a student of classic art, you will lose no time in getting to the Museum of Antiquities. If, however, you incline to be very much interested in the Vatican as a palace, as the principal seat of the Papal Court for five hundred and fifty years, and as the background of much engrossing history, you may want to make your first visit to

the library which Nicholas founded, and to his chapel, and to the Borgia Apartments.

All of the Vatican that is shown to visitors must be entered from the end of a veritable Via Dolorosa about a mile long, which leads from the piazza, around the sacristies, behind the church, and through a foot-blistering alley between the palace and the gardens. On no account let your sense of economy persuade you to walk over this penitential way. Take a cab, and hold tight as it rattles you over the rough stones to the door of the Museum.

The main entrance to the Vatican Palace is by the Porto di Bronzo at the end of the right colonnade; it is here that you enter if you have an audience with the Pope. If you stand at the foot of the steps and look up through the open doorway, you will see a most picturesque sight of Swiss Guards in their gorgeous blue and yellow uniforms that Michelangelo designed, and flitting forms of cassocked clergy, and a variety of persons on various errands bent. That long corridor you look up is called Corridore del Bernini, and leads directly to the Scala Regia, a magnificent staircase designed by Bernini, with a remarkable effect in perspective.

If you were to ascend the Scala Regia to the top, pass through a door, and go up another staircase (ninety-one steps) you would be at the door of the Sala Regia, the entrance-hall to the Sistine Chapel which is separated by only a few feet from the chapels in the right aisle of Saint Peter's. The Borgia Apartments, the Chapel of Nicholas V, the Raphael Stanze and Logge, are all there, close to that Porto di Bronzo. But to reach them you must (although there is a door from the vestibule of Saint Peter's, at the right, giving direct access to the Scala Regia) travel that weary mile to the Museum entrance, retrace it to the chapel and apartments, then go back over the whole

distance again. There seems to be no use complaining about this; but I'm sure that most of us would gladly pay double (or more) for the luxury of getting into the Sistine Chapel and the Raphael Stanze before we were too footsore and backachey to enjoy them.

Since that cannot be, drive to the Museum entrance at the far, north end of that alley which is called by the beautifully euphonious name of Vialone di Belvedere (Vee-a-lo-nay dee Bel-vay-day-ray) and instead of going up the staircase into the Museum of Antiquities, enter the Vatican Library, at your right.

The nucleus of Nicholas has grown until it numbers, now, some three hundred and fifty thousand volumes and many manuscripts and autographs. If you go rather hurriedly (as you probably will) through the Great Hall, completed in 1588, and two hundred and twenty feet long, note the contents of some, at least, of the glass cases — especially the first case on your right, with the dedication copy of Henry VIII's book on the Sacraments, for the writing of which the Pope conferred on him the title of Defender of the Faith; and, side by side with this, two of Henry's love letters to Anne Boleyn — whereby he lost the title. The Roman wall-painting discovered on the Esquiline early in the seventeenth century, and bought from the Aldobrandini for the Vatican in 1816, is in an apartment of the Library. It does *not* represent the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, as some of the guide-books say; and probably does not represent the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, the parents of Achilles — as Grant Allen says. But it is one of the best-preserved of those Roman or Alexandrian paintings which copied or imitated, endlessly, certain great Greek pictures of the fourth century B.C. — 'the golden age.'

At the end of the Vatican Library is the entrance to the Borgia Apartments which are supremely interesting, historically and artistically.

The first of the Borgia Popes (there were two) was the immediate successor of Nicholas V. He was a Spaniard, a Doctor of Jurisprudence, secretary to Alfonso of Aragon (King of Naples and the Two Sicilies) and did not attain any position as a churchman until after he was fifty years old — when he was made Bishop of Valencia, presumably so that he might enjoy the revenues. In 1444, when he was sixty-six years of age, he was made a Cardinal; and in April, 1455, he totteringly ascended Saint Peter's throne, which he occupied for three years while he made Rome the happy hunting-ground of Spaniards in general and of his own nephews in particular. Of these latter, we can concern ourselves with only one: Roderigo, son of Calixtus's sister. Roderigo was in his twenty-fifth year when his aged uncle made him a Cardinal-Deacon and (shortly after) Vice-Chancellor of Holy Church with an annual stipend of eight thousand florins.

While Calixtus lay dying, the Orsini led the city in driving out the favored Spaniards; but Roderigo stayed, went to the Sacred College to vote for a successor to his uncle, and by allying himself conspicuously and helpfully with the candidacy of Æneas Silvius de' Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena, he set himself high in the favor of that estimable man when he had become Pope Pius II.

Pius II was succeeded by Paul II, and still Roderigo Borgia flourished at Rome, living in more than princely splendor and voluptuousness. When a successor to Paul II was to be chosen, again Roderigo played clever politics, and for his aid in electing Sixtus IV (whom he crowned) enjoyed increasing favor even in that reign when the Pontiff seemed bent on turning all the golden streams in the direction of his own bastards and nephews.

It was just before the death of Paul II and the accession of Sixtus IV, that Roderigo Borgia's relations with

Giovanna Catanei began; 'Vanozza,' she is usually called — an abbreviation of Giovanozza, an affectionate form of Giovanna.

We don't know much about Vanozza prior to the time she became the acknowledged mistress of Roderigo Borgia, except that she was born in 1442, and was therefore eleven years younger than Roderigo who was already the father of two acknowledged children when she began giving him that family destined to play so conspicuous a part in history. Whether Cesare Borgia was or was not the first child of this informal union is one of the points on which historians delight to disagree — just as they do on whether Cesare was or was not the murderer of his brother, Giovanni Duke of Gandia. Lucrezia Borgia was younger than these two brothers, and older than the third son of Roderigo and Vanozza; she was born on April 19, 1479.

Cardinal Roderigo lived, in those days, in a sumptuous palace on Via de' Banchi Vecchio which runs into the present Corso Vittorio Emanuele a little south of Ponte Sant' Angelo; and in what is now called Piazza Sforza Cesarini (opening off that Corso hard by the Chiesa Nuova where you may have gone to visit the birthplace of oratorio), Vanozza lived with her children and her husband who was not their father.

'By this time,' Sabatini says in his 'Life of Cesare Borgia,' 'Cardinal Roderigo's wealth and power had grown to stupendous proportions, and he lived in a splendor well worthy of his lofty rank. He was not fifty-three years of age, still retaining the air and vigor of a man in his very prime, which, no doubt, he owed as much as to anything to his abstemious and singularly sparing table-habits. He derived a stupendous income from his numberous abbeys in Italy and Spain, his three bishoprics, and his ecclesiastical offices.

'Volterra refers with wonder to the abundance of his plate, to his pearls, his gold embroideries, and his books, the splendid equipment of his beds, the trappings of his horses, and other similar furnishings in gold, in silver, and in silk. In short, he was the wealthiest Prince of the Church of his day, and he lived with a magnificence worthy of a king or of the Pope himself.'

Sixtus IV died, in August, 1482; and Rome, led by the Orsini, was immediately in arms to despoil and drive out the bastard sons and the scandalously enriched nephews of the late Pope. Then the College of Cardinals 'elected' the Genoese who took the name of Innocent VIII — proving thereby either that he had no sense of humor or that he had a very robust one. Italy rang with the scandal of his purchase of the sovereign power. And soon it rang with the worse than scandal of what he did with it.

'Nepotism,' says Sabatini, 'had characterized many previous pontificates; open paternity was to characterize his, for he was the first Pope who, in flagrant violation of canon law, acknowledged his children for his own. He proceeded to provide for some seven bastards, and that provision appears to have been the only aim and scope of his pontificate.

'Not content with raising money by the sale of preferments, Innocent established a traffic in indulgences, the like of which had never been seen before. In the Rome of his day you might, had you the money, buy anything, from a cardinal's hat to a pardon for the murder of your father.'

Ten years of 'anarchy, robbery, and murder, preyed upon the city' under Innocent; and midway of that period, Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, undisturbed in his great wealth and power, fell in love with the beautiful Giulia Farnese, forty years his junior, and made her his mistress. Vanozza was widowed about that same time, and almost immediately

provided with a new husband and separated from those of her children then with her — Lucrezia and Giuffredo — who went to live with their father's cousin, Adriana Orsini, whose son was betrothed to Giulia Farnese.

Innocent VIII died on July 25, 1492; and on the eleventh of August, the unanimous election of Roderigo Borgia was announced. He ascended the Papal throne as Alexander VI, and his coronation was a magnificent spectacle. Soon after his accession, he ordered the sumptuous decoration of these apartments wherein he installed himself and his family.

In June of the following year, the first marriage of his daughter Lucrezia was celebrated in the Hall of the Popes. Lucrezia was then just past her fourteenth birthday, and very beautiful. We derive our ideas of her mainly from Dumas' 'Crimes of the Borgias' and Victor Hugo's drama of 'Lucrezia Borgia'; but she has been rehabilitated, since then — largely through the efforts of the German historian, Gregorovius, who lived many years in Rome, wrote much about its history, and is cited and quoted in nearly everything written on Rome in the last forty years or so.

In September, following Lucrezia's marriage, her father created twelve new cardinals, including his son Cesare, and Giulia's handsome and dissolute brother Alessandro Farnese who became known as the 'Cardinal of the Petticoat'; he, you will remember, was to become Pope Paul III, whose marvellous portrait by Titian was one of your great impressions in the Naples Museum, and whose scandalous story, with its ramifications, engages the traveller almost all through Italy.

Your guide-book, whichever it is, will give you abundant details of the paintings of these six rooms. What I wish I could do is to help you see, here, Alexander and Giulia and Alessandro Farnese and Cesare Borgia, and Lucrezia, and Giovanni, who was murdered on a June night in 1497, his

THE BORGIA FAMILY

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Lucrezia with Cesare at her right and Pope Alexander VI
at her left

body thrown into the Tiber near Ponte Sant' Angelo. Alexander's grief for the loss of this son was terrible, and in these apartments he shut himself up with his passionate sorrow, refusing to taste food, to sleep, or to see anybody. He 'declared that he had done with the world, and that henceforth life could offer him nothing that should endear it to him. "A greater sorrow than this could not be ours, for we loved him exceedingly, and now we can hold neither the Papacy nor any other thing as of concern. Had we seven Papacies, we would give them all to restore the Duke to life." ' Even Savonarola was moved by this grief, and wrote his arch-enemy a letter of condolence 'singularly human, yielding a singular degree of insight into the nature of the man who penned it.'

Many another scene of which these walls were witness, I'd like to recall to you; but the story of any one of the Borgias is matter for a book alone, and if you are interested in them I commend to you Sabatini's 'Life of Cesare Borgia,' or 'The Life and Times of Roderigo Borgia,' by Arnold H. Matthew, D.D.

Only one more retrospect must we take space for here; and that is the death of Alexander VI in the bedroom opening off the Hall of the Liberal Arts. The popular story about Alexander's death is that he and Cesare drank unwittingly of poisoned wine they had prepared for Cardinal Corneto whose vast riches they intended to seize. The probable truth is that Alexander died of Roman fever, 'of which men were dying every day in the most alarming numbers.' Cesare was stricken at the same time; and, raging with fever though he was, so that he ordered himself immersed to the neck in a huge jar of ice-cold water, he had wits enough at command to keep the news of his father's death from getting out until he had secured, against the pillage he knew was imminent, the major part of the dead Pontiff's treasure.

That was in August, 1503. Loathing all that savored of him, Alexander's successors shunned the Borgia Apartments, and they fell into a condition of neglect and decay, from which they were rescued only in 1897, by Pope Leo XIII, who had them restored and opened to the public.

Immediately above the Borgia Apartments are the rooms occupied by Cesare Borgia, and now known as the Stanze of Raphael, painted by him and from his designs for Julius II (who succeeded Alexander VI) and Leo X, the first Medici Pope, who was a son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. When the Medici were expelled from Florence in 1494, one of those who went with them was the late Lorenzo's secretary, Bernardo Divizio, who, with Giuliano de' Medici, took refuge at Urbino, which soon thereafter began to buzz with wonderment at the genius of the boy, Raphael de' Santi. When Giovanni de' Medici became Pope Leo X, nearly twenty years later, he made Divizio a Cardinal; and Divizio, best known to us as Cardinal Bibbiena, was Raphael's intimate friend and powerful patron, and purposed becoming his relative by marriage by giving him for wife his niece, Maria da Bibbiena. The tradition about Maria is that she died of a broken heart because Raphael kept postponing their marriage. In any event, Raphael left orders for the memorial tablet to her in the Pantheon and bequeathed to her uncle, his friend and patron, the beautiful house close to the Vatican which Bramante had built and wherein Raphael lived his last years, and died.

It was Bramante, Raphael's fellow-townsman, who prevailed upon Pope Julius II to bring Raphael to Rome, in 1508 or 1510, when the young artist was just turned twenty-five or twenty-seven, to paint these apartments. (H. B. Cotterill, in his admirable 'History of Art,' and the Cruickshanks who wrote 'Christian Rome' for the Grant Allen series, and Baedeker's art-writer, think that Raphael

came to Rome in 1508, while Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Lanzi, Lavery, and other authorities have found more or less indisputable evidence that he was then still painting at Florence. I don't know that it makes any great difference to you and me whether he came in 1508 or 1510; but I am inclined to accept the chronology of Felix Lavery whose recent book on Raphael represents ten years of intensive research into the matter of the dates at which Raphael's pictures were painted.)

The first work he executed in Rome, however, was probably the great portrait of Julius II, which you will see at Florence — the one in which Julius wears the white beard he had that year grown and which he swore he would not cut until he had expelled the French from Italy.

But little time was lost in getting to work at these rooms. And the first of these that he did was the Camera della Signatura, so called because there the Papal Bulls were signed; here the Pope sat in his court of justice, every Thursday.

The paintings of this room have an inexhaustible fascination for me, and I'd like nothing better than to have space for detailed comment on them — not on their art, for I do not presume to write on art, and if you are concerned with that you will find excellent commentaries in Grant Allen's 'Christian Rome,' in Baedeker, and elsewhere; but on the stories the pictures tell and the story of Raphael as he was painting them; to help you see, here, as I do, vividly before my inner eye, the slim young painter (looking much as he painted himself in 1506, in the portrait now in Florence) moving about in this and the adjoining rooms, discussing his architectural backgrounds with his friend Bramante, then busy with the building of Saint Peter's, and with his other friends, Baldassare Castiglione the elegant courtier and Pietro Bembo the eminent humanist, and quoting to

them what Ariosto had replied to Raphael's questions on certain matters of classic lore.

I don't know *why* I think that Raphael must have welcomed this opportunity to paint Homer and Virgil and Dante and Petrarch, and Plato and Aristotle and Socrates and Diogenes, after having painted little else than saints and Madonnas. But my feeling persists that here, on this 'job,' he felt himself expanding in an intellectual world wonderfully exhilarating to him. There are few places so pervaded by his presence; and if I could be here when the rooms were still, I know I'd hear delicious chuckles as Raphael showed Castiglione his features given to Zoroaster, and Bramante appearing as the geometrist with the compasses, and so on. How many portraits there are in the groups, we do not know — but Raphael himself is there, in the right-hand corner of the so-called 'School of Athens'; and we may be sure that almost every time a notable of Raphael's acquaintance came in, while the work was going on, there was a new discovery of some one's likeness, and much merriment in consequence. So I find these rooms jolly as well as glorious.

Julius II went into ecstasies over the Camera della Signatur and paid the young painter twelve hundred ducats, an immense sum in those days, besides admitting him to his intimate friendship and commissioning him to decorate the other rooms of this suite with frescoes whose subjects the Pope had chosen to illustrate the triumph of the Catholic Faith.

The relations between Julius and Raphael seem to have been as amiable as the Pontiff's relations with Michelangelo (then at work on the Sistine Chapel) were stormy.

The next of the four rooms to be painted by Raphael was the Stanza d' Eliodoro; and Julius did not live to see it finished. In the same year (1513) Bramante died. And the

new Pope, Leo X, not only continued Raphael's employment on the Vatican apartments, but made him architect-in-chief of Saint Peter's, with absolute authority over all monuments, buildings, and ruins within a circuit of ten miles around Rome.

The third apartment decorated was the Stanza dell' Incendio, which was done from Raphael's designs but probably only in spots by his own hand. His popularity was now so great, and his commissions so numerous, that he had to employ a whole 'school' of assistants, most of whom he housed in his fine palace where he lived like a prince. Extraordinary homage was paid to the 'Divine Master' by these painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, gilders, wood-carvers and master-craftsmen of all kinds; and he, in spite of all that he had to do, gave close personal superintendence to their studies, their work, and their welfare.

'He was daily escorted (Edgecumbe Staley says), 'to and from Saint Peter's and the Vatican by upwards of fifty young men, by way of a guard of honor. It is said that one day Michelangelo met the cortège, and, in his usual sarcastic manner, saluted Raphael with: "You'll walk, I expect, one of these days like a general at the head of an army!"'

While this third room was being painted, Raphael was deep in his designs for Saint Peter's, making the cartoons for his superb tapestries, painting many of his great portraits and his Madonnas, trying his hand at sculpture, and doing many other things, besides holding an eminent place in the intimate friendship of the most distinguished personages in Rome — and making love to Margherita, the baker's daughter whom he immortalized on his canvases and for whom (probably) he wrote that 'century of sonnets' which Browning declared (in 'One Word More') he would rather have seen than the Madonnas.

The fourth room, the Sala di Constantino, was painted after Raphael's death by his former pupils. From this room, visitors are usually conducted to the room in which Julius II died, to the Chapel of Nicholas V, with the lovely frescoes of Fra Angelico, and to the Raphael Logge, painted under his direction, the pictures in it being known as the Bible of Raphael.

Your next objective in the Vatican will doubtless be the Sistine Chapel, concerning which, also, your guide-book gives such detailed information that I shall content myself with adding to it only a few glimpses of Michelangelo at work here. (For, though Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and other very eminent artists also contributed to the decoration of the chapel, it is preëminently of Michelangelo that most visitors think there.)

You will recall how Julius II and Michelangelo quarrelled about the Pontiff's tomb; and how they became relatively reconciled, and Michelangelo returned to Rome and to such favor with the Pope that Bramante (it is said), hoping to see Michelangelo make himself ridiculous, persuaded Julius to set the latter at work on the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo protested that he knew nothing of fresco-painting; but the Pope persisted.

Bramante raised a scaffolding for Michelangelo, who declared it useless, and raised another in its place. Experienced fresco-painters were brought from Florence to assist Michelangelo, and he locked them out of the Chapel.

On the tenth of May, 1508, he began to paint the ceiling. Nine months later he wrote to his father:

'I am in a state of great mental depression: it is a year now since I received a fixed income from the Pope. I ask him for nothing, because my work does not advance sufficiently to make remuneration appear to me to be merited. This arises from the difficulty of the work and also

from the fact that it does not belong to my profession. Thus I lose time without result. God help me!'

In October, 1509, he wrote to his brother Sigismondo:

'I am living here in distress and in a state of great bodily fatigue. I have no friend of any kind and do not want any.... It is rarely that I have the means to eat to my liking.'

'The Pope,' says Romain Rolland, 'became irritated at his slowness and obstinacy in hiding his work. Their proud characters dashed against each other like thunderclouds.'

One day Julius II asked him when the work would be finished, and Michelangelo made his invariable reply, 'When I am able.' This day, Julius was in a bad mood. '"When I am able,"' he cried, angrily. '"When I am able!"' And raising his stick he struck the painter. Thereupon Michelangelo rushed home and began preparations for leaving Rome. But Julius sent his excuses and five hundred ducats, which Michelangelo accepted.

Another day, the Pope came in to see how work was progressing, and became so angry that he demanded: 'Do you want me to have you thrown from the top of your scaffolding?'

In the summer of 1510 Michelangelo wrote:

'Labor has given me a goitre.... My stomach points towards my chin, my beard turns towards the sky, my skull rests on my back and my chest is like that of a harpy. The paint from my brush, in dripping onto my face, has made a many-colored pattern upon it. My loins have entered into my body, and my posterior counterbalances. I walk in a haphazard manner, without being able to see my feet. My skin is extended in front and shortened behind. I am bent like a Syrian bow. My intelligence is as strange as my body, for one plays an ill tune on a bent reed.'

I am afraid it will have to be admitted of Michelangelo,

Titan though he was, that he was addicted to the most destructive of all poisons, self-pity.

But Vasari records of him that while painting the ceiling of the Sistine 'he injured his sight to such an extent that for a long time afterwards he could neither read a letter nor look at an object unless he held them above his head in order to see them better.'

On All Saints' Day, 1512, his work was uncovered; and three and a half months later, Julius II died — whereupon Michelangelo returned to Florence and resumed work upon the mausoleum of Julius.

Perhaps I am trivial in feeling personalities so strongly, here in the presence of art so sublime; but I may as well admit it. I do my best to stretch my powers toward a comprehension in some sort of Michelangelo's genius, but I am sadly aware that I don't get very far. Just why I think I comprehend him better as a *person*, I don't know; perhaps because that way my small gift, and all my training, lies. At any rate, I seem to feel his moods as he toiled here; I seem to see him coming, day after day, to this task of which he despaired; I seem to see the figure of Julius II, looking as Raphael familiarized him to all the world, coming in here and demanding to know how the work is progressing — and then storming away to those nearby apartments where Raphael is chuckling with Castiglione over the most recent portrait in the 'School of Athens.'

'All he knows in art he learnt from me,' Michelangelo said of Raphael. But even if it were true, it was a compliment and not an aspersion — though that is not as Michelangelo meant it. There was no reason why Raphael should be jealous of Michelangelo, and no evidence that he was. But Raphael's extraordinary personal as well as artistic popularity seems to have stung Michelangelo almost unendurably. And if Raphael did not resent this on his own

account, he undoubtedly sided with his friend Bramante when Michelangelo accused the latter of using shoddy building materials and cheating his patrons.

The vast fresco of 'The Last Judgment' was not begun until twenty-two years after the completion of the ceiling, spandrels and lunettes. Michelangelo was then in his sixtieth year and had been away from Rome for more than two decades during which time 'he had made three statues for the uncompleted monument of Julius II, seven unfinished statues for the uncompleted monument of the Medici, the unfinished vestibule of the Laurenziana (library), the unfinished "Christ" of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the unfinished "Apollo" for Baccio Valori (now in the Bargello, Florence). He had lost his health, his energy, his faith in art and in the fatherland. He had lost his favorite brother. He had lost the father whom he adored.'

He was never to see Florence again. Rome was to be his home, henceforth.

'The Last Judgment' represents seven years of labor. Shortly after it was begun, Michelangelo met Vittoria Colonna, and this picture more than any other work of his reflects that period of his life when he was under her influence. And that there is no trace of tenderness, no touch of loveliness, in all the terrible majesty of it, may be due not only to the sombre nature of Michelangelo (too tragic even for bitterness), but also to the fact that Vittoria was undergoing, in those years, a panic-stricken reaction from the religious reform and liberalism she had previously espoused. The Inquisition was incubating, terror was being sown in the souls of those who had been presuming to think for themselves; and Vittoria was driven by fear to torture herself by fasts and hair-shirts, in penance for her dalliance with thinkers who were at variance with the authority of the Church.

Perhaps she imparted to Michelangelo something of her fear of the wrath of God. Perhaps she derived it in part from him.

At any rate, there is the picture he painted while he was enjoying her friendship; and I think she must have come more than once to see how the work progressed, of which they no doubt talked much in their high intercourse.

I like to fancy her here. And I like to wonder what she said to Michelangelo when she heard that he had revenged himself on Biagio, one of the Vatican officials who annoyed him with criticisms of his work, by painting Biagio as Minos, judge of Hades, a half-human monster with a serpent's tail. (Paul III, the Farnese Pope, was Supreme Pontiff then; and when Biagio appealed to him for redress, Paul said he might have done something to get Biagio out of Purgatory, if Michelangelo had put him there, but to get a man out of Hell even a Pope was powerless.)

Biagio had complained to the Pope about the nudity of Michelangelo's figures, and declared the picture suitable only for a house of ill-fame. But the first public horror expressed for these nudities emanated from 'perhaps the most scandalously indecent and immoral writer,' says H. B. Cotterill, 'that ever existed, namely, Pietro Aretino, son of a cobbler of Arezzo. What style of man this Pietro was may be seen in a portrait of him in the Pitti Gallery, where the big, coarse, full-lipped and black-bearded face undoubtedly reflects accurately his character — for it was painted by Titian — and enables us to estimate the value of his personal attacks on Michelangelo as an "obscene Lutheran."'

It may have been the shocking charge of Lutheranism rather than that of obscenity which led to the decision that Michelangelo's figures must be clothed; and one of his pupils, Daniele da Volterra, who supplied the garments, earned thereby the popular nickname of 'the Breeches-Maker.'

Be sure not to leave this part of the Vatican without seeing the Raphael tapestries which were designed for the Sistine Chapel, hung there just before Raphael's death, in 1520, and carried off seven years later in the sack of Rome by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon. They were restored in 1553, carried off again by the French in 1798, and brought back by Pius VII in 1808.

The Vatican Museum I shall not attempt to write of in any detail, inasmuch as it is so completely covered by many, many writers, and so comprehensively catalogued in your guide-book.

If you can make but one visit to it, my suggestion is that you confine your attention to a few of its myriad treasures. Without presuming to say which of them may most interest you, I will enumerate a number of those I find of first appeal:

The sarcophagi of Constantine's mother Helena, and his daughter, Constantia — for instance — in the first room visited, the Sala a Croce Greca; and the copy of Praxiteles' Cnidian Venus. Upstairs, in the Sala della Biga, the Biga or chariot, the Roman charioteer, and the sarcophagi with reliefs of chariot-races in the Circus of Maxentius on Via Appia; also, the copy of Myron's Discobolus.

You may, on a first brief visit, walk rather briskly through the Sala Rotonda, with an eye alert for a glimpse of the Zeus of Otricoli, and through the Sala delle Muse, the Sala degli Animali, the Galleria delle Statue and the Sala dei Busti, to devote yourself to the Cortile del Belvedere, where you will find the Laocoön group, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Antinoüs.

The celebrated Torso of Hercules is in the Atrio nearest to Apollo.

The Museo Chiaramonti which was added by Pius VII and bears his family name, is housed in a long gallery

running south from the Cortile del Belvedere. You might almost omit it entirely, save that it is on your way to the Braccio Nuovo, or new wing, also added by Pius VII, which contains the glorious Apoxyomenos and the Daughter of Niobe.

The Picture Gallery of the Vatican is entered from a different door, nearer to Saint Peter's than the door by which we enter the library and museum. It is also a foundation of Pius VII. The collection is not a large one; and for others than students of art, the principal reason for going there is Raphael's great picture of The Transfiguration and his Madonna of Foligno. But this is reason enough. The Transfiguration is one of the pictures that no one should miss seeing. It was painted on order of Cardinal Giulio de' Medici (later, Pope Clement VII) for the Cathedral of Narbonne, in France; but was unfinished when Raphael died, and Leo X (Cardinal Giulio's cousin) refused to allow the removal of the picture from Rome, and ordered it placed over the High Altar of San Pietro in Montorio, where it hung until Napoleon carried it off to Paris in 1797. It was returned to Rome after Napoleon's downfall.

You will note, on your plan or map of this part of Rome, that all the streets running from the Vatican to the Tiber are called 'Borgo' — Borgo Vecchio, Borgo Nuovo, etc. Soon after the building of the first church over Saint Peter's tomb, little settlements of foreigners began to grow hereabouts, to meet the needs of pilgrims of their nationality. These were called *borghi;* and they were included within the wall which Leo IV built about these sacred precincts as a protection against the Saracens — thereby forming a community which was long called the Leonine City or the Borgo; the latter name still clings.

The first street running riverwards from the Bernini

Colonnade is Borgo Santo Spirito; the next, on the north, is Borgo Vecchio, and the third is Borgo Nuovo. Raphael's house is on Borgo Nuovo, in Piazza Scossa Cavalli, about halfway between the Vatican and Castel Sant' Angelo.

What was his studio is now cut into two apartments; but the beautiful wood ceiling by Bramante is intact.

'In this studio,' says Paul Konody (whose little book on Raphael in the Masterpieces in Color series I heartily commend to you), 'he must have painted the greatest and most deservedly popular of his altar-pieces, the "Madonna di San Sisto," and the "Transfiguration," which was on his easel when death stayed his hand. Here, too, he probably painted that masterly portrait of Baldassare Castiglione, which is one of the priceless treasures of the Louvre, and perhaps the magnificent group of "Leo X with Cardinals Giulio de' Medi ˙ and L. de' Rossi," now at the Pitti Palace. All the most notable men who were in Rome at that period passed through Raphael's studio, but of the portraits which he is known to have painted in Rome, comparatively few have come down to us.'

In the early days of April, 1520, Raphael was attacked by a fever which he had probably contracted in superintending some excavations. He made his will on the 4th of April, and died on the 6th, which was Good Friday.

La Fornarina is said to have been with him until the Pope's messenger, bringing the Pontifical benediction to the dying man, insisted on her removal from the room. You will find colored postcards of the death-chamber scene, reproduced from a modern painting, on sale in Rome.

Raphael left Margherita 'a sufficient provision wherewith she might live in decency.' And in 1897, some one (Lanciani, if I'm not mistaken) found an entry in the ledger of the Congregation of Sant' Apollonia in Trastevere, a kind of home for repentant women, which reads: 'August 18,

1520 — To-day has been received into our establishment the widow Margherita, daughter of the late Francesco Luti of Siena.'

Raphael's death was deplored in Rome as a calamity to all classes of her citizens, and the lamentations for him were extraordinary.

I think you will surely like, as you stand in Piazza Scossa Cavalli looking at his house, to fancy yourself one of the crowd gathered there when the news of his death spread through the Borgo; to hear the comments on Margherita's expulsion; to join in the general grief; and to watch the coming and going of eminent men, paying their visits of respect.

Then, continue through Borgo Nuovo to the Castel Sant' Angelo; which, however, you should not visit hurriedly or when you are tired, since it is one of the most intensely interesting spots in all Rome.

Its story is matter for a book; and we haven't even a chapter for it — only a few paragraphs. Your guide-book, however, gives the principal data.

Which of the stormy scenes enacted in it and around it after it became a fortress, in the fifth century, you will most wish to recall there, I cannot guess.

Perhaps the Empress Theodora who, Marion Crawford says, 'strong and sinful, flashed upon history out of impenetrable darkness, seized the fortress, and made and unmade popes at her will, till, dying, she bequeathed the domination to her only daughter, and her name to the tale of Roman tyranny.' Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt and the movies have made Theodora live for our generation and the preceding one. (Indeed, it is again Sardou, and his Tosca — another stage-lady more than twelve centuries later than Theodora — whom many visitors most readily recall at Sant' Angelo.)

Perhaps you'll think most of Gregory VII ('the monk Hildebrand') shut up here in a state of siege, while his enemy, the Emperor Henry IV whom he had humbled at Canossa, caused Archbishop Guibert to be crowned at the Lateran as Clement III; or Clement VII, besieged here in 1527 by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon, fighting for Emperor Charles V, and Benvenuto Cellini helping to defend the Castle and to save the Pope's treasures. Do, before you go to the Castle, re-read all those gorgeous passages in Cellini's Autobiography wherein he describes the attack on the castle, and how he fired the shot that killed Bourbon; and how, years later, he was a prisoner here on the charge of having stolen, during the siege, some of the papal jewels; and how he escaped, etc.

You will certainly think of Beatrice Cenci here; and perhaps of Giordano Bruno, whom we have several times recalled elsewhere.

Spend, I pray you, as much time as you can on the platform of the castle, overlooking Rome — a superb place for reverie.

VII

THE STRANGERS' QUARTER

The part of Rome which has long been known as the Strangers' Quarter lies at the base and on the slope of the Pincian Hill and eastward, over the Quirinal Hill to the railway station. If you will look at your map of Rome for a minute, you will easily trace the outlines of this section which will almost certainly be the first of Rome to engross you.

It is in the northern part of the city, you see, with the Piazza del Popolo like an oval basin from which the Corso flows straight to Piazza Venezia; that is the western boundary. The southern is the Via Nazionale ending in the *round* basin of Piazza delle Terme, near the railway station. East of the Terme (or Baths) of Diocletian, there is not much that interests the average stranger — until he gets well beyond the city gates. But on the north there is a succession of parks, gardens, and other celebrated points of view from which almost every visitor to Rome gets some of his loveliest impressions.

When you arrive in Rome, you will (unless you are travelling by auto) get your first glimpses of the Eternal City as you emerge from the railway station.

Arriving passengers are dispersed from the platform which fronts southwest and gives a view down Via Cavour leading past Santa Maria Maggiore and almost into San Pietro in Vincolo. But when you give your directions to a cab-driver or enter the motor-bus of the hotel you have chosen, you will probably head at once into Piazza dei Cinquecento (Chink-weh-chento); and I think you will

agree with me that not many cities in the world greet newcomers with so charming a prospect. Some travellers find it disappointing because it is so spacious, handsome and modern. That is because they see it only with a 'camera eye.' I want you to see more, even in your first glimpse; so that the indescribable thrill of knowing yourself in Rome may not be diminished by the smallest regret.

This great space fronting the railway station was just inside the walls of ancient Rome, at the northeast corner. The wall of Servius Tullius, built in 533 B.C., ran along the eastern end of it; and if you were afoot, and wished to see a bit of antiquity that would satisfy all your yearnings for immediate impressions of Rome's past, you could go over behind the Custom House, northeast of the station, and see the longest section yet standing of that Servian wall 'which Horace saw, and Virgil, and Cæsar — and Hannibal, from the outside! — and the old Etruscan King about whom we know so much and yet so little.'

Nearly five hundred feet of it still stand there. The wall was six miles in length, and had eighteen gates. At this point it was exceptionally high and broad; outside it was a dry moat thirty feet deep and a hundred feet wide.

Across the piazza, on the north, are the buildings constructed in some of the remains of what are known as Diocletian's Baths; and hereby hangs many a tale, one or two of which you will, I think, like to have in mind when you see this place.

Diocletian's parents had been slaves, it is said; his birthplace was where the Dalmatian city of Spalato now is, and there he died, in the vast palace he had built, that covered nine and a half acres — its ruins contain most of the city of Spalato, with its nearly thirty thousand inhabitants.

Diocletian was a soldier and an able, if autocratic, administrator. Rome knew little of him except by hearsay.

He was Emperor for twenty-one years, and in all that time never saw Rome until the year before his abdication. That was the year 305, and about then the great baths were built whose real name is the Baths of the Six Emperors. It is a pity that the old designation has not clung to the structure; because there *were* six Cæsars when it was erected, and that tells a story important to remember.

The Roman Empire was too big and too diversified for unification. Diocletian, who was an east-of-the-Adriatic Roman, knew that no one man could hold in control Italy and Gaul and Britain and Asia and Africa and what we call 'the Near East.' So, at the outset of his reign, he chose a colleague, Maximian, whose headquarters were principally in Milan and who ruled Italy and Africa. Some six years later, they realized that two emperors were not enough, and selected two more; Constantius, the father of Constantine, who ruled in Britain, and Galerius, who was permanently stationed near the Danube. And as the time drew near for the older men to abdicate, they chose two other Cæsars to be the junior rulers under Constantius and Galerius: Severus and Maximian.

I don't know how you feel about it; but to me there is an immense significance in the fact of the Six Emperors.

These great baths, which accommodated thirty-two hundred persons at once, were a sort of conciliation made by the absentee rulers to the dwellers in Rome. They consisted of a mass of central buildings standing in a vast court surrounded by colonnaded porticoes with circular, domed buildings at the two western corners and between them an immense, semi-circular auditorium, doubtless used as a theatre. The outline of this latter is preserved in the semi-circular, colonnaded buildings of what is known as Piazza dell' Esedra.

The central buildings were less destroyed by barbarians

THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN
From an old print

and pillaged by Christian builders than were other Roman edifices; and in 1561, Michelangelo was employed by Pope Pius IV to convert the principal hall of the baths, the Tepidarium, into a church for the Carthusian monks; Santa Maria degli Angeli it is called, and is the Court church. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena were married in it. Eleanora Duse was buried from it. In other parts of the baths, and in the great monastery which the Carthusians built beside their church, is housed the National Museum of the Terme. This you may or may not care to visit if your time is brief.

Should you feel that you have nearly reached your capacity for ancient art (and if a traveller has seen the Capitoline and Vatican collections in a week, he may not unreasonably feel that for the present, and with Florence's galleries just ahead, he cannot take in any more), then you might like to go primarily for a sight of Michelangelo's Cloisters and the garden in their midst, with the cypress tree he planted.

For students of art and of antiquity, the Museo delle Terme is a notable collection; but for the hurrying traveller I should say that more time spent at the Vatican and Capitoline museums would yield him more for his perpetual pleasure.

The route to most hotels and pensions lies past the portal of Santa Maria degli Angeli (the church Michelangelo made in the Tepidarium) and up past the entrance of the Grand Hotel to Via Venti Settembre (20th of September — the day, in 1870, when the Italian troops, fighting for a free and united Italy, marched along this street into Rome, victorious) which is one of the principal thoroughfares of the Quirinal district. At the corner of this street and the Grand Hotel, is the Fontanone dell' Acqua Felice fed by water conducted from Colonna in the Alban Mountains, thirteen

miles away, by order of Pope Sixtus V, in 1585 and thereabouts; his name before he ascended the papal throne was Felice Peretti — hence 'Felix's water.'

If you turn to your right at Via Venti Settembre, and proceed toward the Porta Pia, you will pass, on your left, the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, and then, on your right, the huge Ministry of Finance.

Then, as you approach the Gate, you have the British Embassy on your right, in the former Villa Torlonia; and on your left, in what was once Villa Bonaparte (belonging to Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's favorite sister), the Prussian Legation to the Vatican.

On your right, if you pass through Porta Pia, you have the new Ministry of Public Works and, back of it, the General Offices of Italian State Railways. This is the road to Saint Agnes Beyond the Walls, and to the tomb of Constantine's daughter, and the picturesque Ponte Nomentana which you see in so many scenes of Rome from postcards to paintings.

The encounter (on September 20, 1870) between the papal troops and those of Victor Emmanuel II, which resulted in victory for the latter, took place just outside Porta Pia — between it and Porta Salaria, where part of the Corso d' Italia now runs. The Italian soldiers, after five hours' bombardment, made a breach in the Aurelian Wall where it formed the eastern end of Villa Bonaparte. Tablets mark the place now; and in the Corso, opposite, rises the commemorative Column of Victory.

Should you have need, or merely desire, to pay your respects at the office of the United States Embassy, you will find it at Number 16 Piazza San Bernardo, close to the Fontanone dell' Acqua Felice. And if you turn to your left at the fountain, instead of to your right and the Porta Pia, you will pass the Ministry of War, on your left, and the

back of Palazzo Barberini, on your right, and come, presently, to the gardens and Palace of the Quirinal.

The Barberini Palace was built for the Barberini Pope, Urban VIII, who occupied the throne of Saint Peter from 1623 to 1644. The stones for the palace were taken from the Colosseum, and a Pasquinade declared that 'the Barberini had done what the Barbarians had not.' They were of Tuscan origin, the Barberini; and their day of eminence in Rome was not a long one, though their strain, mingled with that of a branch of the Colonna, is still in evidence. Urban VIII, under whom Galileo was tried at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, believed in the Copernican system as Galileo did; and when the stupid court of the Inquisition declared the laws of the universe to be nonsense, Urban protested, in a *sotto voce* way, not daring to brave the terrible reactionaries of the Church in defence of his opinions or of his friend.

You will want to visit the gallery of the Barberini Palace, which is open to the public every day except Sundays, to see the Beatrice Cenci portrait by Guido Reni (some say it isn't Beatrice, and some say it isn't by Guido; but never mind! it's the picture Shelley had in mind in doing his drama, and Hawthorne in doing 'The Marble Faun'), and Raphael's portrait of his beloved 'Fornarina.'

William Wetmore Story, eminent American sculptor, had his studio in the Barberini Palace, and lived there, too. In the house numbered One, Piazza Barberini, Hans Andersen lived.

The Fontana del Tritone, in Piazza Barberini, gives its name to Via del Tritone (Tree-to-nay), a busy shopping street which runs into the Piazza Colonna. Leading in another angle from Piazza Barberini is Via Sistina, a street of many interesting shops, and ending at the Church of Santissima Trinità de Monti, at the top of the Spanish Stairs;

while still another street, radiating from the Fontana del Tritone, is Via Veneto which leads past Queen Margherita's Palace and many new and elegant hotels, to the Porta Pinciana, one of the entrances to Villa Borghese — or Villa Umberto Primo as it is now called. You will drive in this park, some afternoon toward sunset. It was originally one of those princely properties laid out in the near outskirts of the papal capital by those cardinals created and enriched when a member of their family was elected to the Vatican throne. The Borghese Pope was Paul V, 1605–1621, and his nephew, Cardinal Scipio Borghese. The Casino (as the residence in a villa was called) now houses an art collection, part of which was brought hither from the Borghese Palace down near the river. Hurrying travellers may not have time for the museum (which, however, is open till 6 P.M. from March 1 to September 1), but there are many even of those with little time for Rome, who would feel disappointed if they did not see the original of Canova's much-copied 'Pauline Borghese'; and others would not willingly leave Rome without seeing Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love' and Correggio's 'Danaë.'

The Villa di Papa Giulio III (or Pope Julius III) now a museum of antiquities, may be included in that Villa Borghese drive by those who have time and inclination for it. It is about three quarters of a mile outside the Porta del Popolo where is the principal entrance to Villa Borghese. Other visitors will be more interested in a stop at the stadium in Villa Borghese, which is called the Piazza di Siena.

Your hotel porter will tell you, before you start on your drive, if there are any sporting events 'on' at the Piazza di Siena that afternoon.

Let us suppose that now you are at the point where Via Venti Settembre, without changing its direction, changes

its name to Via del Quirinale, and runs alongside the Quirinal Palace and gardens.

At this point are the Quattro Fontane or four fountains, one at each corner.

The Quirinal Palace, since 1870 the residence of Italy's kings, was for three hundred years before that a papal palace to which the sovereign pontiffs repaired for residence in the heat of summer. Gregory XIII began it, in 1574; but it was his successor, Sixtus V, who did most to make it a palace and not a mere pleasure-house. Sixtus had been a shepherd boy; he liked fresh air and open spaces, and this was by all odds the most agreeable part of Rome to live in, in his day as it is to-day. The Quirinal Hill was covered with gardens and villas, among them a town property of Ippolito d' Este (Lucrezia Borgia's son) in the same manner as his Villa d' Este at Tivoli which is still so celebrated. And that Cardinal Carraffa who set up beside his town palace the Menelaus statue to which the Pasquinades were affixed, had a beautiful place up here, also. So did many others.

Sixtus V died in his Quirinal Palace, and so did twenty-one popes after him. Among these was Innocent X, the Pamfili Pope, whose whole pontificate was completely dominated by his sister-in-law, his relations with whom may or may not have been immoral in the ordinary sense, but certainly were odious in the disrespect they brought upon the Holy Office. When he lay dying, here in the Quirinal Palace, in January, 1655, his greedy relatives had stripped him of everything they could lay hands upon. The only shirt he owned was the one he died in; his covering against the January cold was only a single ragged blanket. 'A brass candlestick with a single burning taper,' Crawford says, 'stood beside him in his last moments, and before he was quite dead, a servant stole in and put a wooden one in its place.' And about the same time, the terrible sister-in-law, Olimpia

Maldachini, dragged from beneath his pallet bed the two small chests of money he had succeeded in concealing to the end.

'When he was dead at the Quirinal, his body was carried to Saint Peter's in a bier so short that the poor Pope's feet stuck out over the end, and three days later, no one could be found to pay for the burial. Olimpia declared that she was a starving widow and could do nothing; the corpse was thrust into a place where the masons of the Vatican kept their tools, and one of the workmen, out of charity or superstition, lit a tallow candle beside it. In the end, the maggiordomo paid for a deal coffin, and Monsignor Segni gave five scudi to have the body taken away and buried. It was slung between two mules and taken by night to the Church of Saint Agnes (Piazza Navone), where in the changing course of human and domestic events, it ultimately got an expensive monument in the worst possible taste. The learned and sometimes witty Baracconi, who has set down the story, notes the fact that Leo X, Pius IV, and Gregory XVI fared little better in their obsequies.'

As to how long the palace is, and how wide, and how high, and who painted which apartments in it, I will leave your guide-book to inform you. But there are two pictures of it in the nineteenth century that you will, I think, like to have in mind as you stand in the superb Piazza del Quirinale, which is where most of us begin and end our acquaintance with the royal palace.

The first of these pictures goes back to 1846, a month after the election of Pius IX, when he proclaimed a general amnesty in favor of all persons imprisoned for political crimes, and decreed that criminal prosecutions for political offences be discontinued unless the accused were ecclesiastics, soldiers, servants of the government, or criminals in another sense.

'The announcement was received with a frenzy of enthusiasm, and Rome went mad with delight. Instinctively, the people began to move towards the Quirinal from all parts of the city, as soon as the proclamation was published; the stragglers became a band, and swelled to a crowd; music was heard, flags appeared, and the crowd swelled to a multitude that thronged the streets, singing, cheering and shouting for joy as they pushed their way up to the palace. . . . In answer to this popular demonstration the Pope appeared upon the great balcony above the main entrance; a shout louder than all the rest burst from below, the long drawn "Viva!" of the southern races; he lifted his hand, and there was silence; and in the calm summer air his quiet eyes were raised towards the sky as he imparted his benediction to the people of Rome.

'Twenty-four years later, when the Italians had taken Rome, a detachment of soldiers accompanied by a smith and his assistants marched up to the same gate. Not a soul was within, and they had instructions to enter and take possession of the palace. In the presence of a small and silent crowd of sullen-looking men of the people, the doors were forced.'

The obelisk in the Piazza del Quirinale is one of a pair which were brought from Egypt in 52, to decorate the entrance to the Mausoleum of Augustus. The Egyptian obelisks were always in pairs; and Claudius, who brought these hither, was scholar and antiquary enough to order them placed as they had been designed to be.

The celebrated Horse-tamers, you will remember, are thought by some to be copies of two of the twenty-five statues of Alexander the Great and his Companions, brought to Rome by Metellus Macedonicus after his victories in Greece. These statues, whatever they represent (and it is quite certainly *not* Castor and Pollux; nor are

they the work of Pheidias and Praxiteles), stood in some part of the Baths of Constantine which were built on the very summit of the Quirinal Hill and extended to its western edge where the gardens of the Colonna Palace now begin. They have never been buried nor concealed from view, and for sixteen centuries have overlooked Rome in all its changes. The place where they stand has more often been called 'Monte Cavallo' (the Mount of the Horsemen) than by any other name, until recently.

As Via del Quirinale descends from the Piazza and runs south, those who follow it have the Villa Colonna on their right and the Palazzo Rospigliosi on their left. The latter was built, on the ruins of Constantine's Baths, by that same Cardinal Scipio Borghese who laid out Villa Borghese. In the Rospigliosi Casino (Wednesdays and Saturdays, nine to three) is the very celebrated ceiling-painting of Aurora strewing flowers before the chariot of Apollo, by Guido Reni.

Villa Colonna, entered from 13 Piazza del Quirinale, may be seen only on Wednesdays from ten to one, if you have obtained a *permesso* at the Colonna Palace, entered from Piazza Santi Apostoli.

Many visitors to Rome may feel that it is not worth this effort. But to some, it will always be one of the spots they would not miss, whatever others they may have to sacrifice.

It is for Vittoria Colonna's sake that we venerate the Colonna Gardens. But in order that we may the better appreciate her and the groups she gathered about her here, let me remind you that in the decadent days of the Roman Empire, the boy Emperor Elagabalus, who succeeded Caracalla and who likewise was murdered in his mad youth, instituted on this ground, later to be associated with Italy's noblest womanhood, what was called 'The Little Senate,' a regular assembly of the fashionable Roman

VITTORIA COLONNA
By Michelangelo

matrons of the day (about 220 A.D.) under the presidency of the Emperor's mother, met to enact laws on how each matron should dress, to whom she must yield precedence, by whom she might be kissed, which of them might ride in chariots and which must ride in carts, and what degree of exaltation entitled one to add gems to the gold ornaments of her sandals.

A century later, Constantine built his great baths here. And in course of time the Colonna acquired this property and it seems always to have been their chief residence in Rome. The present palace was built by the only Colonna Pope, Martin V, who reigned about 1420, and was comparatively new when Vittoria was born, in 1490.

She was, however, born not here, but at Marino, one of the ancient castles of her family, on the wooded slope of the Alban Hills which you will visit, I hope, in an afternoon drive from Rome. Concerning this place, Maud Jerrold (one of Vittoria's English biographers) says it 'is not merely lovely, it is the quintessence of loveliness; it is one of those places where Beauty unveils herself before us, and ever afterwards we say: Here I met with Beauty; I may meet her again, for she has many shrines, but here at least I saw her face to face; I have had my revelation and I am satisfied.'

Nor does the palace at Rome seem ever to have seen much of Vittoria; for when she came to Rome, in the first days of her almost terrible grief for her husband, she went at once to the Convent of San Silvestro in Capite which had for two hundred and fifty years been the retreat of Colonna princesses who wished cloistral seclusion.

Religion was an absorbing interest with Vittoria, but it was not all-else-effacing; she did not take the veil.

'Keen, alert, many-sided, placed by her position in the foreground, and hopelessly entangled in the troubles of a

most troublous time, Vittoria might have looked down on us through the ages as a noble, intellectual woman, true to the traditions of her race and name; but she elected to be all this, and something very different as well. Henceforth we are not to seek her for the most part in courts and palaces, but moving from convent to convent, leading a life of almost monastic simplicity, her food, her dress, her expenditure, reduced to the very simplest and smallest; so that, though by birth connected with all that was highest, and by intellect with all that was noblest in her country, she yet threw in her lot with the poor, became their friend by living for them and like them.' And along with this, she developed and maintained a great circle of friendships with the master minds and strong spirits of her troubled but brilliant day.

The Convent of San Silvestro in Capite, connected with the church of that name on Corso Umberto Primo, has been partly destroyed and partly remodelled to accommodate the new Post and Telegraph Office; and we cannot 'find' Vittoria there. But close beside the Colonna Gardens is the larger Church of San Silvestro, built in 1524, the year before Vittoria was widowed; and we have at least one very definite picture of her there on certain Sunday afternoons after Michelangelo had come into the circle of her friends, listening to a series of lectures on Saint Paul's Epistles, given by Fra Ambrogio, a famous Dominican preacher of Siena; and the chronicle goes on to tell how, after the lectures were over, Vittoria and Michelangelo and some others of her circle, sat in the gardens (doubtless the Colonna Gardens) discussing what they had heard, talking of art and poetry, until the shades of evening closed in on them.

At this time, Vittoria was not far from fifty, and 'her golden hair,' Maud Jerrold thinks, 'of which Galeazzo sang so much, may have faded a little, but her starry eyes would

have been no less luminous; and the years that write so many things upon our faces, must have left on hers the impress of a great purity and an ever-soaring ideal.... Bembo said that she had better judgment in poetry than he had found in the greatest and most learned masters; and countless others echoed his opinion. But it is evident that intellectual power was only a small part of her charm, for learning in itself does not make any one lastingly interesting. The people with whom it is good to talk, whose possibilities we do not exhaust, are not those who know most, but those who have thought much and felt deeply; for these are they who have got the keys. The impression that Vittoria left upon all was that she had the supreme gift of making *goodness attractive.*'

A very charming friend of mine who lived for seven years as the house-guest of the Maharanee of Burwan, has told me of the long hours of exquisite discourse and discussion on the Maharanee's fabulously lovely terraces, when her three hundred ladies-in-waiting were assembled to listen to a talk by a noted woman philosopher. My friend is of the deep-quiet sort, furthest imaginable from exclamatory; but she was so moved by the philosopher's conversation that she could not repress the admiration she felt.

'How *beautiful* you are!' she murmured, reverently.

'My dear,' said the philosopher, 'I *ought* to be beautiful! I'm seventy years old.'

I'm sure that Vittoria Colonna had a beauty at fifty which would have been impossible to her or to any one at twenty.

Among her friends before Michelangelo came into her life was Baldassare Castiglione whose portrait by his dear friend Raphael is one of the greatest treasures of the Louvre and so familiar to us all through countless reproductions that I'm sure you'll be glad to 'see' him, with Raphael's magic

which keeps him ever living, ever about to speak, in association with Vittoria. He was 'the ornament in turn of nearly every famous court in Italy, and seems to have been one of those elect souls who are endowed with all the gifts in the world and out of it; the accidents of noble birth and personal beauty are lost sight of in the lustre of his mind and character.' What a tribute! 'Through all his eventful life, his faith, his loyalty, and his devotion shine forth, and no less excellent is the sense of values which placed the good soldier and the most finished gentleman of the age in the forefront of scholarship and literature.'

His great book, the 'Cortegiano,' written to keep alive the glories of the Court of Urbino, is such a monument as every ruler might well wish for. 'The charm, and wit, and wisdom of all those men and women are made alive for us forever, and so enlightened are their sayings that we wonder how succeeding generations should dream of adding anything to their ethics of manners, of letters, of love. Jest and earnest alternate swiftly; we are sometimes kept on the surface and sometimes taken down into the deeps of thought; until we are led up to those farthest heights for which neither moon nor stars would suffice, and so the author created the sunrise of a new day.'

Another of her friends was Cardinal Reginald Pole, whom she comforted with most exquisite tenderness when his aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, was sent to the headsman's block on Tower Green to satisfy Henry VIII's resentment against her son for opposing his divorce.

But the transcendent friendship of her life was that of Michelangelo, a gaunt, grizzled, unutterably weary old Titan of sixty-odd when she came into his life.

'I was born a rough model,' he said to her, 'and it was for thee to reform and remake me.'

And when they were both gone on, his grand-nephew, the

younger Michelangelo, said that she directed 'his course of life by loveliest ways to heaven.'

In one of the sonnets he wrote to her, qualifying thereby in yet another of the arts, 'gaining a fourth crown,' he said:

'No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold.
Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold.
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.

'The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.

''Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love
That kills the soul. Love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.'

So Michelangelo believed that in Heaven he would be a better soul than he could have become without loving Vittoria Colonna.

In February, 1547, she died, probably in the Convent of Sant' Anna de' Funari adjacent to the church of the same name, now demolished. (It was near the Caetani Palaces and the Portico of Octavia, and stood on ground that had been the great Circus of Flaminius, builder of the Flaminian Road.)

Michelangelo was beside her as she crossed the bar.

'I die,' she whispered to him. 'Help me to repeat my last prayer.'

Her voice, which had started so faintly, faded ere the prayer was done, but her lips kept moving to the last, as the sonorous murmur of Michelangelo was the last earthly sound in her ears.

As he ceased, she turned to him as he knelt, holding her

cold hand, and a smile trembled on her lips while she murmured some words that he could not distinguish. A moment later, she was gone.

He survived her nineteen years, lingering to the hoary age of ninety-two. And always he had, regarding her, but one lament: 'Nothing distresses me more than to think that I have seen her dead, and that I have not kissed her forehead and her face as I have kissed her hand.'

The Colonna Palace (those parts of it open to the public) may be seen Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from ten to three. Its splendid halls are quite worthy of a visit, especially the great hall, one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, with the ceiling-painting of that Battle of Lepanto of which you will be further reminded at Venice; and the next one containing twelve water-color landscapes by Poussin.

I doubt if you will care much to visit the Church of the Santi Apostoli, or Holy Apostles, beside the Colonna Palace; but you may be interested to know that for the dome of the older church here, Melozzo da Forli painted those angels with musical instruments which you saw in the Sacristy of Saint Peter's, after having seen reproductions of them without number.

What you must on no account miss doing, however, may now be accomplished by walking north a matter of two streets to the Fontana di Trevi, the most magnificent of the public fountains of Rome, into which you must piously toss a copper to ensure your return to Rome. The efficacy of this I can attest, for I have done it many times.

And this may be the fountain which will put you most easily in the mood to enjoy that lovely symphonic poem of Respighi's, 'The Fountains of Rome,' composed in 1916 and performed for the first time in Rome in 1918 at one of a series of concerts conducted by Toscanini for the benefit of artists who had been disabled by the war. It begins with

the pastoral theme of the Fountain of Valle Giulia at dawn; next comes the Triton Fountain at morn; then, Trevi at midday, and finally, the Villa Medici Fountain at sunset. Try to hear it in Rome, if it is played while you're there.

If I were as near this part of the Corso as the Fontana di Trevi is, I'd walk a 'block' west, to Piazza Colonna, then north in the Corso to Via Condotti and up this engaging thoroughfare (four short blocks) to Piazza di Spagna; and, halfway to the latter, I'd turn to my right in Via Bocca di Leone (Street of the Lion's Mouth) and note Hotel Inghilterra, or d'Angleterre, at number fourteen, which Thackeray liked; and I'd walk the *other* way from Via Condotti on that same Street of the Lion's Mouth, to number forty-three, where the Brownings stayed in 1854, and whence Mrs. Browning wrote:

'We have pleasant music at Mrs. Sartoris's once or twice a week, and have Fanny Kemble come in to talk to us, with the doors shut, we three together. If anybody wants small-talk by handfuls, of glittering dust swept out of salons, here's Mr. Thackeray besides! We have met Lockhart [Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law], and my husband sees a good deal of him. Lockhart says "I like Browning — he isn't at all like a damned literary man."'

And before I got to the Piazza di Spagna, I'd have bought something (I don't think I've ever negotiated those four blocks without a purchase); while, *in* the Piazza I'd almost certainly buy something more. Then I'd look up Via del Babuino, running into Piazza del Popolo, like the Corso, think of all the too-well-known temptations along it to my hotel, and resolutely lift my mind to those delights of Rome which do not so deplete the slim purses of scribes with the wanderlust. Lest I feel too trivial for my shopping madness, I'd recall the elegant Horace Walpole who, when

he came to Rome with his friend Thomas Gray (of Gray's Elegy) in 1739, wrote home:

'I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain. I would buy the Colosseum if I could.'

Then I'd forget 'medals, lamps, idols, prints,' for a while, because it isn't easy to remember them when one thinks of John Keats, who died here in the house on our right as we look up the Scala di Spagna, or Spanish Stairs.

He never knew the lure of medals and prints — dear lad!

He never walked the streets of Rome, except a few, on the Pincian Hill, at an invalid's slow pace. He never saw the Colosseum except from his travelling-carriage on the November day he entered Rome by the Lateran Gate, coming up from Naples.

His last words on paper were in a letter to his family dated November 30 [1820]:

'I can scarcely bid you good-bye, even in a letter. I always made an awkward bow. God bless you!'

'If I should die,' he had said before he knew that he must, 'I have left no immortal work behind me — nothing to make my friends proud of my memory — but I have loved the principle of Beauty in all things and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered.'

This was the burden of his thought as he lay dying in that little room which is one of the greatest shrines of Rome; as Severn, his devoted friend, nurse, cook, servant, companion, day and night, week in and week out of the short wintry days, ministered to him and tried to console him — playing for him, when words failed, Haydn's symphonies on the piano he had hired for the purpose.

It was on February 14th that he requested that his epitaph be: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'

Ten days later he was gone.

'He died with the greatest ease,' Severn wrote. 'He seemed to go to sleep. On Friday the 23rd at half-past four the approach of death came on. "Severn — I — lift me up, for I am dying. I shall die easy. Don't be frightened! Thank God it has come!" I lifted him up in my arms and the phlegm seemed boiling in his throat. This increased until eleven at night, when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept — but I cannot say more now. I am broken down beyond my strength, I cannot be left alone. I have not slept for nine days.'

I think of many, many things I'd like to say — and then I remind myself that in 'Adonais' Shelley said them all save one.

He joined Keats too soon to know what we know of Keats's conquest of Rome and of the world; too soon to foresee the throngs of pilgrims, reverent and dewy-eyed, who would visit this house for his sake and for Keats's, and go hence to their last resting-place beside the Aurelian Wall.

There is no line of 'Adonais' you should not repeat softly to yourself or to one other, here in the little rooms from which he took his flight, or there where his last couch is spread. But, lest you have not your Shelley with you, I give you some stanzas of it since I cannot well give it all.

'To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

. . . . . .

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?

Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

. . . . . .

'He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

. . . . . .

'Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy; 'tis nought
That ages, empires and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

'Go thou to Rome,— at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

'And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

'Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! Too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

'The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all his fled! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting words to speak.

'Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

. . . . . .

'The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.'

Shelley wrote 'Adonais' in late May and early June following Keats's death in February.

'I send you,' he wrote to Severn, the faithful friend, 'the Elegy on poor Keats — and I wish it were better worth your acceptance. . . . In spite of his transcendent genius,

Keats never was, nor ever will be, a popular poet; and the total neglect and obscurity in which the astonishing remnants of his mind still lie, was hardly to be dissipated by a writer, who, however he may differ from Keats in more important qualities, at least resembles him in that accidental one, a want of popularity.

'I have little hope, therefore, that the poem I send you will excite any attention, nor do I feel assured that a critical notice of his writings would find a single reader.'

Little more than a year later, Shelley's bark was driven darkly, fearfully afar, and the soul of Adonais, beaconing from Heaven, had lighted him to the abode where the Eternal are.

Meantime, 'Blackwood's Magazine' had parodied 'Adonais' in 'An Elegy on a Tomcat.' And when the news came of Shelley's drowning, the fact that he had Keats's last volume in his pocket, when his body was washed ashore, was made the occasion for more ribaldry: 'What a rash man Shelley was to put to sea in a frail boat with Jack's poetry on board! Why, man, it would sink a trireme.'

Comment would, it seems to me, be impertinent. The only thing to do for any sentient soul, in those little rooms looking out on the Spanish Stairs, or out on that 'slope of green access,' is to leave it reverently to its own reflections and emotions. There, as much as any place on earth, we find when we drop our plummet line, what deeps are in us — or the reverse.

The only possible things to do after coming out of the house wherein Keats died, are to drive straight out to the 'camp of death' where bivouac those high-hearted ones 'who waged contention with their time's decay'; or to go up the Spanish Stairs (by elevator, if the climb's too much) to the Pincio, and if not into the Villa Medici (Wednesdays and Saturdays, for the exquisite gardens; to enter the

palace, a permit from the director of the French Academy is necessary), at least to the famous fountain outside the gates, for the view of Rome beneath the clipped trees.

Your guide-book will tell you who built the Villa Medici, and when Napoleon bestowed it on the French Academy in Rome. But you are little likely, unless you are a leisurely sojourner in Rome, to find time for a visit to the Villa Medici, lovely as it is, and full as are its stately paths, its glorious rose-gardens, of flitting shades of Berlioz, Gounod, Massenet, and Thomas, of Vernet and Ingres and Carolus Duran and Bouguereau, and others who came hither young and aspiring and went hence to world-wide fame.

What you will certainly do, however, is to go up and 'stand under those old trees before the Villa Medici, beside the ancient fountain facing Saint Peter's distant dome, and dream the great review of history, call up a vast, changing picture at one's feet between the heights and the yellow river.' And here I give you Marion Crawford's vision for your aid:

'First, the broad cornfield of the Tarquin Kings, rich and ripe under the evening breeze of summer that runs along swiftly, bending the golden surface in soft moving waves from the Tiber's edge to the foot of the wooded slope. Then, the hurried harvesting, the sheaves cast into the river, the dry, stiff stubble baking in the sun, and presently the men of Rome coming forth in procession from the dark Servian Wall on the left to dedicate the field to the War God with prayer and chant and smoking sacrifice. By and by the stubble trodden down under horses' hoofs, the dusty plain the exercising ground of young conquerors, the voting place, later, of a strong Republic, whither the centuries (military companies under their centurions) went out to choose their consuls, to decide upon peace or war to declare

the voice of the people in grave matters, while the great signal flag waved on the Janiculum, well in sight though far away, to fall suddenly at the approach of any foe and suspend the "comitia" on the instant. And in the flat and dusty plain, buildings begin to rise; first, the Altar of Mars and the holy place of the infernal gods, Dis and Proserpine; later, the great "Sheepfold," the lists and hustings for the voting, and, encroaching a little upon the training ground, the temple of Venus Victorious and the huge theatre of Pompey, wherein the Orsini held their own so long; but in the times of Lucullus, when his gardens and his marvellous villa covered the Pincian Hill, the plain was still a wide field, and still the field of Mars, without the walls, broken by few landmarks, and trodden to deep white dust by the scampering hoofs of half-drilled cavalry. Under the Emperors, then, first beautified in part, as Cæsar traces the great Septa (where Palazzo Doria now is) for the voting, and Augustus erects the Altar of Peace and builds up his cypress-clad tomb, crowned by his own image, and Agrippa raises his triple temple, and Hadrian builds the Pantheon upon its ruins, while the obelisk that now stands on Monte Citorio before the House of Parliament points out the brass-figured hours on the broad marble floor of the first Emperor's sun-clock and marks the high-noon of Rome's glory. And the Portico of Neptune and many other splendid works spring up; Isis and Serapis have a temple next, and Domitian's race-course appears behind Agrippa's Baths, straight and white. By and by the Antonines raise columns and triumphal arches, but always to southward, leaving the field of Mars a field still, for its old uses; and the tired recruits, sweating from exercise, gather under the high shade of Augustus' tomb at midday for an hour's rest.

'Last of all, the great temple of the Sun, with its vast portico, and the Mithræum at the other end; and when the

walls of Aurelian are built, and when ruin comes upon Rome from the north, the Campus Martius is still almost an open stretch of dusty earth on which soldiers have learned their trade through a thousand years of hard training.

'Not till the poor days when the waterless, ruined city sends its people down from the heights to drink of the muddy stream does Campo Marzo become a town; and then, around the castle-tomb of the Colonna (the Mausoleum of Augustus) and the castle-theatre of the Orsini (Pompey's) the wretched houses begin to rise here and there, thickening to a low, dark forest of miserable dwellings threaded through and through, up and down and crosswise, by narrow and crooked streets, out of which by degrees the lofty churches and palaces of the later age are to spring up. From a training ground it has become a fighting ground, a labyrinth of often barricaded ways and lanes, deeper and darker toward the water-gates cut in the wall that runs along the Tiber, from Porta del Popolo nearly to the island of Saint Bartholomew; and almost all that is left of Rome is crowded and huddled into the narrow pen overshadowed and dominated here and there by black fortresses and brown brick towers. The man who then might have looked down from the Pincian Hill would have seen that sight; houses little better than those of the poorest mountain village in the Southern Italy of to-day, black with smoke, black with dirt, blacker with patches made by shadowy windows that had no glass. A silent town, too, surly and defensive; now and then the call of the water-carrier disturbs the stillness, more rarely, the cry of a wandering peddler; and sometimes a distant sound of hoofs, a far clash of iron and steel, and the echoing yell of furious fighting men — "Orsini!" "Colonna!" — the long-drawn syllables coming up distinct through the evening air to the garden where Messalina died, while the sun sets red behind the spire of

old Saint Peter's across the river, and gilds the huge girth of dark Sant' Angelo to a rusty red, like a battered iron bathed in blood.

'Back come the Popes from Avignon, and streets grow wider and houses cleaner and men richer — all for the Bourbon's Spaniards to sack, and burn, and destroy before the last city grows up, and the rounded domes raise their helmet-like heads out of the chaos, and the broad Piazza del Popolo is cleared, and old Saint Peter's goes down in the dust to make way for the Cathedral of all Christendom as it stands. Then far away, on Saint Peter's evening (June 29th), when it is dusk, the great dome, and the small domes, and the colonnades, and the broad façade are traced in silver lights that shine out quietly as the air darkens. The solemn bells toll the first hour of the June night; the city is hushed, and all at once the silver lines are turned to gold, as the red flame runs in magic change from the topmost cross down the dome, in rivers, to the roof, and the pillars and the columns of the square below — the grandest illumination of the grandest church the world has ever seen.'

PART III
NORTH FROM ROME TO FLORENCE

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For the traveller with little time who wants to see more of this inexhaustibly rich section of Italy than just Perugia and Assisi, a motor tour of two or three or four days (or as many as he can give) is the only satisfactory way.

If you can afford to motor in but one part of Italy, I'd say do it here.

The American Express Company operates a tour in which single seats may be booked. It leaves Rome at 9 A.M. in good six-passenger cars of the most comfortable type, every day when the demand warrants — otherwise, weekly, on Mondays. Luncheon is taken at Viterbo; Villa Lante and Orvieto are visited; and Perugia is the next stop. In the printed itinerary I have, Perugia is given as the stopping-place for two nights — which is a usual plan; but at Orvieto the Palace Hotel proprietor told me that the American Express Company was now halting its tours at Orvieto for the first night. This is an eminently sensible thing to do as long as the hotel accommodations are satisfactory. C.I.T. is also doing it. It not only saves some mileage, but keeps the first day's run from being so long that one fears to linger on the way as much as he might were Orvieto to be his first night's resting-place. The next day includes Assisi and the Etruscan Tombs. The third goes on to Siena and spends the night there. And the fourth finishes at Florence, after a visit to San Gimignano. A guide meets the party in each city. The price, inclusive of transportation and hotel expenses, is $90 (subject to change, of course; this is the rate as I write — 1927). The same

trip is available from Florence to Rome. The C.I.T. trip leaves Rome Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9, and costs $75. There must, in each case, be a minimum of two passengers, or the car does not go.

A private car for the same trip costs from $160 up, including the charge for the empty return, but exclusive of any hotel expenses except the chauffeur's. This is the lowest rate I have ever had quoted for this trip. It is from Giovannini Brothers, 32 Via Calabria, Rome..

Mr. Francis Jannicelli's price (as I write) for one person on an inclusive-rate, three days' trip, is about $230 for two persons, or a little under $40 a day each; for five persons, it comes to about $22 per day for each. (Piazza Barberini, corner Via Tritone and Via Sistina, Rome.) C.I.T., Rome, offers cars at a little under $30 per hundred miles if hired for more than 125 miles. But you must not fail to count in your empty return — which in this case, using the shortest route back, cannot amount to less than $50 plus your mileage while using the car.

I have known people to spend, in Rome, on chaffering over this journey, to be sure of getting 'bottom price,' a great deal of the time they might better have spent enjoying Rome. The thing to do, it seems to me, is to make up one's mind how much should be afforded for the trip, and say to an Agency which deals with *All* travel factors, impartially: 'I can afford so-much for this part of our travels. I don't want to pay any more. Can you get me a good, reliable private car at that price? If not, what do you suggest?'

And, if you can, include a first-rate courier in your calculations for the trip.

Certainly I know this ground pretty well, having covered it over and over again by every possible route. But if the extraordinary opportunity of going over it with Mr. Moroli

himself had not offered, on my most recent journey, I should have taken a courier — probably from his office because he would be most likely to have the kind of courier I'd want for that trip. (And that same courier might be 'an awful nuisance' to a great many people motoring in Italy for a rest and relaxation! So, wherever you get yours, specify the kind you want. There are all sorts to be had, including those who dance well and know every wine that grows, although they may be more than a little shy on the Volumni.)

Now, then — ! With these practical suggestions made, let me try to put into a few pages a hint or two of that which richly deserves a glowing volume. I am literally surrounded, as I write, by books on these towns and the people who lived in them, and histories of what those people did. Yet, among them all, there does not seem to be any *one* that I would select to carry with me as I journeyed. Scores of them are good books, *great* books. But no one double-distils the essence of what we may apprehend in a three- or four-day flight through the close-packed story of five-and-twenty centuries.

There are three routes from Rome to Perugia — all with their 'great inducements.' But the one most frequently travelled by visitors in Italy making 'the Hill Town trip' is by the Via Cassia, nearly due north, through Viterbo and Montefiascone to Orvieto.

This goes out of Rome by the Porta del Popolo at the foot of the Pincio, and follows the Via Flaminia for a little way only — but long enough to permit you a thought of Flaminius leading his army out along the great north highway, just constructed on his orders, to meet Hannibal; and to perish at Lake Trasimene (which you are soon to see — between Perugia and Florence).

Presently, you cross the Tiber by the Ponte Molle which

was built in 109 B.C. (I don't know how Flaminius crossed, more than a hundred years earlier); and beyond this bridge four roads diverge, one of which is your Via Cassia; another is the Via Clodia, which is the route for Bracciano; and a third is Via Flaminia, leading to Civita Castellane.

Eleven miles from Rome are the ruins of Veii, the very ancient Etruscan city which sat haughtily mature on her height, girdled by her seven miles of formidable walls, while Rome struggled and sprawled through her infancy. When Rome expelled the Tarquins, Veii espoused their cause. But, somehow, Rome and her new Republic flourished, and Veii with its proud ancient order, passed. Interesting excavations are going on there.

At Ronciglione, thirty-three miles from Rome, you are close to Caprarola (see pages 197–98).

Barocchio, better known as Vignola, the architect Cardinal Farnese employed for Caprarola, succeeded Michelangelo as architect of Saint Peter's at Rome — but that was fifteen years after he finished Caprarola. It was he who, after Michelangelo's death, completed the great dome, from Michelangelo's wooden model. He made the designs for Philip II's Escorial; and he was, with Della Porta who worked with him on Saint Peter's dome, architect of the Jesuits' church at Rome, which set the fashion for a lot of atrociously ornate churches throughout 'most Christian and not a few pagan lands.' It was on account of this that his name has so often been given as the origin of *baroque*, which many persons do not differentiate from *rococo*. As a matter of fact, we probably derive *baroque* from the Spanish word for an imperfectly spherical pearl; and should use it to designate the less precious form of a precious thing. Whereas *rococo* comes from *rocaille*, or shell-work, and describes the meaningless over-elaboration and frippery detail which was more or less inaugurated by

Barocchio at the Jesuits' church in Rome, for which Alessandro Farnese paid the bills. Barocchio was a charming and much-loved man, and much of his work ill-deserved the association of his name with degraded taste. You will probably see another of his villas, Lante, a dozen miles from Caprarola. And below Assisi you will see the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli which he began, not long before his death, to enshrine the little Portiuncola wherein Saint Francis died.

If the weather favors a picnic, and you are master of your own schedule, I heartily commend eating your luncheon (brought from Rome) on the north bank of Lake Vico — which is on your left as your little branch road from Caprarola joins the Via Cassia, just above Ronciglione. 'I know a bank' there where, if 'the wild thyme grows' not, at least a multitude of other sweet flow'ring things do; and to sit thereon, beneath such a blue sky as Italy usually enjoys, looking southward over the little lake toward Sutri, 'the gate of Etruria,' which claims Pontius Pilate as one of its sons, is to get a tiny taste of what they revel in who saunter through Italy, day-dreaming where they will.

Near Viterbo is Villa Lante, at Bagnaia, parts of which are believed to have been designed by Barocchio or Vignola, though the villa was begun a little before his time. This was also a cardinal's villa; and with Villa d'Este at Tivoli, Caprarola and others that you will see on your tour of Italy, gives us an idea of how they lived — those 'princes of the church' — in Italy when each successive pope plundered Church and State for his bastards and other relations. No lover of Italian gardens should miss seeing those of Villa Lante, which are especially noted for their water effects, including a fountain so ingeniously constructed that one may stand under the water-jets and look out at the garden through a rainbow mist of spray.

Viterbo is, perhaps, a better place to recall the Lombards than any place in that region which still bears their name.

I wonder if you'd like a reminder of how (or so the story goes!) their name came to them?

The tradition is that they were originally called Winnili and dwelt 'in an island named Scandinavia,' whence they set out and came into conflict with the Vandals. The Vandals prayed to Wodan for victory (he for whom we named Wednesday) and the Winnili prayed to Frea (for whom we named Friday). Wodan promised to give victory to those whom he should see before him at sunrise. Whereupon Frea directed her petitioners to bring their women with their hair let down around their faces like beards, and turned Wodan's couch round so that he faced them. 'Who are these *longibarbi* (longbeards)?' he asked. And Frea said: 'As thou hast given them the name, give them also the victory.' Which Wodan did, and henceforth they were known as the Longobardi — which, somehow or other, became Lombards. They overran Italy, and dominated it until the popes, who incessantly quarrelled with them, called in Frankish aid and covenanted with Charles Martel's descendants to keep the Lombards in subjection. But certain Lombard characteristics were in Italy to stay, and to rule in one way if not in another — which they do to this day.

Viterbo, in the eleventh century, was part of that vast inheritance which Countess Matilda (see 'So You're Going to Italy!' p. 9) bequeathed to the Holy See. And for a time it was the preferred residence of the popes, whose palace there antedates by almost a century the Papal Palace at Avignon.

Three popes were elected here. The first of them in 1271, when the palace and its lovely loggia were new.

That year must have been rather an exciting one even for

VITERBO
From an old print

Viterbo — which lived in a continuous excitement beyond that of all mediæval towns. For in March of that year, Prince Henry of Cornwall (son of one of those four daughters of Provence who all became queens, and a nephew of King Henry III of England; also nephew-in-law — so to speak — of King Charles of Naples and King Louis IX of France) was murdered at the altar of San Silvestro, by Guy de Montfort in revenge for the death of his father at the battle of Evesham, six years before. (See 'So You're Going to England!' pp. 173–74.)

Dante, who was a little lad of five, in Florence, when this murder occurred, saw Guy in Hell, 'a spirit by itself apart retired,' of whom the Centaur said: 'He in God's bosom smote the heart, which yet is honored on the bank of Thames.'

Holinshed says that Prince Henry had been in 'Affrike' with Prince Edward (later Edward I) of England, and had come to Viterbo on some business which had to do with the Pope. I don't know what was done to Guy. But Henry's heart was put 'into a golden cup and placed on a pillar at London bridge' — which explains Dante's line.

In that year (or the year following — chroniclers differ in the date) there was a papal conclave which was so protracted by factional dissensions ('tis said the effort to elect a pope had been going on for two years) that the people of Viterbo forced a decision by locking the cardinals in the great hall and then tearing off the roof. Little daunted, the cardinals seem somehow to have called for tents, and to have got them (witness the holes in the floor where their tent-pegs were inserted); but when the food supply was reduced to a bare sustenance, the cardinals came to an agreement and elected Gregory X. Small wonder that he promptly busied himself with rules and regulations for papal conclaves; and did so well with them that they still prevail at papal elections.

The only English Pope, Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear) mounting his horse at the foot of the cathedral steps, in Viterbo, compelled the Emperor Frederick I to testify his vassalage by holding the papal stirrup like a groom.

The Farnese Palace at Viterbo is supposed to have been the birthplace of that Alessandro Farnese who became Pope Paul III, and may have been that of his sister Giulia Bella, also. But long before his day Viterbo had ceased to enjoy the favor and the splendor of the popes, and had begun to be shabby.

Viterbo has far too much of interest to be seen on a brief stop. You probably will not do more than halt before the cathedral and Popes' Palace. If you love exquisite cloisters, try to see those of Santa Maria della Verità, just outside the Porta della Verità. You will almost certainly stop at Santa Maria della Quercia, a pilgrimage church enshrining a Madonna found in an oak. André Maurel ('Little Cities of Italy,' Series II) found 'four treasures' awaiting him there, and thought one of the Andrea della Robbia lunettes 'as beautiful as the most beautiful of the Bargello.' Before you get too far beyond the Lombard walls of Viterbo, you may like to be reminded that Maurel found them 'superb' — as indeed they are.

And now your way leads on, past Montefiascone, on the edge of the crater lake, Bolsena. And you may want to stop and try Montefiascone wine. There was once (so the story goes) a Bishop of Augsburg who, on a journey to Rome, sent a servant before him to try the inns and to mark those whose wine was good, with the word '*est.*' At Montefiascone the servant found wine so superlative that he wrote '*est, est, est.*' And the Bishop, when he came, drank so much of it that he died. In support of this, there is the Bishop's tomb, in the lower of the two churches of San Flaviano, with an epitaph confirming the story. What

value this has had in advertising Montefiascone wine, I leave you to estimate. But I have met those who believe the wine merchants invented the story — and think ill of them for so doing.

The Lake of Bolsena occupies an extinct crater twenty-eight miles in circumference, and abounds in fish. Martin IV (Pope from 1281 to 1285), who was elected at Viterbo and lived there, was excessively fond of the eels from this lake, which he caused to be caught alive, drowned in white wine, and then cooked. He is said to have died of overeating them. Dante saw him among the gluttons in Purgatory:

> 'that face beyond him, pierced
> Unto a leaner fineness than the rest,
> Had keeping of the church; he was of Tours,
> And purges by wan abstinence away
> Bolsena's eels and cups of muscadel.'

It was in Martin's day, but before his sovereignty, that the Miracle of Bolsena occurred, and a skeptical Bohemian priest was convinced of Transubstantiation by the dropping of blood from the Host upon the altar linen. The feast of Corpus Domini commemorates this miracle; and in thanksgiving for this manifestation Pope Urban IV ordered the Cathedral of Orvieto begun. You will recall Raphael's great fresco in the Stanze of Raphael at the Vatican, picturing the miracle.

Now you approach Orvieto, on her natural ramparts, more than six hundred feet above the surrounding plain; and the afternoon sun is shining strongly (I hope) on the cathedral façade for which all that you have heard, and all the pictures you have seen, have not quite prepared you. Maurel says that 'façade has attempted, and almost obtained, the reconciliation of the Gothic with the sky of Italy. This pointed style, made for misty climates where plants

and trees stretch upward in search of the light behind the eternal clouds, where the soul, to find heaven, must spread its wings and fly toward it, where everything is called upon to rise, and not to spread, the Gothic style makes itself the seeker of light in upstretching forms, ogees, and belfry spires pointing toward the blue, since the blue shows no great willingness to come to them. [I am using the English translation published by Putnam's. And as I write that sentence, I wonder if Maurel put an interesting, though not novel, comment in sprawling construction; or if the translator has been at fault. The French Academy does not often 'crown' ungainly prose.] All its details are created for the legitimate exigencies of a lazy sun. But here in Italy the sun is not inclined to keep himself hidden, and these pillars, these pediments, and these pinnacles submit to the necessity of spreading out imposed by the radiant climate.'

Orvieto has no compelling ghosts. We go there to see the cathedral, and it is a good place for even the least architecturally inclined of us to do a little thinking about architecture. Most of the great Gothic churches of France and England were built or well under way when that up-springing, light-seeking style began to be adapted to the tastes and needs of sunny, shade-seeking Italy. The greatest artists this world has ever known, except those of Greece's Golden Age, were here in Italy to do the 'adapting,' or to scorn it. I think no one (not even a half-grown child) should fail, at Orvieto, standing in the wide spaces of the Piazza del Duomo, to compare this gorgeous, colorful façade with other Gothic façades he has seen, and wonder why light-seeking instead of shade-spreading lines were chosen for this sun-drenched plateau. I think we should decide what we think about this wealth of color as compared with the gray sculpture of northern Gothic façades, and whether we should have inclined to put the color in the colder,

grayer north, and the colder, grayer effects down here. I think we ought to *form* an opinion (not *accept* one!) as to how this façade *relates* to the interior, as façade and interior are related in the great churches of this period which are beyond the Alps. I may be quite wrong; but I believe that a little perfectly honest, individual thinking about some things is, however unorthodox our conclusions may be, a lot better for us than our careful way of reading the most accepted authorities and trying to agree with them. We have adopted respectfulness as entailing less labor than forming opinions of our own — and that is why we are — many of us — so feebly interested in some of the arts we know least about. A foolish opinion can always be improved. But the habit of not troubling to form opinions is like any other borrowing habit — a bad one to acquire.

Orvieto Cathedral is striking; it challenges comparisons: and as we have little, if anything, else to engage us at Orvieto, why not accept the challenge? We don't have to tell anybody what we think — but I believe we shall enjoy doing the thinking. It isn't always possible, in a land like Italy, where one is usually surcharged with *feeling* — sensuous and sentimental — to do a little mental exercise untinged by emotion. My emotions seem to rest when I am at Orvieto, and I find it possible to do a mild amount of what passes, with me, for thinking. Perhaps you think *all* the time, and it 'ain't no treat' to you!

The altar linen of Bolsena's Miracle is in the Capella del Corporale, in the north transept of Orvieto Cathedral, but it is shown only at Easter and at the feast of Corpus Domini. The last time I was at Orvieto was just prior to this latter feast, and great preparations for it were in progress.

But it is in the south transept that most visitors centre their interest, on the frescoes of Angelico, Gozzoli, and Signorelli. Perhaps you are not familiar with Signorelli,

and may like to know that his was a generation earlier than Michelangelo's, and it is said to be from him (he vastly influenced the painters of his own and succeeding times) that Michelangelo derived most in painting. Signorelli surpassed all his contemporaries in his studies of anatomy (which he pursued not merely from live subjects, but in burial grounds, and even with his own dear dead) and in his delineations of the nude. He cared little for color; and if a sacrifice had to be made either to powerful truth or to beauty, he made it to the former. Michelangelo is said to have borrowed from these frescoes for his 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel, which he painted some thirty years after these were finished. 'Borrowed' is perhaps not the word. But that he was influenced by this work of Signorelli's you will probably feel to be beyond question.

Beyond Orvieto your road turns east for nearly thirty miles, to Todi, and thence almost due north to Perugia; or, from Todi northeasterly to Bevagna and thence north to Assisi!

(The total distance from Rome to Perugia by this route, omitting Assisi, is 216.9 kilometres; the distance from Perugia to Florence by way of Arezzo is 169.7 kilometres. This makes a total of 386.6 kilometres, or nearly 242 miles. Your car-hire is based on so-much a kilometre — from 3½ lire to as high as 7. A lire as I write is just over 5 cents: 386 kilometres up, and as many back — empty — is 772. And 772 kilometres at 3½ lire is 2700 lire, or about $145. From Perugia to Florence by way of Siena and San Gimignano adds only about 45 kilometres. The détour to Assisi and back is about 50 more. To the mileage price — a minimum of about $180 by the route including Siena, San Gimignano, and Assisi — you must add $3 a day for the chauffeur's board and lodging, and 10 per cent of the mileage bill for his tip. Stopping at Orvieto the first night and

taking Assisi en route to Perugia saves about 25 kilometres, and something in hotel costs, as the Palace at Orvieto is cheaper than the Brufani or the Palace at Perugia.)

Of Perugia as it engrosses the lingering sojourner, the student of archæology, of art, of history, I dare not speak here. These scant notes are only for the hurrying traveller who must snatch glimpses, impressions, to illumine and interpret for him as he reads about these places after his return home. He is 'doing' the Hill Towns in two days or in four, not because he can get all he wants in that time, but because it is all the time he has to give. Too many of our travel books are written by persons who enjoy either abundant leisure on their travels or such proximity to places of great interest that they can run off to one in a few hours every time they get a holiday. I am continually mindful of the thousands to whom Italy is an experience for once or twice in a lifetime of wistfulness for it; and to whom, even then, it must be an experience of days or of a few short weeks, and not of the months they'd delight to spend there. (I have just been doing, for instance, some planning with two people *richly* prepared to get the best out of Italy, who are going there on their first visit — as a postcript to a business trip to Berlin — and have exactly nine days from the time they cross the border at Chiasso to the time they sail from Naples. But they'll come away, after those nine days, with treasure to keep them rich for a long, long time to come. Nor can the nine days, by any will, be stretched even to ten!)

Perugia was one of the twelve confederate cities of Etruria; but *that*, she'll tell you, was *late* in her history — for she claims Noah as her founder. (How Noah, after all his adventures, got so far from Ararat, no one has told me; but I'm sure there are those in Perugia who know!)

Noah did not leave many evidences of his stay here; but

as you approach Perugia, towering more than sixteen hundred feet above sea-level and about a thousand above the surrounding plain, you'll understand why the spot appealed to the Captain of the Ark — even if he believed in the promise of the rainbow.

The Etruscans, however, left us a very considerable amount to tell us the story of their civilization, their art. The Romans left even more. And the Middle Ages can scarcely be said to have left Perugia a great legacy so much as they can be said not to have left her at all.

You will probably stop, before you begin your climb to Perugia, at the Etruscan tomb of the Volumni beside the road to Rome. And if you are interested in the Etruscans, you will spend most of your time at Perugia inspecting the remains of their old walls and gates, and the Etruscan antiquities in the University Museum.

Perugia became a Roman city about 295 B.C., and assisted Rome's vain effort to hold Hannibal at bay. After that, we hear no more of it until young Octavius took it in the course of those victories which were to make him Augustus.

You will find Roman superstructure on the base of nearly all the Etruscan structure here, for Augustus rebuilt the city. But unless you are very ardent about Rome, you will probably think less about her, at Perugia, than about the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance.

The probability is that you will reach Perugia late in the day. Of course you'll go direct to your hotel; and whether it be the Brufani or the Palace, it is close to the terrace of the Giardino di Fronte, whence you have one of the loveliest and most dream-compelling views in Italy, and often one of the finest sunsets.

'It is,' says Gabriel Faure, in 'The Land of St. Francis of Assisi' (if you have his book called 'Wanderings in Italy'

you have all the same matter and a good deal more, but far fewer pictures than in this Picture Guide of the Medici Series), 'the fleeting hour of dusk, that mysterious hour which brings dreams in its train, when the heavens are of a soft, milky blue, almost the shade of Parma violets. The Umbrian valley gently fades from sight between the double chain of the Apennines and the heights above the Tiber. The mountains recede into one of those vague, soft backgrounds beloved of Leonardo. The little towns fade away into the distance under the light mist which rises from the sun-baked earth. One can still see the windings of the river, the roofs of the Portiuncola, and of Bastia, with Assisi, white on the flank of Monte Subasio. When the landscape becomes familiar one can make out Spello and Foligno in the plain, Montefalco on its hill-top, and behind the hill of Bettona, the Rocca of Spoleto surrounded by its sacred forests. . . . Looking out over this valley where civilization succeeded civilization, where many centuries of history have left their mark, where religion and art found their purest expression, every sensation seems enriched, every thought ennobled. For as many cities as there are on the plains and on the slopes, so many glorious names are there, creators of famous works. . . . The eye wanders from the hoary Tiber to the sacred Clitumnus, from the Topino, sung by Dante, to the roofs of the Portiuncola, from the hills of Trasimeno to the walls of Spoleto where Lucretia Borgia reigned. From this very terrace the Perugians saw the Etruscan cohorts and the legions of Flaminius pass along; they saw the crowds which followed St. Francis, the armies of the Popes, the soldiers of Napoleon.'

Yes, and Rienzi, 'clothed gloriously in scarlet, furred with miniver and embroidered with gold' (see pages 153 *et seq.*), setting forth with the brothers of Fra Moreale to reënter Rome — where death awaited him.

When the last light has faded, take a stroll — I pray you — in the old town that Rienzi knew. The Rome that he knew has largely vanished. The Perugia that he knew is almost as he left it.

In his day it was known as *Perugia turrita*, Perugia the towered, because it had more towers than houses. Go down, into 'the little streets of the town, these tortuous and narrow lanes, these cut-throat alleys, eloquent still of attack and defence, between these old walls with barred windows, on these flagstones which have not been lifted since the centuries when they were so often stained with blood.'

Walk north from the terrace, through the Piazza Vittório Emanuele into Corso Vannucci (named for him whom we know better as 'Il Perugino'). At Via dei Priori, beside the Palazzo Communale, turn, to your left, and wander down the steep street toward the Tower of the Scirri which has seen all Perugia's history since Dante's day.

Perhaps it were better (not for fear of any harm befalling you, but lest you lose your way and be unable to ask directions) that you retrace your steps toward the Corso. But that little stroll, requiring but a half-hour at most, will give you (I think) a picture which will make a marvellous complement to the one from the terrace.

In the morning? Ah, but I hesitate to suggest what you shall do with an hour or two at Perugia! I can tell you what *I'd* do; and if it appeals to you, you may do likewise.

I'd go back, up Corso Vannucci, to the Collegio del Cambio, or Hall and Chapel of the Bankers' Guild. And there, in the audience hall, I'd find myself in great company.

The hall is full of scaffolding (not actually, but as I see it) and in it a master and his bevy of assistants are busy with the painting of frescoes.

The master is Perugino. He was born (in 1446) near here,

at Città della Pieve, and was apprenticed, before he was nine years old, to a painter in Perugia who, though himself of mediocre talent, was able to appreciate the boy's superior ability.

Then came the days when the young artist went to Florence to study those marvellous Masaccios of the Brancacci Chapel (see 'So You're Going to Italy!' p. 46) and to work under Verrocchio at the same time that Leonardo was working there. Perugino was so poor that he could not afford a bed, but slept on a chest and went without every comfort in order that he might live and labor in an atmosphere where great things were being accomplished.

When he returned to Perugia he was already famous, and it may have been that Pinturrichio (born in Perugia, in 1454) worked under him. Together they went to Rome, and worked on the Sistine Chapel (much of their work being afterwards destroyed to make room for Michelangelo's). And then, when he was forty, he settled in Florence and had a studio there for thirteen years, till the money-changers or bankers of Perugia asked him to undertake the decoration of this hall. He must have brought the boy Raphael with him, for the latter had been his pupil for about three years when this work was begun. Perugino was well past fifty, now, and getting rich. He married a young and beautiful wife whom he adored — often designing rich costumes for her and even decking her in them with his own hands. In this household Raphael lived when a boy of sixteen and thereabouts. (The house is at 5 Via Deliziosa, not far from the Tower of the Scirri.)

In the audience-hall of the Perugian bankers I see Perugino at work, and with him the almost-girlish lad who is to lay the world so deeply in his debt. And as they paint, word comes to them of what young Michelangelo is doing, in Rome and Florence; of Leonardo's triumphs.

So, when he can, Perugino 'shuts up shop' here, disperses his assistants, and goes back to the greater centres.

As a matter of fact, Vannucci's association with Perugia was of less duration than that with Florence or with Rome. But there he was never dominant; and here, he *is*.

I'd probably be but indifferently tempted by the Pinacoteca Vannucci (or Perugino Picture Gallery) in the Palazzo Communale. But I love the venerable building and its associations. And if I spend less time in gallery or cathedral than some persons might think I should spend, it is because I prefer the Fontane Maggiore (between them) to either, and feel that whereas there are many galleries and cathedrals finer there is no finer fountain in all Italy.

The last great work on which Nicola Pisano labored was this fountain, begun in 1274, four years before his death. (The Pisan Baptistery pulpit and the Siena Cathedral pulpit had been finished for some years.) Giovanni, his son, completed the fountain after Nicola's death.

And as you muse beside the fountain, you may like to be reminded that Umbria, which gave birth to so many marvellous painters, did not produce a single noteworthy sculptor. This was especially remarkable at a time when so many of the artists (of Tuscany in particular) were almost equally great in sculpture and in painting.

If I went into the Cathedral it would probably be to pay a brief visit to the Chapel of the Sacred Ring, containing (in a reliquary under fifteen locks) what is supposed to be the marriage ring of the Virgin Mary. It is of agate or some such stone, and is reputed to change its color to betray the true character of the onlooker. The reason this interests me is because two pupils of Perugino, Raphael and Lo Spagna, both painted notable pictures of the marriage of the Virgin. Raphael's (painted when he was twenty-one) is in the Brera, at Milan, and Lo Spagna (long attributed

to Perugino himself) is at Caen, although it was painted for the altar of the sacrament here in Perugia Cathedral. Raphael painted his for the Church of San Francesco in Città di Castello, a few miles north of Perugia.

Mrs. Jameson, in her 'Legends of the Madonna,' says that this subject of the marriage of the Virgin became very popular with the Italian and German painters from the fourteenth century.

'The very early painters,' she says, 'deemed it right to represent Joseph as very old, almost decrepit with age, and supported by a crutch. According to some of the monkish authorities (who would probably have denied that Mary had ever been married at all, had not the testimony of the Gospel been too absolute to be set aside) he was a widower and eighty-four years old when he was espoused to Mary. On the other hand, it was argued that such a marriage would have been quite contrary to the custom of the Jews; and that to defend Mary and to provide for her celestial offspring it was necessary that her husband should be a man of mature age, but still strong and robust, and able to work at his trade; and thus, with more propriety and better taste, the later painters have represented him. In the best Italian and Spanish pictures of the Holy Family he is a man of about forty or fifty, with a mild benevolent countenance, brown hair, and a short, curled beard; the crutch, or stick, however, is seldom omitted; it became a conventional attribute.'

The legend is that when Mary was fourteen years old, the priest Zacharias inquired of the Lord what was to be done with her (she had been in the temple since she was *three*, although most of the 'Presentations' show her as a girl of eight or nine); and an angel told him to call together all the widowers, and let each bring his rod, or wand; 'and he to whom the Lord shall show a sign, let him be the husband

of Mary.' Joseph came with the rest, and when he appeared before the priest, a dazzling white dove issued out of his wand, settled on his head, and then flew toward heaven. Another story is that the suitors left their wands in the temple overnight, and in the morning Joseph's was found to have budded into leaves and flowers. The other suitors thereupon broke their wands in rage; in Raphael's picture, as in most of the others, one of the disappointed suitors is seen, in the foreground, breaking his wand across his knee; and the wand that Joseph carries has blossomed into a lily.

There are three scenes from the marriage legend in the Church of Madonna dell' Arena at Padua; there is one in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence.

Piazza Danti (named for the sculptor of Pope Julius III's statue), north of the cathedral, has three streets leading out of it toward the north. I'd take the east or right-hand one, Piazza Piccinino, and make my way toward the Chapel of San Severo where Raphael, in 1505, executed his first commission in fresco. And then, from Terrazzo delle Prome, I'd descend the stairs to the Arch of Augustus, which I'd see from *without* the walls as well as from within.

If, then, I took my way toward Assisi, it would be with a full-fed feeling as of one who had sat at a great feast and eaten at will, nor reckoned my satisfaction the less because the bounty spread was larger than my immediate capacity.

But before I left Perugia I'd note what the city is doing to keep pace with modern Italy as well as to preserve her memorials of Italy's great past; I'd mark how she now runs down the hillsides and into the plain, welcoming the traveller, instead of sitting on her escarpment, behind high battlements, defying assault. I'd consider the problem that is hers — entrusted with the guardianship of so much that all the world venerates, and yet with successive generations

of Youth that make Today richer because its Yesterdays were long and pregnant. It seems to me that Perugia is doing notably well with this problem. See what *you* think!

As you go toward the Tiber, flowing between Perugia and Assisi, you go through groves of olive trees said to be among the oldest in Italy — trees that were probably old when Francis of Assisi was young. Then, into the lovely Umbrian plain, with its vines and wheat, the latter thick-sown with swaying scarlet poppies.

The first time I covered that ground I did it in a little carriage built for two, drawn by a leisurely horse and driven by a somnolent fellow-townsman of Saint Francis. We left Assisi after the breakfast we couldn't eat, and reached Perugia in time for lunch (you will probably go between those points — fifteen miles — in a half-hour); but few rides have etched themselves so deep in my memory.

This is, Gabriel Faure reminds us, the very road that Saint Francis trod each time he walked between Assisi and Perugia. This old Roman bridge across the Tiber is the one he knew. 'The same meadows, the same trees saw him, even the same inhabitants, quiet gentle people to whom he told his dreams and taught his beliefs. Think of him in the summer mornings, coming out of the Portiuncola, going out to meet the peasants, talking to them, helping them with their work. Then, the day finished, after supping with his fellow-workers at the farm, explaining to them the splendor of the Universe, beneath the tranquil mangificence of the starry heavens.'

'The great charm of Saint Francis,' Faure goes on to say, 'is that no one was less a churchman. He was neither priest nor theologian. He did not even know his Bible well. He ignored the first principles of scholasticism. He was neither a dignitary of the church, nor a Bishop, not even the Abbot of a Monastery. He hardly knew the Saints, of whom he

was to become one of the greatest. He spoke to the crowds, not like the ecclesiastical preachers, from high pulpits, but simply, from among the peasants and their womenfolk, without dogmatic paraphernalia, without theological quotations or pompous phrases. . . . He was profoundly human. . . . In order to admire the deeds and words of this Saint, it is not necessary to believe — it is sufficient to have lived, loved and suffered.'

The mother of Francis was probably a Provençal, and his father (a prosperous draper) was in France when the boy was born (1181); the boy was christened Giovanni, but came to be called Francesco by his companions because he spoke French.

In his youth, Francis was the leader of Assisi's gay young men about town, but always conspicuous for his charity to the poor. A serious and prolonged illness when he was in his early manhood gave him opportunity for reflection, and he became dissatisfied with his way of life. One day, after his recovery, he gave a banquet to his friends, and after it they sallied forth with torches, singing through the streets, Francis crowned with garlands as king of the revellers. After a while his guests missed him, and when they found him the miracle had occurred. He was a permanently altered man. He gave himself up to solitude, prayer, and the service of the poor and outcast, especially the sick and very especially the lepers. His father took him before the Bishop of Assisi to have him legally disinherited; but before this could be done, Francis renounced his patrimony, cast off his clothes and gave them back to his father, saying that henceforth he recognized no father but his Father in Heaven. The Bishop gave him a cloak, and Francis, singing a French song, went off up into the woods of Mount Subasio.

The next three years he spent in direst poverty, minister-

ing to the lepers and other outcasts. It was then that he began to frequent the ruined little Chapel of Saint Mary of the Angels. And there that the Call came to him: 'Everywhere on your road preach and say — The Kingdom of God is at hand. Cure the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, drive out the devils. Freely have you received, freely give. Carry neither gold nor silver nor money in your girdles, nor bag, nor two coats, nor sandals, nor staff, for the workman is worthy of his hire.'

When he rose to heed this call, Francis found himself possessed of but one thing that could be dispensed with — a leathern girdle. This he cast from him, and substituted for it one of hempen cord, which has ever since been a distinguishing mark of his followers.

Disciples soon came to him. The first woman among them was Clara Sciffo, very beautiful daughter of a wealthy noble of Assisi, and much sought in marriage — for which she was disinclined. She went to Francis and asked his counsel. He advised her to take refuge in the Convent of San Paolo, which she did. And being joined there by her younger sister, her mother, and other noble ladies of Assisi, she founded the Order of Poor Clares, on the same austere lines as Francesco's Franciscans.

This is probably not the place to write of the Franciscans; but we have not the space for it, even had I the will to do it.

But of Francesco, not as the founder of an Order whose generalship he renounced because 'I have no more the power and the qualities to continue to take care of it,' but as a beautiful spirit which *sang* while it served, let us be as acutely conscious as we can, here in these scenes which he consecrated.

His religion kept him radiantly *glad*. He sang, he rejoiced in nature, he loved all living things. Not many of his

disciples have been able to approximate his joyousness in the universal blessings.

Ascetic he was, and mystic, in a degree which his century favored more than ours does. But those were not his supreme gifts to the world. Had he lived much later, I believe he would have found expression much as another blithe spirit did, who wrote:

> 'If I have faltered more or less
> In my great task of happiness;
> If I have moved among my race
> And shown no glorious morning face;
> If books and my food and summer rain
> Knock on my sullen heart in vain;
> Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
> And *stab* my spirit broad awake.'

And that his conception of the poverty which emancipates unto joy and service would have been formulated in the suggestion that 'every man should ask himself how much money he can afford to earn.'

Whatever our creed, Assisi ought to hold some sort of reconsecration for us.

We visit, first, the great Basilica of Saint Mary of the Angels, built above the primitive little chapel on whose roof the larks sang the night that Francis died — as if to say that a spiritual morning is cause for song, as well as the renewal of dawn. Perhaps you would rather the little chapel were not so richly enshrined; you feel that Francis would have desired less marble, and more alms — he who sold the only Psalter his chapel possessed, to buy bread for a hungry old woman. But I hope you won't let this spoil the Portiuncola for you — since it is the spirit of Saint Francis and not the taste of his admirers that you have come here to revere, nor even the architecture of Vignola. Here Saint Dominic came to visit Francis. Here Francis cut

Clare's golden hair and consecrated her as the bride of Christ. Here he sang, as he lay dying.

He desired to be buried outside the town, where the criminals and other outcasts were buried. And this was done. But, two years after his death, the foundations of a great church above his grave were laid by the Vicar-General of his Order.

This great church (or, rather, two churches, upper and lower) is, I suppose, second only to Saint Peter's at Rome in veneration and in the number of pilgrims it attracts. The lower church, above the crypt where Saint Francis lies, is the more impressive; but the upper is perhaps the more interesting.

Temptation to comment (not critically but explanatorily) on Giotto's frescoes, is very strong; but must be resisted here. Giotto was but four-and-twenty when he and those who already were his pupils began this great work.

The Cathedral of Assisi was not long rebuilt when Francis was christened in it; and the font is there from which Pietro Bernardone's son was christened Giovanni — to be rechristened 'Frenchy,' by his playmates.

A church is on the site of his birthplace. And it may be that you will visit also the Church of Santa Chiara, or Saint Clara, below the cathedral.

The Roman remains at and around Assisi are abundant. But most pilgrims come here for other reasons than to think about ancient Rome; and I think they are wise who, at Saint Francis' town, concentrate on Saint Francis.

From Perugia your way may lead up through Gubbio to Urbino; and thence to the East Coast (to Fano, Pesaro, San Marino, Rimini; to Ravenna, and down to Florence through Forli and Dicomano — see our Appendix, pp. 366–67); or it may lead to Arezzo, and thence to Florence by the Casentino — via Bibbiena and Poppi — or by the Arno road;

or it may lead via Chiusi and Montepulciano to Siena. How briefly we must consider each route, you will appreciate. For here is matter for a big, meaty book — and space for a handful of skimped paragraphs.

The most direct route is by Cortona, Arezzo, and the Arno into Florence — 106 miles and a fraction. This goes along part of the east shore of Lake Trasimene and all the way across its northern edge — giving you a splendid sweep of vision in which your retrospective eye may see the armies of Hannibal and Flaminius engaged in that great conflict wherein the builder of Via Flaminia lost his life (217 B.C.). Hannibal had marched past the Roman army, stationed at Arezzo to intercept him, and reached the heights on the north of the lake, near Tuoro, commanding the road to Rome, and also those on the west of Tuoro. When the Romans, who had camped west of Tuoro, the night before the battle, entered the little valley of the brook ever since called Sanguineto, the mists of early morning prevented their seeing Hannibal's forces; they were surrounded, and in trying to force a passage lost no fewer than fifteen thousand men.

Some thirty years ago (1898) an artificial outlet to the lake, made by the Romans, was reopened, from the southeast corner, to a small tributary of the Tiber; this does away with the inundations of the surrounding country which used to follow upon the lake's sudden rises, and leave malaria to breed in the resulting swamps. Napoleon formed a project for draining the lake; and I daresay Mussolini will get around to doing it. Miles of arable land will serve Italy better than miles of vista and memories of Hannibal. But if you hurry, you may see the lake.

Two-and-thirty miles from Perugia, you come to Cortona, the highest town of Umbria and Tuscany and one of the oldest — 'compared to which Rome is but of yesterday

. . . ere the days of Hector and Achilles, ere Troy itself arose, Cortona was.' Maurice Hewlett had 'the tomb of Flaminius' pointed out to him, in the cathedral. Roman it is, and may be of that date; but Hewlett says it was a lady's sarcophagus — and I am afraid he *knew!* This was Signorelli's home, and here his passion for truth, for art, had enough mastery of his grief so that he sat for two days, locked in the chamber with his dead son, painting the rigid beauties of the lad's stark young body. You may see Signorellis here; and many an ancient house with a Door for the Dead.

Arezzo had the honor of being Petrarch's birthplace, because Florence had just exiled his father; but it is not at Arezzo that one looks for Petrarch's ghost. And it is no less hard to think, here, of Mæcenas. Of Aretino? Yes! And of Vasari. Aretino was born here, in a hospital, not the bastard of a gentleman by a courtesan, as is often said, but the son of a shoemaker and his wife. His birth occurred in April, 1492. He fled from Arezzo to Perugia and thence to Rome, in 1511, and thenceforth was little concerned with the city which gave him his birth and his name. Edward Hutton has rather recently (1923) published a study of Aretino which should be absorbingly interesting to students of the Renaissance. In it he makes no attempt to whitewash Aretino, but shows him as the mirror of his age — a monster indeed, 'but above all a man of his day, perhaps the most free and complete expression of the age in which he lived. That, and his enormous ability, together with the fact that he founded the modern Press and used the hitherto unsuspected weapon of publicity with an incomparable appreciation of its power, are his chief claims upon our notice.'

This is pretty rough on the modern Press. But perhaps Mr. Hutton did not so intend it. I can only hope that I, for quoting it, may not be held guilty as I was by the lady who

lashed herself into a fury with me for calling the Jews 'the most material of peoples' — the fact being that I was quoting Frank Harris's superb tribute to 'Shakespeare, the Man'; and that Harris had no more intent to impugn the Jews, to whom Jesus was sent, than he had to belittle 'the rude race' of Englishmen who somehow produced Shakespeare. 'Unchristian!' screamed this outraged lady (herself no Jew, she said) at me in a letter which bore no address. Quotation marks are but tiny things, and easily overlooked by the reader not apt for them. So, if any ardent champion of the Press which, Hutton says, 'has in our own day come to be more powerful than any established government or elected parliament or hereditary monarchy,' shall move to sue, or jail, or guillotine me for fathering it with the most shameless blackmailer of a shameless age, let this be my disclaimer-in-advance.

It may be Aretino who absorbs you at Arezzo. It may be gossipy old Vasari against whom the recondite critics rave — but would you take anything they can offer you in exchange for the rapt hours you have spent with his 'Lives of the Painters'?

I wouldn't! Nor can I find it in my heart to blame you if that citizen of Arezzo who most fills your thought while you are there is that young sewing girl whom Hewlett watched from his inn-window and described for us with such sympathy that she is almost as fine a portrait as his 'Richard Yea-and-Nay.'

Whatever you do in Arezzo, I hope you won't neglect Santa Maria della Pieve with its many-pillared façade and its lovely campanile. There are, indeed, many things to see and to think about, at Arezzo. And as I have said elsewhere, there is a comfortable inn.

If you follow the lower river road it will lead you through San Giovanni in Val d'Arno which gave Masaccio to the

world (see "So You're Going to Italy!" p. 46), but where there is probably nothing from his hand.

If you take the Casentino, or upper Valley of the Arno, you may glimpse Bibbiena, the birthplace of Raphael's patron and (perhaps) of his unwanted fiancée, Maria Bibbiena who lies beside him in Rome's Pantheon. From here there is a steep and difficult road to La Verna where Saint Francis of Assisi received the Stigmata, or signs of the Passion of Christ. Those who desire detail about La Verna may find it in 'The Valley of the Arno,' by Edward Hutton, who deals learnedly with all this region — too dry-as-dust-learnedly for my taste, but perhaps not for yours.

Four miles beyond Bibbiena is Poppi with its great old castle, 'once the strongest fortress in all this valley and still by far the most complete,' from which you may view the green fields and vineyards where the great battle of Campaldino was fought between Florentines and Aretines (men of Arezzo) in June, 1289, and young Dante Alighieri fought in the Florentine ranks against the Ghibellines.

Of Poppi's castle, Hewlett says 'it is by no means a fine castle, but for its size — a perfectly square block with a tower at one end like the smoke-stack of a locomotive.' And Hutton says 'in its noble aspect, its haggard beauty and pride, it is curiously like its daughter, the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence, but its situation helps it amazingly.'

Two hours' climb above Poppi, to the northeast, is the famous Monastery of Camaldoli, founded in 1012, now a hotel.

Now, should it be that you have chosen to reach Florence by way of Urbino, your route lies through Gubbio, famous for its majolica and its ancient houses. If any one has ever spoken a good word for the inn at Urbino I have never heard it. My advice to you is to leave Perugia betimes, carrying a luncheon with you, and get to Urbino (sixty-six

miles) as much before noon as you can, so as to see the palace before midday. For, if you must wait until two to enter (closed from twelve to two) it will be well on toward four before you leave Urbino; and you have nearly seventy miles to go, to Arezzo. The alternative to this is to continue from Urbino to Pesaro or some of the coast resorts.

At Urbino there is not a great deal to see, besides the palace; but a world of fascinating history to think about. The thinking can as profitably be done at any distance, once you have made a picture of Urbino part of your mental storehouse.

Have you seen those long wagons going through a street, with the wherewithal to reconstitute Verona's palaces (let's say) for tonight's performance of 'Romeo and Juliet,' at the Opera? Have you thought from beside what other 'sets' (perhaps of 'Aïda' or of 'Carmen' or of 'Manon') they may have been taken, an hour ago? When you go to a place like Urbino, don't you feel yourself to be acquiring all the 'setting' for a number of splendid dramas? So that, in future, when you take down those glowing books which deal with the Montefeltri and the della Roveri, the Borgias and Sforzas and Gonzagas, with Raphael and Bramante, instead of leading them out to play for you on a featureless stage marked: 'a room in the palace at Urbino,' you send to your 'storehouse' for all the background as you saw it and felt it? When you see Melozzo's portrait of Duca Federigo, at Windsor, or Piero della Francesco's in the Uffizi, you immediately relate him to his background in this splendid palace that he began in the very year that the Uffizi portrait was painted.

So many and so rich in interest are the dramas of Urbino in the fulness of the Renaissance, that I think almost any amount of effort required to get a 'set' of her, is richly repaid.

We have, then, to consider your route if, at Perugia, you turn not toward Urbino but toward Siena — as a majority of those who visit 'the Hill Towns' do.

This will take you to Città della Pieve, where Perugino was born, and to Chiusi which used to be Clusium and was the home of that Lars Porsena whom Horatius held at bay. Then you have Montepulciano, where you may see Politian's birthplace and a church which is said to have given Bramante his inspiration for the interior of Saint Peter's at Rome.

Pienza was the birthplace of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini (Pope Pius II), of whom you will be very conscious in Siena if you do any of the things that tourists usually do there. But before we embark upon any comment on Siena itself, I'm sure you'll like to be reminded that as you approach the city from the southeast you go through the hills where ochre is quarried whence 'raw Sienna' and 'burnt Sienna' are obtained.

Now, Siena is — to my way of thinking — one of the least satisfactory of Italian cities in which to pause briefly. Almost I think that this does not except Rome or Florence; which is not to say that Siena has more to see nor more to say to us, but that what she has needs more 'getting into' — isn't familiar to most of us before we actually see it, as much as in Florence, Rome, Venice, and elsewhere. Siena is a place for sojourn, I think: to settle down for a leisurely season and enter upon a rich new field of reading punctuated by strolls about the city.

When I go to Florence (for instance) I am 'all set' for it, and the merest mention of a Medici, a Bardi, a Strozzi, a Tornabuoni, peoples the stage for me at once; but when I go to Siena I find that Pandolfo Petrucci isn't a flesh-and-blood person to me, and I'm more than hazy about the Tolomei and completely fogged about the Salimbini. Nor am

I a great deal better-off with respect to Sienese artists. You may be quite otherwise; but in case you are *not*, and your time for Siena is very short, what can I who have never sojourned there but only visited, give you that may make you feel most acquainted with Siena?

Maurice Hewlett, I think — from 'The Road in Tuscany'; as much of it as I dare take space for. And then a few modest suggestions of mine own.

'I name,' said he, 'the two cities of Tuscany in which it is pleasant to live to be Lucca and Siena; and they are the only two which have reckoned up pleasure among the assets of life. And I say that there are two cities in Tuscany which excel all the others in beauty, and whose beauty consists mainly in elegance; and that these are Lucca and Siena. And lastly I say that, of any two Tuscan cities which one could pick out as alike in the quantity of their charm, it would be impossible to find two more dissimilar in the quality of it than this chosen pair. For one is impossible to be hid, the other most difficult to find. One flaunts it on the top of a mountain, the other nestles darkling in a thicket. And as for the people, if the Lucchese are the salt of the earth, the Sienese are the mustard. The Lucchese have prospered quietly, the Sienese have blusterously failed. And yet, with all their recluse ways, you cannot walk the streets of Lucca without seeing signs of great and forcible character; and flamboyant, preposterous, absurd as the Sienese have been and still are, it is not possible to affirm that any one thing they have said or done is unworthy of great blood, or a proof of ignoble desire. If the Lucchese have left no name in history, it is because they have never tried to make one; if the Sienese, it is because they have always failed. Over and over again they have bid for a starry crown; but above that of all the Tuscan nations their history is futile, stultifying, and outrageous. They have no

literature, no Dante, no Sacchetti; no science, no Galileo; no great art, no Giotto, no Michelangelo; no Castruccio, no Farinata, no Medici, no Machiavelli. What Florence had been able to do was clean impossible for Siena, which started earlier on the race and had the greater advantage. Money she had; but foresight, power, magnanimity, longanimity, were wanting in Siena. These things, which are testimonies and fruits of character, abounded in Florence: Siena had none of them. And yet a walk down one street of the place will reveal to you finer, rarer, more poignant, more salient character than a whole month of prying into the untouched corners of Florence; and so you will find it if you walk back along the great alley — Shakespeare's 'primrose path' — and compare the Sienese whom you meet with the Florentines. Sienese history is bafflingly absurd, but it touches the heart, which Florentine history seldom does. And thus you may state the difference: you must esteem but cannot love a Florentine, you must love but can hardly esteem a Sienese.'

I believe myself to be one of Mr. Hewlett's most ardent and most constant admirers. I love his heresies. I treasure his epitomes of character. I delight in his attitude toward Italy as a land whose magnificent past can be interpreted and understood only by those who appreciate and justly estimate her living people. But I know the tricks of my trade, though I may not know how to practice them; and so I know that in composing what I have just quoted to you, Mr. Hewlett was 'writing' — that is to say, he was building prose (which he did excellently) and constrained to force some points to emphasize his art. I doubt if he believed every statement he made, or desired any reader to believe that he did; but he stimulates, challenges; captures the essential; creates an atmosphere in which things are seen significantly.

He says it is 'the blend of the tragic and the trivial' which 'stirs the pulse of every sojourner in Siena's desolate places'; and that 'what was said of the Celts by a Celt of old time is true of Siena, and over-true. *They went forth to war, but they always fell.*' It is, he says, 'the firm opinion of the other nations of Tuscany that the Sienese are mad,' and he repeats the story that his driver told him: of how the Grand Duke Leopold, when the Sienese asked him for money to build a madhouse, said 'Shut your gates, my brothers, and lock them, and there is your madhouse ready made, and all your madmen inside it.'

Now, to be too literal in accepting these generalizations might keep you from going to Siena at all, or might lead you into disastrous error while you're there. But they're well worth having in mind, I think. And let me urge you, when you have read Mr. Hewlett on Tuscany, to take his counsel about Mr. William Heywood's books, at least as to the one on the Palio of Siena, and, if possible, as to 'A Pictorial Chronicle of Siena.'

There remains, then, scant space in which to suggest what you may *see* of Siena if you are there on a Hill-Town Motor Trip. (What you may *feel* of it depends, of course, on what you have read in books and how quick you are to 'read' what you see about you.)

You will probably be 'set down' at a hotel in or near Via Cavour. The almost inevitable thing to do is to continue on that street, as it changes its name to Via Trieste and Via di Città, to the Campo, of which Montaigne wrote: 'The Piazza of Siena is the finest of any city in the world.' Here, in July (2d) and August (16th) is where the Palio is run, that most colorful piece of pageantry which has survived the Middle Ages; and which is so great a thing to see because it is no mere spectacle now, memorializing a day that is dead, but an expression of the Sienese who take part in it

THE PIAZZA OF SIENA
From an old mezzotint

to-day as ever it was an expression of their far ancestors. They don't do it for revenue; they do it for rivalry, in a thoroughly mediæval spirit — a 'gang' spirit, of battling loyalty to one's 'ward' or section of the city.

At the time of the Palio those whom God hath joined together put themselves asunder — briefly — so that each may be devoutly true to the prime allegiance, to the section of Siena where his (or her) 'gang' was born and bred.

If you have read 'The Portrait of Livia,' in 'The Road in Tuscany,' you probably will turn up, from the Piazza Tolomei, before you go on to the Campo, to see the Madonna of Provenzano, the armless patroness of the Palio to whom every one prays that the horse of his section may win the great race.

There was a time when this rivalry was between the bull-fighters of the seventeen *contrade* (wards); and at the close of the sixteenth century it was mounted buffaloes who were goaded on to victory for the honor of a *contrada*. Then, about 1650, the Palio became a matter of horse-races. Ten *contrade*, each year, send each a favorite horse and a favorite rider in mediæval costume to compete for the flag. Fierce is the rivalry, flaming the jealousy. Witness it, at least once, if you possibly can!

Of course you'll see the Palazzo Pubblico, and probably the Piccolomini Palace. Of course you'll visit the Cathedral, and marvel at the Pisano pulpit and the Pinturicchio frescoes in the Piccolomini Library. (Buy the fine postcards of these latter, in color and gold, which you will find on sale here. Pinturicchio may be, as Hewlett sniffingly says, 'the driest of the Umbrians,' but he can make the great days of Siena vivid before my eyes, and I'm properly grateful to him. Fewer Madonnas and more pictures of Petrucci in his Palazzo del Magnifico, with his 'Venus of the Plebs,' would make me more ardent for the Sienese school of painting.)

You'll visit Saint Catherine's house, I dare say, and San Domenico, near by, where she put on the habit of the Dominicans. (I hope you saw her effigy, in Dominican black and white, beneath the high altar of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, at Rome, where she is buried.)

Spend an hour in the public gardens called the Lizza. Spend another, in the evening (if you stay over night at Siena) on the Via di Città and in the Campo; have a glass of something at Caffè Greco (2 Via di Città); and get, if possible, the view of Siena from the steps of Servi di Maria — to which I think you'd better drive; for it is a goodish distance, and not easy to find.

With this nibble at Siena you should get the flavor of it at least enough to bring you back, some day, for more. And then you'll be on your way to San Gimignano.

Now, here is another place where I cannot, in conscience, refrain from turning you over to Mr. Hewlett, that his greatly comprehending ghost may lead you toward this spellbound place concerning which he says, 'I know of none whose outside show is more of a mask to its inside truth.'

Those gaunt great towers bristling against the sky do indeed suggest that they who dwell beneath the shadows of such defiant arrogance must have in some degree the spirit of their far forbears.

But Hewlett found it 'a place where beautiful pale people tread softly and never lift their voices, and dream-children, frail as breath and colored as faintly as wood-flowers, come and stand about you, full of secret knowledge which they are forbidden to impart. The contrast is extreme: an abode fashioned by Titans for themselves, inhabited now by a people for whom the loggias and belvederes of Gozzoli's frescoes (in Sant' Agostino), all the delicate windless days of his fancy, would be the proper setting.'

'A friendly and gentle race,' he describes them, 'with so

alien an air that you are apt to think them settlers in a deserted city, who have never ceased to be cowed by their enormous lodging. . . . I never saw a town so poor with folk so gentle under their misery.'

And then he tells of the palace he visited to see a fresco; and how he bent his head and tiptoed away without seeing it because he had found the gentlewoman who owned the palace living in a corner of one vast room 'with coffered ceiling, two fireplaces (but never a fire), frescoed walls, all the garniture of the old noble life, and this poor soul encamped in it with a deal table, a chair, and a paraffin lamp for all her service.' And of the very old man bowing before him in the piazza outside the inn: 'He was in such rags as a scarecrow could not maintain in my country, but he had silver-white hair. . . . A silver-haired old man, purified by eighty years' lustration in the waters of misery, he bowed himself down to me, and I could only escape by degrading him still lower. . . ."Italy," thought I, "is abased like thee. All the glories of her name and blood; Cæsar's empery, Peter's throne, the immortal eyes of Dante, the wine of Beatrice's spirit, are set out, as on a huckster's tray, to be so many lures for our shillings. Italy is upon the town, trades her beauties, and cherishes them only that they may fetch more. We, therefore, who ought to make our prayer of humble access on our knees before we dare lift our eyes to her immortal shape, saunter through her cities with lorgnettes, doubt if Giotto painted this, think he might have bettered that, and measure the fingers and toes of Baldovinetti's angel-children to see whether they are the fruit of wedlock or bastardy!" So it is, then, that San Gimignano is all Italy in small.'

So it *was* when Hewlett wrote a quarter century ago. So it was for two decades after that. But so it is *not* in Italy to-day! Exultant pride has replaced that piteous mendi-

cancy of old. The children do not suggest pale wood-flowers. They shoot out sturdy young arms (not yet too clean, perhaps) in a Fascist salute which is a superb gesture. (I hope you unfailingly return the salute in kind!) The silver-haired old men, bowed low with the weight of years and sorrow, stiffen up like legionaries when we talk with them about the New Italy, and Il Duce. I would that Hewlett, who loved them so, might have seen them thus! One can but hope that he *knows;* and that in some sphere not too remote from Italy, the Brownings are writing poems about this new Renaissance.

I am not sure if the wistful custodian, who once showed me Gozzoli's frescoes in Sant' Agostino, is still showing them.

He had never been to Florence (a matter of some four-and-thirty miles) nor yet to Pisa, to see the other Gozzolis done before and after these; but he had some colored photographs of those in the Riccardi Palace, which a compatriot of mine had sent him — and of these he was very proud.

I hope you'll not only look at the frescoes in Sant' Agostino, but learn if this custodian is still there, and if any one has taken him to Florence. (I was en route to Rome when I met him; else I should have asked him to go to Florence with us.) If I knew from which palace Hewlett had tiptoed, abashed by that Madonna by the deal table, I would urge that you see what New Italy has done for her.

You'll visit the Town Hall, of course, and see Dante there, in 1300, addressing the Councillors. This was on the very eve of those grave injustices which made him an exile and a bitter enemy of the Guelph cause he came here to plead. You'll recall Savonarola preaching, here in San Gimignano, some of the earliest of his impassioned sermons.

And, aside from the delicacy and tenderness of Ghirlandaio's frescoes in Santa Fina's Chapel of the Collegiata,

you may find food for reflection in the story of this child who got herself revered and canonized because at ten years of age she stretched herself upon a board, five feet by two, and there lay for five years until she rotted slowly and disgustingly away.

If you're a lover of Boccaccio, you'll take the small road leading north to Certaldo where he spent most of his life, where his house is still standing, and where he lies buried; and from there bend back to the main road from Siena to Florence.

We have now to consider those other routes between Rome and Perugia.

For Bracciano one goes out of Rome by the same gate (Porta del Popolo) as the route to Caprarola (Via Cassia) but takes a northwesterly direction at La Storta-Fornello, which is the starting-point for Veii, to Bracciano and the magnificent feudal castle of the Orsini — which seems to me one of the places in all Italy where the lover of mediæval art, history, romance, can most deeply drink his fill. I don't wonder that poor, dying Walter Scott, in whose fading eyes Rome's glories kindled no new glow, was nevertheless moved to make the not inconsiderable (for him) effort required to see Bracciano. It was on the battlements here that he walked, one May morning in 1832, and talked with his friend Mr. Cheney about Goethe, who had died some six weeks before. 'I am drawing near to the close of my career,' the Wizard said; 'I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it *is* a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle.'

There is a balcony at Bracciano onto which one of the superb state apartments opens, and from which you will probably be invited to enjoy the view, across Lake Brac-

ciano (another crater lake) to the castle of Anguillara, on the opposite side — of those Anguillari who fought the Orsini long and fiercely and 'went down at last before them, when they turned against the Pope.' And when that vanquished one was dead, the Orsini acquired his lands and strongholds, and 'set the eel of Anguillara in their own escutcheon, in memory of a struggle that had lasted more than a hundred years.'

The Anguillari were seldom heard of after that. But three generations of obscurity had not made their proud, hot blood run cold or sluggish in the veins of one who went to see the Emperor Charles V when he gave a public audience in Rome. Some of the grandees of Spain were wearing their caps in the imperial presence, and the young Anguillara put on his own. The Grand Chamberlain reprimanded him. 'Tell the Emperor,' said this boy, 'that I, too, am a grandee in my house, and that if he would take my cap from my head, he must do it with his sword.'

When the Emperor heard this, he smiled and let young Anguillara's cap stay on.

I hold Bracciano one of the best 'story-book castles' in Europe; one of the best possible 'sets' to put in one's mental storehouse to serve as background for many a drama even beyond those in which the Orsini played. The Odescalchi, heritors of the Orsini, reside in the castle from time to time; but they are extremely gracious about permitting visitors, and I think you are little likely to have difficulty getting in. The custodian is well-informed and not perfunctory.

From Bracciano your way leads all up the west shore of the lovely, almost-circular lake, and along the north shore, to rejoin Via Cassia; thence to Caprarola, and as before.

Bracciano, Caprarola, Viterbo, and Orvieto constitute a marvellous and perfectly practicable day, if you'll be on

your Via Cassia soon after nine o'clock. You may even stretch the day to include Perugia, should your time be short — that is, to reach Perugia, but not to see anything of it.

Then, there is Via Flaminia, leading almost due north from Rome (Porta del Popolo) to Civita Castellana, where there was very anciently a town of the Etruscan confederation, which the Romans took in 396 B.C., and destroyed many centuries thereafter, to build a city of their own sort more than two miles away. The walls they built around their town were more than a mile in circumference, and 'toothed' with eighty towers which snarled defiance to a world which was already beginning to know Rome's weakness and almost to foresee her humiliation. In the Dark Ages, under the Lombards, the people deserted the Roman town and went back to the site of the Etruscan, where the mediæval city grew, about half a mile from the town that Camillus took.

You who love your Plutarch will not willingly miss what was Falerii. You will see the schoolmaster betraying the Falerians by leading the children of the besieged city out and delivering them to Camillus; and hear Camillus, astounded at the treachery of the act, saying to the standers-by that 'war is indeed of necessity attended with much injustice and violence. Certain laws, however, all good men observe even in war itself, nor is victory so great an object as to induce us to incur for its sake obligations for base and impious acts. A great general should rely on his own virtue, and not on other men's vices.'

Thereupon he ordered the loathsome traitor stripped and his hands bound behind him; then furnished the Falerian boys with rods and scourges to drive him back into the city.

This so won to Camillus the Falerians that they 'sent

ambassadors to him, to resign whatever they had to his disposal.' And as the Senate 'remitted the whole matter to Camillus, to judge and order as he thought fit,' he took a sum of money from the Falerians, made a peace with their nation, and returned home.

But his soldiers, disappointed of their expected pillage, raised an outcry against Camillus, in Rome, and he was shamefully treated, so that he left Rome, praying to the gods that the Romans might quickly repent of their treatment of him, and that all mankind might witness their need for the assistance, and desire for the return of Camillus.

Then the Gauls came, under Brennus; and many of the Romans fled before the Gauls entered the city, which they pillaged and burned, putting to the sword most of the inhabitants that remained. This was the time of the cackling geese who saved the Capitol — the only part of Rome the Gauls had not been able to take. This was the time when Brennus, after seven months' siege, found his men of the north so conquered by the Roman fever that the living gave up burying the dead. So he compounded with the Roman tribune, to quit the city and territories on receiving a thousand weight of gold. And, the Romans complaining that the Gauls used false weights, Brennus insultingly, defiantly threw his sword and belt into the scales, saying 'Woe to the conquered.'

It was then that the Senate, imploring his assistance, had declared Camillus dictator; and he, arriving in the nick of time, forced Brennus to withdraw *without* his booty. All these things, together with how he labored to keep the discouraged citizens from abandoning Rome and beginning their rebuilding elsewhere, are so bound up with Civita Castellana that I am sure many pilgrims between Rome and Florence will feel that they must see it.

You may combine it with Veii and get on to Orvieto by

night. But to include Bracciano, Caprarola, Villa Lante, and Viterbo, would be to pack a day far too full for enjoyment.

Lastly, there is Via Salaria, one of the oldest of the Roman roads, deriving its name from the salt trade between the Romans and the Sabines. To reach it, follow Corso Italia to Porta Salaria, or go due north from Via XX Settembre at the east end of the huge Ministry of Finance.

On your right, soon after you leave Porta Salaria, you have Villa Torlonia (still better known by many as Villa Albani); but this is not the time to halt for a visit to it, nor to the Catacombs of Saint Priscilla, a little farther on.

Via Salaria is the most direct route to Terni, but it is not the most interesting. If you want Terni, Spoleto, Foligno, and Spello, on your way to Perugia, choosing them in preference to Viterbo and Orvieto, I believe you will be better pleased if you take Via Cassia to Civita Castellana, and then go on to Narni. The same travellers who delight in Veii and Civita Castellana, will almost certainly wish to stop at Amelia (formerly Ameria) where there are remains of the Pelasgian walls, thirty feet high and twelve feet thick, which were perhaps as venerable when Rome was new as the wall of Romulus is to us to-day.

For this day I'd take a picnic luncheon, to be eaten beside the Cascade of Terni, even if, because of the spray, it had to be spread while sitting inside the car. The falls have been harnessed to industry, to some detriment of their majesty; but I think they are still wonderfully well worth seeing; though there are few persons to whom I could recommend this route to Perugia for their first trip thither, in preference to the others which go by way of Viterbo and Orvieto.

Narni, a short distance before you come to Terni, is also a very, very ancient place whose beginnings are lost in the

mists before history's dawn. And Terni, the town, is nearly as old as Rome. It was the birthplace of Tacitus.

The great objective on this route, though, is Spoleto, some eighteen miles farther on. Spoleto repulsed Hannibal, flushed with the victory of Trasimeno. And Spoleto was ancient then, with a thousand years or so of history behind her. Men who lived here must have talked of the siege and fall of Troy before Æneas had torn himself from Dido at Carthage. The whole town is a museum, full of delight for the makers of pictures and for the lovers of antiquity, but probably depressing in its effect upon other travellers. The country it dominates is very beautiful.

It may be that your desire, in visiting Spoleto, is to see the last frescoes of Fra Lippo Lippi, and his tomb — made by his son, at Lorenzo the Magnificent's expense, and bearing Politian's beautiful epitaph: 'By my art I succeeded in giving life to color and in making my figures appear as if about to speak. Nature, astonished to see herself reproduced in my paintings, allowed me to equal her genius.'

It was 1469 when he died here. Thirty years later, Lucrezia Borgia, a girl of nineteen, came here as regent, the magnificence of her entry almost rivalling that of her brother Cæsar's into Chinon, some eight months before. Lucrezia had been married at thirteen (to one of the Sforza), divorced when she was seventeen, re-wed at eighteen (to an illegitimate son of King Alfonso I, of Naples) and deserted a year later. Lucrezia, who loved her young husband and who was expecting to become a mother, is said to have been 'constantly in tears'; which may have been one reason why her father dispatched her to Spoleto.

Her residence there was brief. She came in August; she departed in October. On November 1 she gave birth to her first son, named Roderigo for her father, Pope Alexander VI. Her young husband had been persuaded to return to

her. And in the following August, her brother Cæsar strangled him with his own hands.

The castle where Lucrezia held her brief sway in Spoleto was built in 1364. You may like to imagine her riding up to it, clothed in splendor, but heavy-eyed and heavy-hearted.

A lady who lives in the greatest possible luxury, and who was going — alone — to Italy to do some motoring, once showed me an itinerary which had been made for her (apparently by one of the many who do it by 'rule of thumb,' and when five thumb-lengths, or so, have been measured on a map, designate the last town a stopping-place) in which she was directed to spend one night at Spoleto, and another at Urbino! Curious to know her fate, I inquired, when I got to Italy. Fortunately, some one had re-routed her! If you see Spoleto, you will know that it is not a place for a luxurious lady, alone, to spend a night.

Students of painting will probably take the minor road from Spoleto to Montefalco, to see the delightful Gozzolis depicting the life of Saint Francis of Assisi.

But others will doubtless follow the main road to Foligno, passing through marvellous vineyards and beside the waters of Clitumnus whose beauties Byron made Childe Harold sing; and if the magic of its 'living crystal' has naught to do with the milky whiteness of the Umbrian oxen, at least their beauty must incite it to keep its reflections clear. Nymphs were supposed, in Virgil's time, to dance around the springs in moonlight. Perhaps they do it still.

You may know some of Corot's pictures of this lovely spot. I should say that Foligno is for the student of art rather than for the fleeting visitor. But I am willing to be convicted of error.

Spello is no place to hurry through, even though Assisi looms just ahead.

As a suggestion for those who do not want to cover twice the ground between Assisi and Perugia, may I mention Nocera, eleven miles north of Foligno, where the Nocera water which you may or may not like, is bottled to be sent all over Italy, and where there is a very large hotel (four hundred beds) of the Spa variety. Why not a night there, then back to Foligno and on through Assisi to Perugia?

My choice would be for Perugia as a centre; but yours may be otherwise.

And before I close this chapter, let me tell you that Perugia has a Royal Italian University for Foreigners, to which you will be admitted without presenting documents or certificates of studies. Students are given free passport visas, free entrance to all galleries, and reduced fares on railroads. For fuller information apply to the Secretary of the R. Universita' Italiana per Stranieri, Palazzo Gallenga, Piazza Fortebraccio, Perugia.

There is also the Summer Music School for Foreigners at Capri, of which the celebrated Italian composer, Maestro Ottorino Respighi, is director. The courses begin early in July and last eight weeks. Composition, piano, singing, violin, 'cello, harp, opera singing, and Italian language and culture, are included in the programme of instruction.

And there are the summer courses and lectures for American students at the University of Rome — courses on Italian language (elementary and advanced classes), archæology and history of art, contemporary history of Italy, and history of Italian literature. The students will make trips to Assisi, Perugia, Viterbo, Ostia, Frascati, Tusculum, Tivoli, and other places. The tuition fee is two hundred lire (about $11), and the courses are open to students and teachers of American universities and to others who wish to extend their knowledge of Italian literature, history, and art. They begin in July, at Palazzo Salviati, Corso Umberto I, 217.

PART IV
SICILY

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SICILY

To enter upon a section devoted to Sicily even in the most cursory manner, means something far beyond the possibilities of space remaining in this little book. And yet, although those who go to Sicily are probably not one in a hundred of those who go to Naples, to Rome, and through the Hill Towns to Florence, I feel that for the one per cent which might become two per cent, or more, if aided to include Sicily in their plans for Italy, I want to offer here at least a few pages on the practicalities of travel to and in 'the island of the sun' whose beauty so completely intoxicates that no one — it seems — who has been to Sicily is ever again 'quite the same' as before going.

A week is the shortest length of time to allow for a glimpse of Sicily; ten days is a more satisfactory time; a month or two months is better still. March, April and May, and October and November are generally considered the best months for visiting Sicily; but many people regard the season of almond blossoms as one of the glories not to be missed, and that comes in February. The most popular places of sojourn are Taormina and Palermo.

The approaches to Sicily from Naples are as follows:

To Palermo, by steamer from Naples, 192½ miles, every evening at seven, due in Palermo between 7 and 8 next morning. Be sure to get up early, so as to enjoy the magnificent approach to Palermo. The fare is about $7. Cabins vary in price according to size and location from about $3.50 to $10. The sail out of Naples Bay is also superb.

To Messina from Naples by train in about 14 hours, fare $11 plus sleeping car. Express trains at night only, leaving Naples at 10.35 P.M., due at Reggio di Calabria at 9.10 A.M. whence you cross by train ferry to Messina in fifty minutes; and mind that you get out where you lose nothing of the beauty of the Straits of Messina, nor of the thrill of seeing Scylla and Charybdis. The train goes on to Mina and Syracuse.

From Naples to Messina by steamer which goes on to Catania and Syracuse, Malta and Tripoli, is sometimes possible. Inquire at any of the travel offices about sailings.

From Naples to Syracuse by the Sitmar Line steamers leaving Naples on Fridays about 5 P.M., due at Syracuse at 8 or thereabouts on Saturday morning.

A plan for a ten-day glimpse of Sicily follows:

Boat to Palermo. The leading hotel at Palermo is the Grand-Hôtel Villa Igea, open from October 15th to June 15th. It has a very fine big garden on the sea, and is a mile and a half from the harbor, outside the town, at the foot of Monte Pellegrino which Goethe called the most beautiful headland in the world. He declared when he left Palermo that probably in all his life he had not been as serenely happy for sixteen days consecutively as he had been there. So exhilarated was he by the sheer beauty of the island that he refused to let himself try to think about its extraordinarily long and eventful history. You may feel likewise. Other good hotels at Palermo are Hôtel des Palmes, centrally located, and Hôtel de France on the Piazza Marina, near the Garibaldi Gardens, nearer the glorious harbor. And out at Mondello there is a splendid beach, bathing all the year round, good golf, and a fine casino.

In Palermo, you'll doubtless want to visit the cathedral,

and see the Royal Tombs of Roger II, the Norman King of Sicily, and his daughter Constance, wife of Emperor Henry VI, who was Barbarossa's son; of the mighty son of Henry VI and Constance, who was Emperor Frederick II, and of Constance of Aragon, his first wife (his second wife was a daughter of King John of England); also, of one of the Aragonese rulers whom the Sicilians summoned to rule over them after they had (in the uprising known as the Sicilian Vespers, in 1282) massacred the French, installed over them by the Pope, in triumph over the Ghibelline dynasty of the Hohenstaufen.

Near by is the Royal Palace, begun by the Saracens, who were masters of Sicily for about two centuries before the Normans came (in 1060), and continued by Normans, Hohenstaufen, Angevins, and Aragonese. The Capella Palatina, built by Roger II in 1132, is one of the 'sights' of Palermo that everybody goes to see.

It was the same Roger, at the same time, who built the Church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti, across the way, using parts of an existing mosque, it seems. Thither you must surely go to see the exquisite cloister garden and to drink deep of all that its serenity suggests.

The National Museum, with its remains of Sicily's various civilizations, contains, as Henry James Forman says in his 'Grecian Italy' (a chatty volume which deals principally with Sicily), 'what is virtually a history of civilization from the Stone Age.' That is a great deal to attack on a ten-day visit of which not more than two days can be spent at Palermo. But there is, fortunately, no law which imposes the whole of a museum upon every one who enters. I'd say that you were doing very well if you glimpsed the vestibule, the Sala di Selinunte, and the Cortile Maggiore.

Be sure to see Villa Giulia and the adjoining botanical gardens. And when you leave the gardens, it is Via Lincoln

(if you please!) that takes you up, past the railway station, to Via Maqueda, the north boundary of a quarter you will do well to explore if you love the flavor of very ancient cities.

'In all Europe, perhaps,' Mr. Forman opines, 'Palermo is the nearest to an Oriental city'; and he finds it 'in many respects the most interesting city in Europe.'

You will almost certainly go up to Monreale to see the superbly beautiful cathedral begun there by William II in 1176. This William is known as 'the Good,' to distinguish him from his father, William the Bad. But it is, for the most part, a distinction without a difference. William the Good was the husband of Joanna, daughter of Henry II of England and Eleanore of Aquitaine. She was the sister of the Lion-Hearted and aunt of a later, Hohenstaufen, Queen of Sicily, the second wife of Emperor Frederick. Those were the days of Tancred and Manfred — of 'The Talisman' and of the Third Crusade.

William the Bad and William the Good lie at rest in one of the chapels beside the choir of the cathedral, with its acres of magnificent mosaics; and in another, beside the tombs of the Bad William's wife and two of his sons, is a place where the body of Saint Louis lay when on its way back from Tunis.

The cloisters at Monreale are among the most beautiful in the world, and the view from the old garden of the Benedictines is worth crossing many seas to enjoy.

Another excursion is out through Porta Nuova, near the Royal Palace, to La Zisa, a magnificent pleasure-palace begun by the Bad William and completed by the Good one. Not far from it is the Cappucini Convent in whose catacombs are about eight thousand bodies standing or sitting along subterranean passages in grisly array.

Archæologists will wish to see the ruins of Soluntum,

THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA
From an old print

which lie some ten miles or so east of Palermo off the road to Cefàlu and Messina. But this excursion is not for the hurrying lay visitor.

Many of the latter, though, will feel that they must see Segesta, which seems to have been founded in the twelfth century B.C. by a people who claimed to be of mixed Trojan and Greek descent. Later, it was under the protection of Carthage, then slew its Cathaginian garrison, in the First Punic War, and became an ally of Rome. The Saracens destroyed Segesta in the tenth century. What you'll go to see are the temple, and the scant ruins of the theatre.

Segesta is fifty miles from Palermo. If you go by train, you should have a tourist agent at Palermo order a local carriage to meet you on alighting, unless you have taken the early morning train, which connects with an omnibus, for the ruins are nearly five miles away. And you must take your luncheon with you. It isn't an easy journey. But if you love Greek temples standing grandly in vast solitudes, you will feel richly repaid for the effort.

The more usual itinerary, though, takes the 'glimpsing' traveller from Palermo to Girgenti on the south shore of Sicily — a distance of 85 miles, or of 157, depending on which way you go!

The longer route is chosen by those who wish to visit the ruins of Selinunte, or Selinus, the earliest Greek settlement in western Sicily, founded in the seventh century B.C., and in its greatest prosperity two centuries later. Its great temples were built in the sixth and in the fifth century, before Selinus allied itself with Syracuse against Carthage, and was destroyed in 409 B.C. Segesta and Selinus were rivals; and when Segesta besought the aid of Carthage, toward the end of the fifth century, Carthage sent a hundred thousand men, under an earlier Hannibal, who sacked and destroyed Selinus. A later settlement was made there,

by exiles from Syracuse, and again destroyed by Carthage. The ruins are exceedingly impressive and full of interest for the archæologist, but the expedition to them is an arduous one, and — like that to Segesta — not for the traveller with limited time.

Even the shorter route, of 84½ miles, will consume five or six hours by train, though motors do it in less.

The Doric temples of Girgenti, of the fifth century B.C., have no rivals outside Greece, although Goethe (a great student of classic art) thought, when he revisited Pæstum after seeing Segesta and Girgenti, that the temple of Poseidon at Pæstum ranked far above all those of Sicily.

The Grand-Hôtel des Temples, on the road to the temples, southeast of the town, gives excellent satisfaction. Here is Mr. Forman's picture of 'breakfast in the hotel garden that was a mass of roses, almond blossoms, flowering plants, and looked out upon the tender blue of the African Sea, upon Porto Empedocle, the ancient harbor of this place, upon the golden temples dotting the plain.

'And immediately I knew that I had seen nothing like this picture on the face of the earth. The Temples at Pæstum are magnificent, but the empty forbidding marsh in which they stand strips them of all that happy serenity which we associate with Hellenic life. Here, upon the other hand, the softness of the plain, the radiant sunshine, the verdure of almond and olive trees, bring back an unforgettable image of what must have been the life of Athens. . . . Simplicity, harmony, serenity — the things we have lost — those things were here.

'A soft languor, a blessed credulity, steal into your mind, into all your members. The harsh world of rushing action, of force and drive, the clangor of machines, all drop away from you. . . . We can believe anything of this spot. Legend says that long before the Greeks came here (about a century

and a half after they came to Syracuse) the land was peopled by an aboriginal race who were the Lotus Eaters of Homeric poetry.'

Another legend makes the founder of Acragas (as the Greeks called the city) that Dædalus who was said to have built the labyrinth at Crete for Minos, and then, falling under the displeasure of Minos, to have fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, and escaped to Sicily.

The city of Acragas that Pindar called 'the fairest city of mortals,' had, in the fifth century B.C. about two hundred thousand inhabitants. It was in that century that Empedocles was born there, whom Aristotle called the 'father of rhetoric.' He was statesman, prophet, physicist, physician, philosopher, and reformer, and as he moved among his race, with purple robes and golden girdle, his long hair bound by a Delphic garland, brazen sandals on his feet, and a retinue of slaves behind him, stories were told about him that made him seem more god than man.

It was said that one midnight, after a feast in his honor, he was called away in a blaze of glory to the gods. But there were some who declared that he had cast himself into the crater of Etna 'in the hope that men, finding no traces of his end, would suppose him translated to heaven. But his hopes were cheated by the volcano, which cast forth his brazen sandals and betrayed his secret.'

In those days it was nothing, Mr. Forman says, to send out three hundred chariots drawn by white horses exclusively, to meet a victor returning from the Olympic games. (The grandfather of Empedocles was victorious in the Olympic chariot race in 496.) And one citizen maintained an establishment of such sort that he once lodged five hundred horsemen in his house and gave them each a change of raiment.

No wonder the temples of such a city were magnificent!

They are seen to best advantage in the morning — and a good long morning it should be, to do them any kind of justice, not from an archæologist's viewpoint, but from that of a beauty-lover revelling in their golden-hued grandeur. But I suspect that more people see them in the afternoon; because the average traveller arrives at Girgenti for luncheon, after having left Palermo that morning after breakfast, and departs thence early next day for Syracuse, a long, all-day ride. I'd take luncheon from Girgenti, to be eaten en route, whether you go by train or by motor. By train, you go 51 miles to Licata, and thence 135½ miles to Syracuse. By motor, the distance is some 45 miles less.

At Syracuse you have the celebrated Grand-Hôtel Villa Politi in the lovely old gardens of the Capuchins above the limestone quarries where seven thousand Athenians, who had unsuccessfully attacked Syracuse in 413 B.C., suffered a lingering death of starvation. Villa Politi is open from October 1st to May 15th. Hôtel des Etrangers, incorporating a part of the mediæval Casa Migliaccio, is in a splendid situation overlooking the sea, close to the Fountain of Arethusa. It has recently been renovated, has one hundred rooms with private baths, and is open all year. And there are others.

Two days is a very short time for Syracuse; but I suspect that it is often 'done' in a single day. The classic, Greek plays are usually given in April and May, at the Greek Theatre, constructed in the fifth century B.C.

Most of the things with which visitors to Syracuse concern themselves are of the fifth century B.C.

The Doric Temple of Athene, which is now the Cathedral, was of the early fifth century. The Castle of Euryalus, the most complete and important piece of Greek military construction left to us, is of the end of that fifth century. It was at that time that Syracuse had half a million inhabit-

ants, walls fourteen miles in circumference, dominion wider than that of Athens or Sparta, and wealth and culture very great indeed.

In that century, Syracuse knew Æschylus, who was invited thither by the Tyrant Hiero, as was Pindar. Æschylus wrote and produced some of his plays at Syracuse; and he died at Gela (where Terranova is now, on the south coast, twenty miles east of Licata). On his tomb was placed an epitaph which he not improbably dictated: 'Beneath this stone lies Æschylus, son of Euphorion, the Athenian, who perished in the wheat-bearing land of Gela; of his noble prowess the grove of Marathon can speak, or the long-haired Persian who knows it well.'

'Probably most people,' wrote Arthur Sidgwick, 'would agree that only the poet himself could have praised the soldier and kept silence about the poetry.'

Isn't that a 'touch of nature' which brings Æschylus very close?

There's a delightful tradition, at Syracuse, which the stern scholars deny, that Plato was once there trying to teach the younger Dionysius to be something like a constitutional sovereign, instead of a tyrant like his father.

But Archimedes was there! Nobody can deny you that. And Theocritus! They were born there. It was there that Archimedes, getting into his bath one day, and causing it to overflow, hit upon the solution of a problem in displacement, and was so excited that he ran home without his clothes, shouting, 'Eureka!' It was there that he told Hiero, the reigning tyrant, that if he had a place to stand, and a lever long enough, he could move the earth. It was there that he died, run through the body by a Roman soldier when Marcellus captured Syracuse in 212 B.C. When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, in 75 B.C., he found the tomb of Archimedes, near the Agrigentine Gate, overgrown with

thorns and briers. 'Thus,' Cicero wrote, 'would this most famous and once most learned city of Greece have remained a stranger to the tomb of one of its most ingenious citizens, had it not been discovered by a man of Arpinum.'

Theocritus seems to have written most of his Idyls in other places than the city which gave him birth.

As for Arethusa, the nymph who was pursued by the river-god Alpheus, plunged into the Ionian Sea, and reappeared as a fresh-water spring, only to find that Alpheus had followed her and was mingling his waters with hers, what you may remember most about her is that Nelson, who put in here with the secret letter Emma got for him from Queen Caroline (see page 26), wrote back to her 'watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory' — and *had* it, at the Nile! Or, it may be of Shelley you're thinking:

'Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows,' etc.

'And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.'

Of the majesty of the Greek Theatre, I shall not try to speak. The view from the upper seats, and such reflections as one may have in a theatre where Æschylus directed his own plays, make one's visit to it something to which words do no justice.

You'll visit the Ear of Dionysius, the quarry with the astounding echo. And the Castle of Euryalus, which Dionysius built. And the Church of San Giovanni in whose crypt, tradition says, Saint Paul preached when he tarried three days in Syracuse. You will go to the museum (if you

have more than one day), and it may be that you will go out to the river Cyane where there's a thick growth of papyrus said to owe its origin to a gift from Ptolemy Philadelphus. There is no Egyptian papyrus elsewhere in Europe.

If you are travelling by train, you'll probably go through from Syracuse to Taormina, in three hours, without stopping at Catania. The distance between Syracuse and Taormina is eighty-three miles by rail, and Catania is fifty-four miles from Syracuse. By motor road the distance between Syracuse and Catania is a little less, and between Catania and Taormina a little more.

Should you be intent upon the ascent of Mount Etna (10,742 feet), the loftiest volcano in Europe and one of the largest in the world, it is at Catania that you'll probably descend to do it. Hôtel Grande Bretagne and Hôtel Bristol are both well spoken of. The season for ascending Etna is, however, from July to mid-October, which is precisely the season that Sicily is least agreeable to visit.

The ascent is made thus: from Catania to Nicolosi, nine and a half miles, by motor-omnibus, or by private motor. Thence to the crater, passing the night at the Observatory, where there are two rooms available, with twelve beds. At 2.30 A.M. you leave the Observatory to finish the climb, reaching the top in about an hour and a quarter, so as to see the red-hot lava boiling in the dark crater, then turn your awe-struck attention to the incomparable spectacle of the sunrise. There are five various routes of descent, requiring from four hours to five hours and a half. It is a fatiguing expedition, and not for the majority of travellers.

Motoring from Syracuse to Taormina, you would stop at Catania for luncheon, and could take time to see the so-called Teatro Greco, which is a Roman building on the site of the Greek Theatre wherein Alcibiades won-over the men of Catana to proceed with the Athenians against Syracuse, in 415 B.C.

A very short distance farther (east) along Via Vittório Emanuele from the Teatro Greco is the Duomo, but I doubt if it will interest you much, or if you would feel greatly repaid for even the short walk (or drive) to what is left of the castle built for Emperor Frederick II, Barbarossa's grandson, when the Hohenstaufen were rulers of Sicily and of Naples.

You would probably be more interested in the Old Harbor, or Porto Vecchio. Catania, a city of two hundred thousand, is next to Palermo the most important port of Sicily, and from it, annually, are shipped hundreds of thousands of tons of lemons and oranges and almonds, not to mention sulphur and other products less poetic, and great quantities of wine and grain.

Just north of Catania (eight and a half miles) is Acireale, deriving its name from the river beside which Acis dwelt — the shepherd whom Galatea loved and Polyphemus slew; and the Faraglioni, off-shore, may be the rocks that Polyphemus hurled at the ships of Ulysses, *unless* those rocks were, as Samuel Butler suggests, off Trapani at the northwest tip of Sicily, very far from Catania. Butler made out Ithaca to have been the island now called Maréttimo, and located some twenty miles off the west shore of Sicily, between Trapani and Marsala. And he held Le Formiche near by to be the rocks that Polyphemus threw. This Samuel Butler was the grandson of the grand old master of Shrewsbury School; and as the younger Samuel knew almost the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey by heart and translated both of them into colloquial English prose (thereby anticipating by some five-and-twenty years a literary manner now very popular), he is, I think, entitled to respectful attention for his theory that the Odyssey was the work of a woman who drew her own portrait in Nausicaä, and who wrote the epic at Trapani. See 'The Authoress of the

Odyssey,' by Samuel Butler, whom you probably know best through his 'Erewhon.'

But if you can't go to Trapani, much less to Maréttimo (where the boats from Palermo to Tunis touch, so that you could see 'Ithaca' en route to Carthage! — this is a twenty-four-hour journey), I advise you to accept the other theory for Polyphemus, and locate him off Acireale, thanking your stars that he got through heaving things before you started voyaging.

And presently you'll come to Taormina, which almost everybody who has seen it calls the most beautiful spot on earth.

It has many excellent hotels. There's the San Domenico Palace in the fifteenth-century monastery of the Dominicans, a *de luxe* hotel of wide renown. There's the Excelsior, which is splendid, and has many suites with private baths. There's the Timeo, near the Greek Theatre, with a devoted clientèle of English sojourners. There's the Miramare, with the largest dining-room in Taormina, hot and cold running water in all the rooms, and many fine suites. There's the Villa San Pancrazio. And so on.

Wine is not needed to make men drunk at Taormina — no, nor women either. The beauty of the place does it. It intoxicates them while they're there, and it leaves a sort of lovely madness, so that never again are they quite the same. Try it, and see! I've known persons who thought they were the essence of the prosaic, to sit, in ecstasy, at Taormina for weeks on end, ravished by the beauty all about them, blissful to sit contemplating it, day in and day out, usually from some vantage-point in the Greek Theatre.

Things have happened at Taormina, these two-and-twenty centuries, or more. But I have never heard of any one who cared what they were, or wouldn't hate the person who might try to tell about them. You go to Taormina for

the rest, and for the revelation to yourself of what's within you that you never knew — that no other environment ever revealed to you.

More than this I shall not attempt to say about it.

But make the ascent to the little village of Mola, if you can.

And if you haven't seen the Tarantella danced in Sicily, mind that you don't leave Taormina without seeing it. It was believed to be the cure for the bite of the tarantula spider which was often followed by a melancholy madness that only this distraction could dispel.

And hear the 'Pastorale,' one of the most haunting melodies in the world, believed to have been learned from the shepherds who gave Theocritus this rhythm for his idyls.

Also, mind that religious holidays of all sorts, but especially the major ones, are most pictorially observed in Sicily.

From Taormina you'll go to Messina (thirty miles) and thence to Naples (night express leaves Taormina at 9.23, reaches Naples at 10.05 next morning); or perhaps you'll journey along the north coast (stopping the night at Tindari) back to Palermo, and return by boat to Naples.

Another possible tour of Sicily would be in the opposite direction, beginning at Messina. But there are many good reasons for starting at Palermo, whether you finish there or not.

Besides Pisa Brothers' office there, at 533 Via Roma, you'll find E. Agnel, representing the American Express Company, at Via Stabile, 127; and the C.I.T. at 98 Via Roma; and Thomas Cook at 120–122 Via Emerica Amari. The American Express Company runs a Four-Day Motor Tour from Palermo via Segesta and Girgenti and Syracuse to Taormina, which costs around $70 and is a perfect *boon* to travellers.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX
ADDRESSES

(*Note.* These are offered, as I always offer addresses, not as inclusive of all the good ones, but as selected from the good ones through my own experience. I am sure there are a great many others that are very, very good; but these are the ones of which I know enough, at this present time, to feel that I may commend them to you. I give them solely in the hope that they may be of service to you. If you find any which seem to you undeserving of a place here, I'll be very grateful to you for telling me so. I use an alphabetical order in listing and I cannot attempt absolute accuracy in the scale of prices, because rates change frequently. All I can do is to give you a relative idea of the costs.)

NAPLES

Hotels

Bertolini's Palace, 165 Corso Vittório Emanuele, high in the upper town, with a magnificent view from its windows and its broad terraces. It used to be the favorite hotel of visitors who wanted luxury combined with quiet and good air. As the water-front of the lower town became more elegant, travellers found less reason for going to the upper-town hotels, and Bertolini's 'fell off' in patronage and in quality of service. Recently it has been bought by the company which operates the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs in Rome, a great deal of money spent on refitting it, and it is once more *de luxe*.

Britannique, 133 Corso Vittório Emanuele, a little lower

down, is an old-established house of moderate charges, much liked by English-speaking travellers, but I have no personal acquaintance with it save by sight and hearsay.

Excelsior, 24 Via Parténope, in the lower town, on the water-front, with most beautiful outlook upon the glorious Bay of Naples, opposite the Castel dell' Ovo where Lucullus had a villa in which Brutus told Cicero about Cæsar's assassination. The Excelsior is as elegant a hotel, in appointments and service, as the most fastidious traveller will find anywhere in the world; and furnished in what seems to me notably fine taste. I am sure it must be a revelation to those who expected that in Naples they would 'have something to put up with.' The management is most courteous and attentive. Staying there is a delightful experience. Rates, from about $8 or $9, and up.

Grand: Piazza Principe di Nápoli, at the west end of the park, or Villa Nazionale, perhaps ten minutes from the centre of town; also on the water-front, with beautiful garden terraces overlooking the Bay, and some windows the view from which has been called the finest in Europe. A delightful hotel! It is big (the biggest in Naples, I think), but thoroughly permeated with *personality*. Madame Dombré (of Hôtel Villa d'Este, Cernobbio, Lake Como) was at one time in charge here, with her husband, the late M. Dombré, and has left the impress of her distinguished taste, personality, and ability. Then, for several years, this hotel was managed by her 'star pupil' in hotel-keeping, Mr. Rota (now general manager of a group of hotels of which this is one, and resident chiefly at the Russie, in Rome), who not only ran a wonderfully good, high-class hotel here, but had a way of making his patrons (most of whom seemed to be his friends) feel as if they were his personal guests. He is suc-

ceeded by Mr. Bianchi, who is 'carrying on' in the same spirit, and keeps his staff permeated with it. Rates, about $7 or $8, up.

Parker's, 135 Corso Vittório Emanuele, next door to the Britannique, is another long-established hotel in the upper town, very popular with English and American visitors, and moderate in its prices. I have stayed there twice, and liked it very well. But since the water-front got so delightful, I like it better down there. Rates, about $5.

Royal des Étrangers, 14 Via Parténope, is a hotel to which I send many people, all of whom (so far as I know) are more than pleased with it. The proprietor, Mr. Rainoldi, has also a 'way' of seeming to feel responsible for the happiness as well as for the comfort of his guests and of keeping himself enshrined in their grateful affections. He was building a big addition to his hotel when I was there last (in the spring of 1927) and told me that when it was finished he would have more rooms with bath than any other hotel in Naples. The location of his hotel and the views from its windows are much the same as those of the Excelsior, the Vésuve, and the Santa Lucia. His rooms are extremely comfortable in every particular, many of them newly or recently furnished. His rates are reasonable, about $5, or even a little less.

Santa Lucia, 23 Via Parténope, next door to the Excelsior, is a good, moderate-price hotel known to me only by hearsay, but with a wide circle of friends who would (I'm sure) be quite aggrieved if I did not mention it here. Rates, about $5.

Vésuve, 22 Via Parténope, is not only an excellent hotel with a devoted following, but must always have an extra interest as the last home of Caruso, the place where the Neapolitan boy took his leave of his beloved Naples and

of a world into which he had brought a very great deal of delight. Rates about $6, and up.

Pensions

I have no personal experience with Naples pensions, and not a great deal even of hearsay to report about them. If you contemplate a sojourn of some length in Naples, I'd go first to a hotel, and visit pensions to see which appeals to you and which can take you in. Friends of mine have stayed, to their entire satisfaction, in Washington House, 150 Parco Margherita — up near the Corso Vittório Emanuele hotels. I have heard favorable reports of Pension Pinto-Story, 184 Piazza Amadéo, in that same vicinity. And there is a French pension, Maurice, on Via Parténope (No. 3) close to Piazza Vittória and the east end of the Villa Nazionale.

Day Hotels

This is an excellent institution for the economical traveller making a stay of a few hours — say, coming in on a steamer in the morning and taking the night boat to Sicily or the late train to Rome. Without engaging a bed, the traveller may enjoy all the other conveniences of a hotel, including a bath. In Naples, there are several such, including the Igea in the Central Station, and the Terminus, on the ground-floor of the Hotel Terminus on Via della Libertà, across from the station.

Restaurants

The best food at Naples is, I think, that served in the good hotels. It is pleasant to lunch at Renzo e Lucia, on the Vómero, near San Martino, where there is a terrace with a superb view of the Bay. There one may eat to the accompaniment of Neapolitan songs, in an atmosphere

that still preserves much of the *old* Naples which is now quite scarce. Have tea on the Bertolini terrace, some day.

Shops

I don't know half as many shops in Naples as I'd *like* to. But I have bought highly satisfactory gloves of Barra, who has four shops: one on Via Santa Lucia, 149; one on Via Roma, 118; one in the Galleria Umberto; and one in the Piazza dei Martiri, 29.

I have had thoroughly delightful dealings with Ernesto Sodo, Via Santa Lucia, 145, and believe his to be a thoroughly honorable and reliable firm. They sell coral, tortoise-shell, cameos, amber, and Roman pearls, and have one of the finest collections of bead bags I have ever seen anywhere. Both the Sodos — father and son — are extremely pleasant gentlemen to deal with.

Donadio, Via Santa Lucia, 137, also deals in coral, tortoise-shell, cameos, etc., and has a large collection of antique jewelry. There, too, I have dealt to my complete satisfaction.

A. de Caro, Via Santa Lucia, 69–73, is another shop of like sort to which I have commended many friends, with the best results. It has been established for nearly a century, has a fine stock, and makes every effort not merely to please, but to build a clientèle that sends friends.

Another Via Santa Lucia shop (No. 143) where I have made purchases that pleased me is called 'The Classic Embroidery Company,' dealing in shawls, laces, linens, etc.

But the outstanding shop of all this section of Italy, for gorgeous table laces, embroidered shawls and robes, silks, and inlaid woods, is (it seems to me) Gargiulo's shop called 'Useful Things,' in Piazza Tasso, Sorrento. I do not believe one can do better, in quality or prices, anywhere in Italy.

The collection from which one may choose is a very large one, and full of supremely lovely things.

Excursions

(*Note.* I quote prices here only to give you some sort of idea what these excursions may cost. They may be quite different when you get to Italy.)

The excursion to Pompeii, with guide, entrance fees, tips, luncheon, and transportation, costs about $10 to $11 for one person, going to and from Pompeii by rail, first class; and about $7.50 each if there are two; and as little as $6 each if there is a group of five. Going by motor, the cost would be over $20 for one, depending on the grade of car used, but might be managed at about $7.50 each if there were a party of five.

The Pompeii–Vesuvius day, with guide, transportation, and all expenses, cannot be managed under about $17 for a single traveller using the railway, or about $30 up, using an automobile. Two can do it, rail, for about $13.50 each, or motor for about $18 each. In a group of five it would cost about $12 each, rail, and $14 or thereabouts each, using a motor. Ask, at Cook's (they own the funicular on Vesuvius), about the chance of getting a guide to take you into the crater after dark. *Then* you see something that is worth the effort!

The Capri day costs a minimum of $6, without guide; and, if you drive up to Anacapri, from $7.50 up. Both these approximations include the cost of visiting the Blue Grotto.

The 'Virgil Shore' trip, by private automobile, costs, with a guide, and all incidental expenses (which are rather 'steep,' I found — especially at Solfataral) around $25 or so for one person, and about $4.50 or $5 more for each additional person. Much cheaper by tram or railway.

'The Amalfi Drive,' including Pompeii, Salerno, Pæstum, Amalfi, and a day at Capri, visited from Sorrento, comes to something like $125 for the three days for one person, and $8 or $10 a day extra for each additional person. Omitting Pæstum but including Ravello, it is about $110 for one person, and for a party of five may 'work out' at somewhere around $40 each. This price includes hotels and all expenses, of course.

These figures are just an approximation. You may have to pay more (for 'super' cars and service you almost undoubtedly *will* have to) and you may find a 'bargain,' for a little less. Indeed, you can see some of these places for a great *deal* less. You can go to Pompeii and back, by train, second class, for about $1.20, and enter the excavations for 35 cents, and find your own way about (with the aid of your Blue Guide) and lunch for about $1.20 (or take it with you, for less), getting your Pompeii visit for about $3. You can go to Pozzuoli by tram, from the Piazza Vittória (east end of Villa Nazionale), for about 18 cents, round trip. From Pozzuoli you can drive to Solfatara and back for about half a dollar, or you can walk there in twenty minutes. But in the way that most tourists do these excursions, the costs are in the neighborhood of my quotations. Two persons, on a five-day stay in Naples, with a day for Capri, two days for the Pompeii–Amalfi–Ravello–Sorrento trip, and a good long afternoon on the Virgil shore, should reckon their 'excursion' costs, if motoring, at not much under $75 each. When, on top of this, you put Naples hotel expenses and sight-seeing there, you don't wonder that an 'inclusive rate' tour cannot do much in Italy at $15 per day! Those travellers who have plenty of time, who can speak a little Italian and do their own bargaining, can manage on much less expenditure. But I know that I'm writing for more of those who must go over the ground quickly, and have the way smoothed for them.

Agencies

The Naples office of the C.I.T., or Italian Tourist Society, is at Piazza Trento e Trieste, close to the Royal Palace and San Carlo Theatre.

Moroli's Travel Bureau is at 11 Via Domenico Morelli.

Antonio Grande and Brothers, who have an excellent service, are at 10 Via Domenico Morelli.

Pisa Brothers' office is on Via Parténope, close to the hotels I have mentioned.

Franco-Belgique is also on Via Parténope.

Cook's is in Galleria Vittória.

American Express is at 58 Piazza dei Martiri.

CAPRI

At the Marina Grande, the Royal or Bellevue.

On the hill, above the port, Hotel Quisisana — very good.

At Anacapri — the Eden Paradiso.

SORRENTO

Tramontano — always, for me. Some of my friends prefer the Vittoria. The Cocumella is good for a less expensive house.

AMALFI

Hotel Cappuccini, in the old monastery, is the only one that English-speaking visitors ever consider.

RAVELLO

Dear Madame Caruso is gone, but her lovely spirit still pervades the Belvedere, and Signor Caruso still treats his guests with an affectionate care which makes the idyllic spot a real heart's haven as well as a feast for the eye.

ROME

Hotels

Ambassadeurs (or Ambasciatori), Via Vittório Véneto, is Rome's new *hôtel de luxe*, opened in 1927. It has only eighty rooms. The furnishings are rich, and everything has been done to cater to the most exacting and most luxury-loving patrons. But the hotel is too new, as I write, to enable me to say much about it except what I have said. I inspected it under the guidance of a diminutive lift-boy, and got no impression of what the managerial spirit might be — save a negative one.

Bristol, 23 Piazza Barberini, is an old-time favorite which holds its own with a discriminating clientèle. I know it only by reputation.

Excelsior, 33 Via Vittório Véneto, is a very large hotel and (to my taste) one of the most beautiful hotels I have ever seen; I would that the taste which prevails in it and in the Excelsior at Naples might pervade more of the hotels in the world, which can as easily afford it, but 'run to' more flamboyance. There is restful and satisfying elegance, as well as supreme comfort, in every room, from the smallest 'single,' minimum, to the truly royal suites. Cav. Uff. Leone Colleoni, the Director, is a gentleman of fine spirit, from whom I learned a great many things about Italy that I am very glad to know.

Flora, 95 Via Vittório Véneto, is a large hotel, quite imposing in appearance, but moderate in price, which is largely patronized by conducted groups of travellers. It is said to give very good value for the prices it charges. Pension about $4, and up.

Grand, 3 Via delle Terme di Diocleziano, is Rome's first *hôtel de luxe*, and, though it has several rivals now, it seems to hold its own very well. It is near the railway

station, but that does not mean what it means in many other cities — for in Rome one steps from the railway station into one of the loveliest of wide piazzas, flanked with noble buildings, flashing with fountain-play, and beautifully planted. Just beyond this is the Grand Hotel, on the edge of what might be called the Ministerial quarter. Cav. Uff. Alberto Cervelli, who was formerly manager of the Hotel Excelsior at Naples, is now in charge here.

Imperial, 24 Via Vittório Véneto, was entirely renovated in 1926, and has all modern conveniences. It offers pension rates from about $3 up.

Inghilterra, 14 Via Bocca di Leone, is a small hotel where Thackeray and other notables have stayed and which is liked by English and American visitors who want a convenient location, a modest price, and do *not* want — in Rome — a hotel that might as well be anywhere. The 'Street of the Lion's Mouth' (on which the Brownings lodged) is between the Corso and Piazza di Spagna, tucked away quietly, a stone's throw from the shops of Via Condotti — and from Caffè Greco! The Inghilterra's rooms are clean and comfortable, its food is good, and its management is kindly. If you like an old-fashioned, unpretending house, entirely 'safe' (even for ladies alone), here it is. Pension about $3.

Italy, Via della Quattro Fontane no. 12, has also been recently 'done over' and offers comfortable accommodation in a delightful part of Rome, for about $3 a day, pension.

Majestic, 50 Via Vittório Véneto, is a first-class hotel, for sojourners and for transients, handsomely furnished, delightfully situated (with a fine big terrace for outdoor dining), and managed by one of the very nicest men in the hotel business — Cav. Dino B. Macchi. Mr. Macchi

was for a time at the Russie, in Rome (belonging to the same company), then at the Roosevelt, New York, when it opened; and, after studying American tastes and the methods that please Americans, went back to Rome and became manager of the Majestic, and of the fine new hotel at Rocca di Papa in the Alban Hills. The Majestic is a favorite residential hotel, but caters as much to transients as to permanent guests. Its rooms are most attractive, its food is excellent, and its 'air' is full of quiet friendliness. Pension about $5 and up.

Plaza, 128 Corso Umberto Primo, is new (opened in 1925, I believe), has three hundred rooms and a large number of exceptionally handsome bathrooms. There is a roof-terrace, with a fine view, where meals are served when the weather favors it. This is, with the Ambassador, the only hotel I visited under the conduct of a lift-boy, so I got no impression of any personality of the management. All the modern conveniences and comforts seem to be there. And the prices are not high. There are rooms on a big court, which are very quiet.

Regina-Carlton, 76 Via Vittório Véneto, is a moderate-sized and thoroughly nice hotel with a fine patronage. I don't know a great deal about it, except that everybody who speaks of it (even the managers of rival hotels) does so in the same way — with unhesitating praise. And I know that it has a delightful class of clients.

Royal, 30 Via Venti Settembre, is a favorite with many of my American friends, some of whom, resident in Rome, have lived there for years — so I am sure it must have 'staying qualities,' though it is not an attractive hotel to me. Pension about $5.

Russie, 9 Via del Babuino, close to Piazza del Popoli, is the hotel I know best, the one where I always stay. It is the old Russian Embassy, much enlarged, with a magnificent

garden of great extent, running up the Pincian Hill; such a garden as could be nowhere except in southern Italy: tall old cypresses, ancient statues, plashing fountains, exquisite flowers, singing birds, sunshine and serenity. The Russie being a reconstructed building, adapted to hotel uses rather than designed for them, cannot vie in some respects with several of the newer *de-luxe* houses. But this is not to say that the Russie lacks anything in bathrooms, nor that its furnishings are less agreeable to many people because they are not of the conventional hotel type. Mr. Carloni is manager of the Russie, and Mr. Rota is nearly always there, exercising his great gift for making people feel that the Russie is the heart of Rome. The staff is a model of friendliness and of the art of paying little personal attentions. And the food is notable. The Russie is expensive — but not the most so in Rome. Pension about $7.

Pensions

I do not know enough about these to make many recommendations. A great many women of my acquaintance go to Pension Pirri, 1 Salita San Nicolò da Tolentino, near the Barberini Palace, and they all enjoy it and commend it highly. The rates are about $3.50 a day; the table is said to be excellent and the clientèle most enjoyable. Like other places of like sort, though, it is nearly always full and has a waiting list; so, little likely to serve the hurrying traveller. I hear warm praise, too, of Villa San Diego, at 2 Via Abruzzi, which runs south from Corso Italia two streets east of Via Vittório Véneto. This has a fine garden, and is said to be a delightful place for the sojourner.

Restaurants, Cafés, Tea Rooms

I doubt if you will want a long list of these. The ma-

jority of Rome's visitors eat in their hotels except for an occasional 'experience' when they go to a restaurant famed for its location or for some food specialty. I think every one should go at least once to Castello dei Cesari, on the Aventine, with its famous view — and good food. I believe everybody enjoys the Ulpia, in Trajan's Forum. On a fine night, dinner on the terrace of Casina Valadier, on the Pincio, is likely to become one of your most cherished memories of Rome. I can never forget a night of full moonlight and roses when I dined there and went thence to the Colosseum. Most travellers would blush to admit they had been in Rome and had not eaten Alfredo's *fettucine al burro*, a sort of macaroni with butter, which has netted Alfredo both fame and fortune. Alfredo is at 104 Via della Scrofa. This street is the continuation of Via Ripetta which runs southward from Piazza del Popolo nearer to the river than the Corso.

Try Caffè Faraglia, in Piazza Venezia, some evening after a stroll in the Corso. Good music. If you love artist-atmosphere, be sure to go to Caffè Greco, another evening. It is at 86 Via Condotti, was founded in 1760, and has been visited by nearly every artist and writer who has gone to Rome these hundred and three score years or so. Have tea at Miss Babington's English Tea Room in Piazza di Spagna. And when you go to drive in Villa Umberto (which most people still call Villa Borghese) take tea at the Golden Gate, 148 Via Vittório Véneto.

I believe this will cover most travellers' needs.

Shops

I don't do a great deal of shopping in Rome, so I can't give you much out of my personal experience. I am devoted to Alinari, 137 Corso Umberto, for photographs. I also know Panatta, 117 Via Francesco Crispi, where I have

found a good selection and reasonable prices. Ask, at Alinari's, to see pictures of conjectural restorations of ancient Rome. I find these a great help in my efforts to conceive Rome as it used to be.

Madame Santamaria, at whose shop, 82 Via Condotti, I like to buy Roman silks, shawls, Roman dolls, fancy-dress costumes for children, and such things, has 'gone on' and left a sad void; but her husband continues the business, and it is still a very pleasant place to go. An elderly woman weaves Roman silk in the shop.

I have bought many satisfactory gloves from Granata and from Merola, both of whom have several shops in Rome and many others through Italy; and I like Pasquale d'Auria's gloves, 124A Via del Babuino. Cav. Giovanni Nisini's bronzes, at 63 Via del Babuino, are a particular delight to me.

Libreria Wilson in Piazza di Spagna is one of the friendliest places in Rome. People go there for everything in the way of information and counsel, as well as to buy books, periodicals, postcards, and kindred things. If anything should happen to make Libreria Wilson go out of business, I'm sure that a great many visitors to Rome would be left very desolate. Make acquaintance with this pleasant and helpful place.

And whatever you do, or don't do, in the way of shopping, if you are in search of something especially lovely to keep as a souvenir of Rome or to take home as a gift, be sure you see the exquisite painted silks and velvets of Galenga, 6 Via Vittório Véneto. Madame Galenga is the wife of an eminent physician at Rome, and is a singularly flower-like type of little woman, artiste, patrician. Some years ago the négligées and evening wraps and gowns she created for herself, with velvets painted in gold and silver, using the most beautiful of classic designs, were the envy

of her friends, who persuaded her to make some for them. Her business is now a big one, internationally famous, and she has received the highest awards and honors for her products. Her evening wraps and négligées are dreams of beauty. But if you want only small and inexpensive articles made of the same delectable fabrics, she has them, too.

Excursions

The classic excursions from Rome are to Villa d'Este, at Tivoli, and Hadrian's Villa, in the Sabine Hills; and the Castelli Romani, of Frascati and elsewhere in the Alban Hills. To these, of late, has been added Ostia.

Tivoli is eighteen miles northeast of Rome; the Roman castles are about an equal distance southeast; and Ostia is nearly as far southwest.

Tivoli may be reached by rail in an hour or so, by steam tram in perhaps the same time, and by motor in even less time. The train fare is about a dollar, round trip, first class. Hadrian's Villa is two and a half miles nearer Rome, on the route from Rome to Tivoli.

Tibur was the ancient name for Tivoli, and in late-Republican and early-Imperial times it was a favorite suburban colony where the wealthy Romans built sumptuous villas. Few traces of those villas remain, although there are some temples. What we go to Tivoli to see is mainly the Cascades (the Cascata Grande falls 354 feet), which are *very* lovely, and Villa d'Este, especially its far-famed gardens with their multitude of water-effects. These were done for Cardinal Ippolito II d'Este (not the warlike brother of Isabelle and Beatrice, but their nephew — Lucrezia Borgia's son) and one who lingers in them should meet many fascinating shades. It is an idyllic spot, deliciously restful and restoring — if you don't have to hurry

up and down its hillside. Be sure you see the view of the Cascades and of Tivoli from the Belvedere across the valley. Hadrian's Villa (built by that great emperor between 125 and 135, but lived in by him for only a very short time) is a place where a good guide makes a great difference in one's enjoyment of the ruins — at least, to my way of thinking. A motor, without guide, for Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa costs in the neighborhood of $15.

Frascati may be reached by train or tram in about an hour — the tram less than half the price of the train. See Villa Aldobrandini. Students of the classics will not leave this vicinity without seeing Tusculum, of Etruscan foundation, which had forty-three villas whose names are enshrined in deathless literature — the most famous being Cicero's. Between Frascati and Tusculum is the Villa Falconieri which belonged to the German Emperor before the War and was presented by the State to D'Annunzio, in 1925. Music students will be tempted to go on from Frascati to Palestrina, where Pierluigi called Palestrina was born; but the place to seek his 'ghost' is at Rome. From Frascati go on, south, through Grottoferrata (stopping to see the Abbazia if that interests you) and Marino (where Vittoria Colonna was born), along the western edge of Lake Albano, to Castel Gandolfo, on the site of Alba Longa, where Ascanius, son of Æneas, is supposed to have founded that city which became the mother of Rome. Then on, through Albano (which need not detain you if your time is short), to Genzaro on exquisite Lake Nemi. And from Lake Nemi make your way back to Rome via Rocca di Papa and thence to Grottoferrata, and in to Rome by Via Latina. This can be very comfortably accomplished in a not-too-long afternoon, by motor. It can even be combined (if you'll start immediately after luncheon) with a visit to the tombs and catacombs of the Appian Way.

Or, a long day may be made (by motor) to include Hadrian's Villa, Tivoli (for luncheon), then Rocca di Papa, Genzaro, and in to Rome by the Appian Way. A private motor for this trip will cost you, without guide, about $30; with guide, about $35. For the shorter trip (Frascati and the other towns mentioned), of the Alban Hills, a private motor costs about $20 without guide. There is an excursion, by automobile, from the C.I.T. office, Piazza Colonna, on Thursdays and Sundays, at a cost of about $9 per person, inclusive of everything. There may be other such, from other tourist offices. Ask!

Ostia is 'possible' in a half-day. You might even get in a good swim, besides seeing something of the extremely interesting excavations. There were notably fine performances of plays by Æschylus and Sophocles, given in Agrippa's Theatre, this spring (1927), and I dare say they will become a regular event. Ostia may be reached from outside the Porta San Paolo by an electric railway which makes the journey in fifty minutes. A private car for Ostia will probably cost you in the neighborhood of $15.

For those whose schedule allows them something more than the usual five or six days at Rome, and whose visit there is in July or August (the months when Rome must be visited by most teachers and pupils), I suggest a delightful new possibility: The Grand Hotel at Rocca di Papa is superbly located, high in the Alban Hills, within easy reach of all those richly interesting and very beautiful places. The hotel is new, up-to-date in all comforts, has a very large terrace for dining and dancing, with a magnificent view; and the prices are extremely moderate — say $6 a day per person for room and meals. There are tennis courts, and beautiful woods all about (rapidly filling with summer cottages of Roman residents), and there you may spend a fortnight or more, or less, in classic surroundings,

in pure air, in city comfort, in summer-resort fun (including tea and evening dancing to the music of the Hôtel de Russie's celebrated Jazz Band), with special motor-car service taking you into Rome, in about forty-five minutes, any morning you want to go, and bringing you back in time for dinner in the evening. Consider 'a Roman holiday' of this sort, if your time will permit — 'sight-seeing' alternating with 'resort' pleasures and country rest. Mr. Macchi can be trusted to see to it that you have a good time. I went out to visit the hotel so I could tell you about it.

Agencies

American Express — Piazza di Spagna.
Cook's — Piazza dell' Esedra (near the station) and Piazza di Spagna.
C.I.T. — Piazza Colonna.
Franco-Belgique (Francis Jannicelli's headquarters) — Piazza Barberini, corner Via del Tritone.
Moroli's Travel Bureau — 77 Via del Tritone.
Pisa Brothers — 45 Via Sallustiana.

HILL-TOWN HOTELS

(Between Rome and Florence)

Orvieto: The Palace, which is not palatial, but clean and comfortable, has built a new hotel (1927) and is now a more attractive place than ever for a night-stop.

Perugia: The Brufani (Piazza Vittório Emanuele) is a thoroughly first-class house, with beautiful big bedrooms, extra-fine bathrooms, steam heat, and every comfort for a prolonged stay. The only unattractive feature about it is the dining-room (not the food, but the room), which has no view. I dare say that the next

improvement of the able and ambitious manager will be to add a new dining-room from which his guests may look out upon some of the beautiful Umbrian country. The Palace Hotel, across the piazza, is said also to be excellent. I have no personal knowledge of it, but many of my friends like it very much indeed.

Assisi: In making itineraries I always use Perugia as headquarters for this vicinity and send people to Assisi on a day trip. I even suggest their taking luncheon along. But there are compensations (great ones!) for a night spent at Assisi; and it may be that you would be too full-fed by them to mind whether you had other fare or not. I have not tried the newer hotel, the Windsor. The Subasio, on the only occasion when I have spent a night at Assisi (which was a good many years ago), was clean and comfortable, and the view was superbly satisfying. I can sustain a hunger-strike for three meals, but I hesitate to prescribe it for any one else. Perhaps it is no longer necessary.

Arezzo: Not many American or English visitors stop at Arezzo — the birthplace of Mæcenas, of Petrarch, of Aretino, and of Vasari; but they who don't miss a most interesting old town; and they who do need not suffer. The Hotel Inghilterra has some thoroughly comfortable rooms — very, very clean, with good beds; its food is quite satisfactory, and its service is the soul of kindliness. I mention this because I like to have people see Arezzo for its own sake (though the usual course is to take another road out of Perugia — via Citta della Pieve — to Siena), and because I advise those who are going to Urbino, but not to Fano or Pesaro or Rimini, to proceed thither from Perugia and then go to Arezzo for the night. Florence, thirty miles farther, makes the day a bit too stiff for most.

SIENA: In the case of a *de-luxe* tour in Italy — of persons who want superior comforts and high-class hotels — I never use Siena except as a day trip from Florence. But for those who want more time at Siena than this allows, or whose purse or convenience is better served by stopping overnight at Siena (the Rome–Florence motor tours of the American Express stop there, and so do some others), I may say that the Hotel Continental is the one usually chosen; although the Royal, also on Via Cavour, seems preferable to me because of the view from its back-room windows over the public gardens of the Lizza. Siena richly deserves a good hotel, and I hope there may soon be one.

SAMPLE ITINERARIES

JUST A FEW OF THE INFINITE POSSIBILITIES

NAPLES TO SWITZERLAND IN FIVE WEEKS

ALL RAIL

Naples and vicinity — 5 days — To Rome, three hours at end of fifth day.

Rome — 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th days.

Rome to Florence via Perugia — 3 days (13th, 14th, 15th). Two nights at Perugia — day trip over to Assisi.

In Florence, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st. Day trip to Siena — day trip to Pisa.

To Bologna and in Bologna — 22d day.

To Ravenna and in Ravenna — 23d day.

To Ferrara, short stop there, and in to Venice, arriving about 9 P.M. — 24th day.

In Venice, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th days — including trips to islands, to Lido, and perhaps to Chioggia.

To Padua or Verona, on 29th day, for brief visit, and then to Gardone on Lake Garda.

At Gardone — 30th day.

To Milan (two hours) and in Milan — 31st and 32d days. Perhaps one-half-day trip to Pavia. Out to Lake Como or to Stresa at end of 32d day. In Lakes district — 33d, 34th days.

To Switzerland, 35th day.

If Lucerne is destination, go to Lake Maggiore first, then east through Lugano to Como, and take through train at Chiasso for Lucerne (four hours).

If Montreux or Zermatt is destination, go to Como

first, then Lugano, then Maggiore. Take through train at Stresa or Baveno for Visp or Montreux.

In summer, this may be varied by cutting out three days in first four weeks, and taking three-day auto-bus and rail trip in Dolomites, to Lake Garda.

Naples to Lakes, All by Motor — One Month

Naples and vicinity — 4 days.
To Rome — 1 day.
At Rome — 5 days.
Rome to Florence, via Hill Towns — 3 days.
Including Siena and San Gimignano.
Florence — 5 days.
Including trip to Montecatini and Pisa — perhaps one to Vallombrosa and Poppi.
To Bologna — and afternoon in Bologna — 1 day (16th).
Bologna to Venice via Ferrara, Este, Padua — 1 day.
Venice — 2 days.
Dolomites (in summer) to Cortina, Bolzano, and down to Lake Garda — 3 days.
To Milan, via Brescia and Bergamo — 1 day.
Milan, with visit to Pavia — 2 days.
Lakes — 5 days.

Naples to the Tyrol and Germany, All by Motor — One Month

Same as above to 20th day.
To Cortina — 20th day.
To Bolzano — 21st day.
At Bolzano — 22d day.
To Merano and Innsbruck — 23d day.
At Innsbruck — 24th day.
To Munich — 25th day.
At Munich — 26th, 27th days.

To Nuremberg — 28th day.
At Nuremberg — 29th day.
To Heidelberg — 30th day.

Naples to Lakes, Rail and Motor Travel Combined — One Month

Naples — 4 days — up to Rome by electric train late on 4th day.

Rome — 6 days — motor for three afternoon excursions; for other sight-seeing use taxis.

Rome to Florence, by private motor — 3 days.

Florence — 5 days, including one day trip to Siena and one to Montecatini, Lucca, and Pisa.

Florence to Venice — 2 days — either by way of Ravenna, or not; in any case, via Bologna, Ferrara, Este, Padua.

Dismiss car at Mestre or San Giuliano (mainland nearest Venice) after 10 days' motor travel.

Venice (where a car can't be used) — 3 days.

Venice to Milan, by rail — 5 hours — stop-off at Verona for a few hours if desired — 1 day.

Milan, with one-half-day visit to Pavia — 2 days. To Lakes in late afternoon of 2d day.

Lakes — 3 days.

Then, by train from Stresa or Baveno to Martigny (for Chamonix) or Montreux, or Visp (for Zermatt);

Or

By train from Chiasso (fifteen minutes from Cernobbio on Lake Como) to Lucerne.

From Lucerne take the 4-day motor-coach trip of Bucher (office in National Hotel, Lucerne) to Rhône Glacier, Montreux, Interlaken, and back to Lucerne. Rate, inclusive of hotels, $40. Thence by train to Paris;

Or

From Montreux, sail along Lake Geneva, and thence

by train to Paris. Train service to Paris is better from Lucerne than from Geneva — shorter ride, better hours.

Naples to Nice Omitting Venice and the Lakes — Three Weeks

Naples — 4 days — to Rome end of 4th day.
Rome — 5 days.
To Florence, via Hill Towns — 3 days.
In Florence — 4 days.
To Montecatini, Lucca, Pisa — 1 day (night at Pisa or at Viareggio — pines and sea).
To Rapallo or Santa Margherita or Portofino, on Italian Riviera — 1 day.
To Genoa (2 hours) and in Genoa — 1 day.
Genoa to Nice — 1 day.

Including Venice and Lakes — Four Weeks

Florence to Venice	1 day
At Venice	2 days
To Milan (5 hours) and in Milan	2 days
Lakes	2 days
Milan to Genoa	1 day
Genoa to Nice	1 day
	9 days — total, 29

This can be followed either by train or by motor, or by combination, If *all* motor, from Naples, a day must be cut from Naples or from Rome.

To Naples from Paris, and Return — Train and Motor — Six to Seven Weeks

Paris to Avignon — all-day ride, 11 hours	1 day
In and around Avignon (P.L. and M. motor-coach tours	3 days
To Nice — (7 hours) train	1 day

At Nice — (motor-coach tours on Riviera)	3 days
To Genoa — train or C.I.T. motor-coach	1 day
At Genoa — or morning there, then to Rapallo (by train) or Santa Margherita or Portofino	1 day
To Pisa (by train) 3½ hours from Genoa, 2 hours from Rapallo, and in Pisa (afternoon) Evening train, Pisa to Florence (2 hours) or night at Pisa or Viareggio — next day, train to Rome	1 day
Rome and to Naples — in Naples and back to Rome (train)	12 days
Rome to Florence, by motor	3 days
Florence	5 days
Florence to Venice, by train — 7 hours	1 day
Venice	3 days
Venice to Milan — by train — 5 hours	1 day
Milan	1 day
Lakes	3 days
Switzerland, and back to Paris	7 days
	47 days

Or

Genoa to Naples by steamship — trans-Atlantic, or Sitmar, on 10th day — due Naples 11th day.

Naples 5 days, Rome 6, and as before, but visiting Pisa from Florence.

Or

Either route as above, and on 34th or 35th day, Venice to Verona, 2½ hours.

Verona to Trent, Innsbruck, Munich — 1 or 2 days as desired.

Munich, 2 days; Nuremberg (4 hours) and visit city — 1 day.

Thence to Paris.

Paris to Italy via Lucerne

Paris to Lucerne — train	1 day
In Lucerne and vicinity (including motor trip to Montreux and back)	5 days
Lucerne to the Lakes — by train — 4 or 5 hours	1 day
Among the Italian Lakes	3 days
Milan	1 day
Milan to Venice — 5 hours — by train	1 day
Venice	3 days
Venice to Florence — by train — 7 hours	1 day
Florence, with trips out	5 days
Florence to Rome — train, stopping at Perugia, or by motor	2 or 3 days
Rome	6 days
Naples (by train)	5 days
Naples to Genoa — by steamship	1 day
Genoa	1 day
Genoa to Nice	1 day
At Nice	3 days
Routes des Alpes (in summer) by P. L. and M. motor-coach, Nice to Aix-les-Bains, or Chamonix or Geneva	3, 4, or 5 days
Back to Paris — train	1 day
	45 to 49 days

Paris to Italy via Geneva and the Simplon

Paris to Geneva — (train) — 11 hours	1 day
At Geneva	1 day
Geneva to Montreux by express steamer, 4½ hours and in Montreux	1 day
Montreux to Baveno or Stresa on Lake Maggiore about 4 hours	1 day
Among Lakes	3 days
Milan	1 day

To Rome — 12 hours by train — perhaps overnight	1 day
At Rome	6 days
Naples — with journeys between Naples and Rome	6 days
Rome to Florence — motor, or train with stop-over at Perugia	2 or 3 days
Florence	4 or 5 days
Florence to Venice	1 day
Venice	3 days
Dolomites — motor-coach (summer only) — to Saint-Moritz	4 days
At Saint-Moritz	2 days
To Lucerne — part of	1 day
At Lucerne	2 or 3 days
Back to Paris — by train — 8 hours	1 day

Or

Paris to Milan, as above — Milan to Genoa (1 day) and Genoa to Naples by sea.

Then, Naples to Paris as above.

ROUTES BETWEEN MAIN POINTS IN ITALY

Naples and Rome — By Motor

There are two, both interesting, both scenically beautiful, but both rather bad road-surfaces as I write (1927). One route is from Caserta (the Neapolitan Versailles) and Capua (not the city whose luxuries enervated Hannibal's soldiers, the city where Spartacus led the revolt of the gladiators — but three miles from it) to Cassino (whence you may make a visit to the Abbey of Monte Cassino, perhaps the most famous in the world, founded by Saint Benedict in 529) and Roccasecca (birthplace of Saint Thomas Aquinas) and Ferentino (its town ramparts cyclopean walls) and Agnani (where Pope Boniface VIII was defied

and taken prisoner) and enters Rome by the Porta Maggiore.

The other route is the same through Capua to Pignataro, whence it turns tôward the Mediterranean coast to Formia (where Cicero was murdered by Mark Antony's hired assassins) and Gaeta (where the nurse of Æneas is supposed to be buried, and the Roman founder of Lyons, France, is known to be buried); thence to Terracina and for thirty miles along the Pontine Marshes to Velletri (which Rome subjugated in the fourth century B.C.) and Genzano, Albano (along the lakes of the Alban Hills), into Rome. This is the classic Via Appia.

Rome and Florence — By Motor

I. Rome to Bracciano — thence to Ronciglione and Caprarola and to Viterbo. Then, Orvieto. Civita Castellana may be included in this day if the night be spent at Orvieto.
Orvieto to Perugia, via Todi.
Perugia to Assisi and return.

Perugia to Florence
(a) direct, via Arezzo;
(b) by way of Gubbio, Urbino, and Arezzo;
(c) by way of Cortona to Siena and San Gimignano;
(d) by way of Chiusi and Montepulciano to Siena and San Gimignano.

II. Rome to Civita Castellana, Terni, Spoleto, Foligno, Assisi, Perugia. (A long day, but I've done it, and made very satisfactory stops en route.)
Perugia to Florence by any of the four routes in I.
Or
Perugia, Gubbio, Urbino, to Pesaro.
East coast down to Fano and up, including Rimini, and

San Marino, and Ravenna — 2 days, night at or near Rimini.

Then, in to Florence by way of Forli.

This is the best way I know to include the Hill Towns and the east coast — taking Siena and vicinity in a trip out from Florence.

Or

Perugia, Cortona, Arezzo, Poppi, Florence — 1 day.

Florence to Venice — By Motor

I. Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, Este, Padua — one long day, or two shorter.

II. Florence, Forli, Ravenna — back to Forli, and through Imola to Bologna — one long day, or two shorter.

Bologna to Venice via Ferrara and Padua.

Florence to Pisa and Genoa — By Motor

Florence, Prato, Pistoria, Lucca, Pisa — one day. Sleep at Viareggio after seeing Pisa.

Viareggio via Spezia, Sestri Levante, Rapallo, to Genoa — one day — not too long.

Florence to Milan — By Motor

In winter — To Spezia and up to Parma; thence, via Piacenza and Pavia to Milan.

In spring, summer, fall — to Bologna; then via Modena and Reggio, to Parma and Salsomaggiore.

Salsomaggiore to Milan via Piazenza and Pavia, or via Cremona.

Venice to Milan — By Motor

1. To Padua, Verona, Brescia, Milan — one long day.
2. To Padua, Verona, Gardone; then Brescia, Milan, or Brescia, Bergamo, Milan — 2 days.

3. To Padua, Verona, Torbole (on Lake Garda) — 1 day; Torbole, Gardone, Brescia, Milan — 1 day.
4. To Padua, Este, Mantua, Cremona, Piacenza, Milan. (I have done it in one day, but it is much better to take two.)
5. To Cortina, Bolzano, Merano, and Lake Garda; then Brescia — 3 or 4 days — superb!

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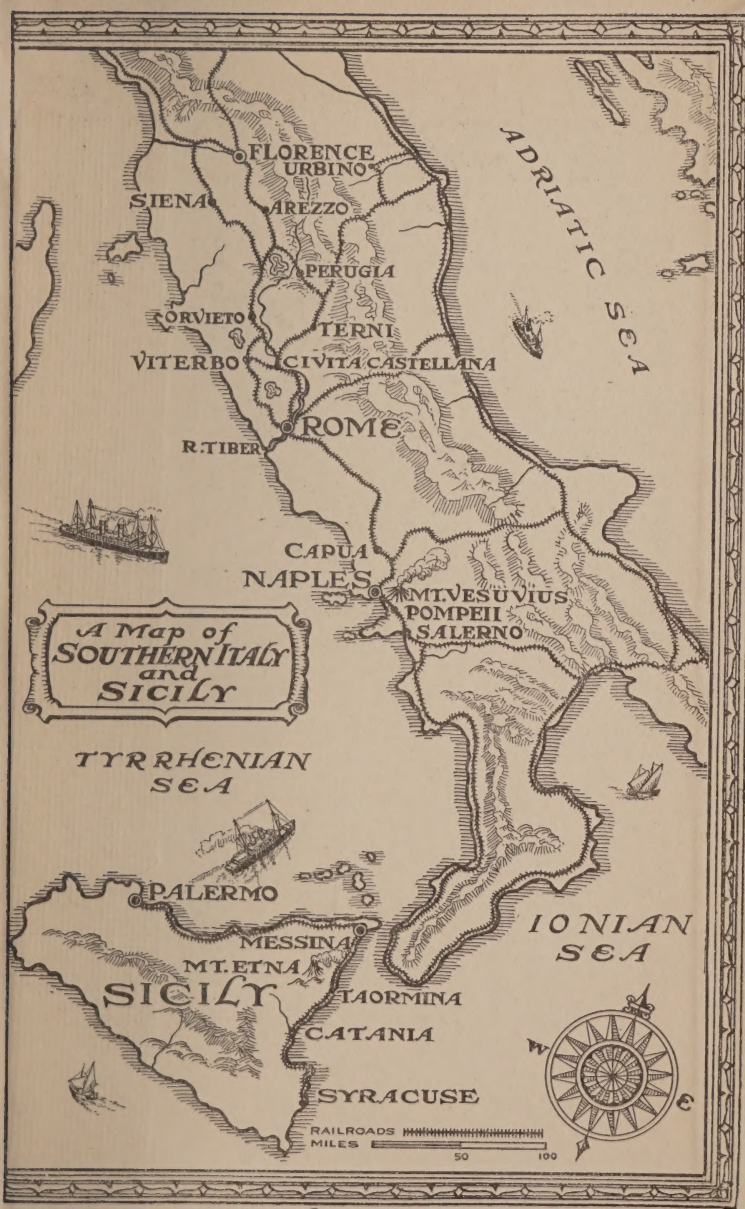
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